ANNALS OF FLEET STREET

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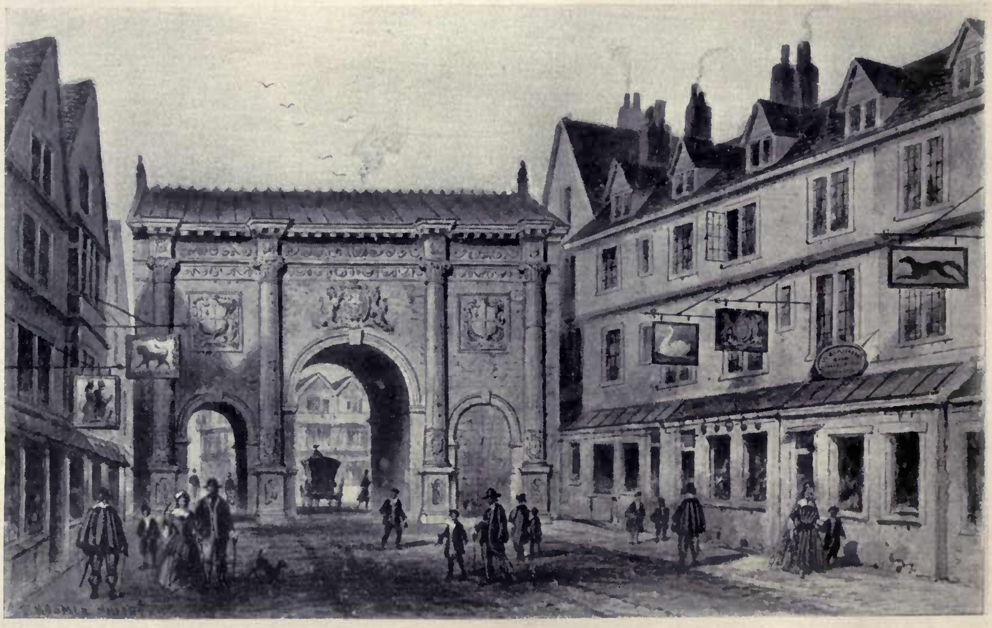

OLD TEMPLE BAR.

Frontispiece.

THE ANNALS OF
FLEET STREET

ITS TRADITIONS & ASSOCIATIONS

BY

E. BERESFORD CHANCELLOR

M.A., F.R.HIST.SOC.

> It was a delightful day: as we walked to St. Clement's Church, I again remarked that Fleet Street was the most cheerful scene in the world. "Fleet Street," said I, "is in my mind more delightful than Temple."
> *Johnson.* "Aye, sir."
>
> Boswell

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FOREWORD

Fleet Street is a subject that cannot fail to have an interest for anyone who cares for the memories and associations with which the London thoroughfares in general, and this one in particular, are impregnated. The curious thing is that there has never before been a history of Fleet Street written; the nearest attempt to such a work being the *Memorials of Temple Bar*, by T. C. Noble, a book of the greatest value, which, besides dealing with the famous Bar, has much to say about the street to which this structure once formed the western entrance. With this exception, I do not know of any volume devoted to this large and fascinating subject, and therefore I hope no apology is needed for this further contribution to the great and ever-growing literature of London.

Where one is needed, however, is for the sins of omission and commission in this book, which the reader will find out for himself, and about which, I feel sure, I am the last person he would expect to be more explicit. I have tried to record the annals of Fleet Street in such a way that those who pass through this historic thoroughfare may, if or when, they have read this book, be attracted the more to it by calling to mind its past associations and by conjuring up the ghosts of those who have, through so many centuries, trodden its stones.

I have not touched on the Fleet Prison for two reasons, which appear to be sufficiently cogent : one is that a book has been written specifically about it ; the other, that only by name can it be connected with Fleet Street, as it was situated on the easterly side of Farringdon Street (once the Fleet Ditch), which forms the limit, in that direction, of my wanderings.

E. B. C.

THE GLADDY HOUSE,
WARGRAVE, BERKS.

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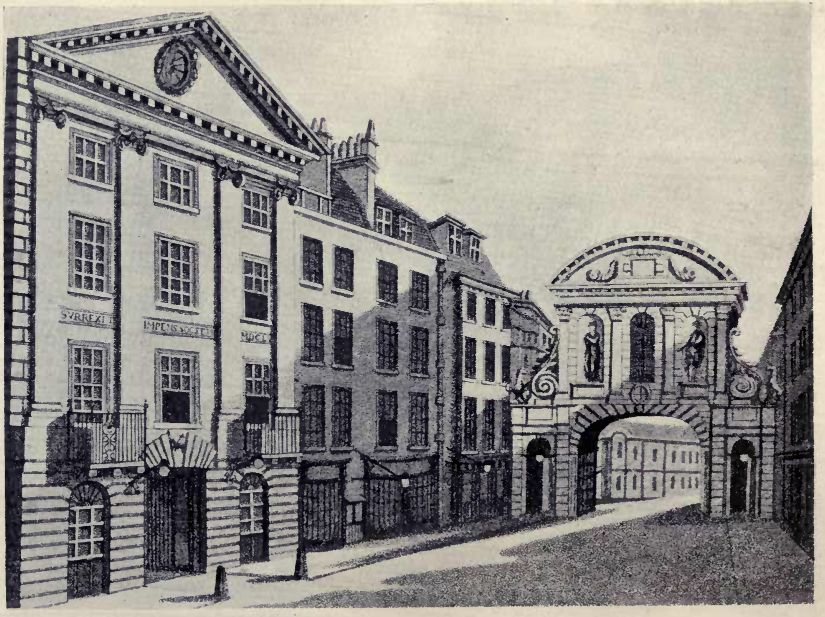
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FLEET STREET, AND MIDDLE TEMPLE GATE.

To face page 1.

THE
ANNALS OF FLEET STREET

CHAPTER I

FLEET STREET

Fleet Street is, in a sense, the most famous thoroughfare in London. It was a street before the Strand as such came into existence; for although it was *extra muros*, being divided from the City by Lud-gate, its proximity to the heart of things made it from very early days important both as a highway and, to some extent, as a place of residence. Of course, when the Romans occupied London,—or Augusta, as it was then termed,—the site of Fleet Street was little more than a rough road running through open country. Just outside Lud-gate flowed the Fleet Stream or Ditch, as it was later to become and to be termed, and from this stream Fleet Street took its name, although at an earlier day it was generally known as Fleet Bridge Street, on account of the bridge which carried the roadway over the stream, and at an earlier date still as the Strond (because, obviously, it touched the banks of the Fleet) —a name later to be applied to that extension of the thoroughfare which we know by the name of the Strand.

At various times remains have been found which help to rehabilitate these early days of Fleet Street's history, and among such relics was the stone pavement which Stow describes as having been discovered, near Chancery Lane, in 1595, only four feet from the surface of the ground, supported on piles, which may, perhaps, have been connected with that early burial-place of the Roman soldiers, who are said to have been interred in the *Vallum* (now Fleet Street), near the Prætorian camp at Ludgate.

Such Roman remains were also discovered in the Strand, notably in the famous Roman Bath,[1] and some buffalo heads, and a stone coffin containing human ashes preserved in a glass vase, in the foundations of St. Martin's in the Fields.

In this connection, the following remarks of Stow have a special interest, as what he observed no doubt dated from these early days :—

"On this north side of Fleet Street, in the year of Christ 1595, I observed that when the labourers had broken up the pavement, from against Chancery Lane end up toward St. Dunstan's Church, and had digged four feet deep, they found one other pavement of hard stone, more sufficient than the first, and therefore harder to be broken, under which they found in the made ground piles of timber driven very thick, and almost close together, the same being as black as pitch or coal, and many of them rotten as earth, which proveth that the ground there, as sundry other places of the City, have been a marsh, or full of springs."

Later relics have also been unearthed in this neighbourhood, notably the tall one-handled urn of the fourteenth century which was dug up opposite Bride Lane, Fleet Street, in 1856; and the stone bridge, dating from Edward III.'s reign, found covered by rubbish, to the east of St. Clement's Danes, in 1802, which, it has been assumed, was the identical bridge built by the Templars, at the royal command, to facilitate traffic along the then marshy thoroughfare intercepted by streams flowing to the river.

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[1] See *Annals of the Strand.*

In process of time houses and shops began to arise along the once countrified road—a road which even in the year 1325 was described as "Fletestrete in the suburb of London"; until in 1543, as may be seen by Wyngaerde's "View," it was relatively quite a thickly populated place boasting a number of important houses, several churches, and dignified by the presence of the Temple and its ample grounds. By that time, indeed, the whole area south of Fleet Street, lying between the Fleet Stream and Middle Temple Lane, was covered with buildings, the most important of which was the royal palace of Bridewell, whose south and east frontages, respectively, immediately overlooked the Thames and the Fleet Stream. Between its grounds and those of the Temple, the space was occupied by the Grey Friars; so that, on the river side, these three important collocations of buildings alone filled up the long stretch of ground with which the present Fleet Street runs parallel.

On the north of Fleet Street, however, the ground was far less thickly covered, and here the houses were chiefly confined to those lining the roadway, although Chancery Lane—which, by the bye, is called Chauncellers-lane in 1339—is seen to be built over on each side, and even the outline of Lincoln's Inn Fields, which was then but an open space largely affected by beggars and those 'Feuters' who gave their name to Fetter Lane, is indicated, together with the chapel of Lincoln's Inn founded by Gilbert de Fraxineto and his thirteen Black Friars in 1221.

Fleet Street, under its earlier name of Fleet Bridge

Street, is mentioned in 1228, when one Henry de Buke slew a certain Le Ireis le Tylor here, and fled to Southwark for sanctuary; and it would appear that its present designation was not given it till the beginning of the fourteenth century, when (in 1311 [1]) we come across a mention of it under the name of Fletestrete.

Five years after this date, there is mention, in the *Calendar of Post-Mortem Inquisitions*, of a fine of 30s. levied on tenements in Fleet Street "which were of John de Evefelde," while in 1333, a "rent pertaining to Fleet" is referred to as arising from certain tenements of Roger Chauntelere by Sholane (Shoe Lane). A more interesting entry appears in the *Calendar of Patent Rolls*, under date of Oct. 17, 1265, where there is a "grant to John de Verdun, of those houses in the street of Flete late (the property) of John de Flete"; which shows that the name had, so early as this, been appropriated as a family designation.

Another early reference to property in Fleet Street occurs in the *Patent Rolls*, where, dated July 20, 1321, is the following "Pardon of the trespass of Hugh de Strubbi in bequething without licence of Edward I., to Sarra his wife for life all that tavern with eight shops standing round, which he had in the parish of St. Bride, Fletestrete, and that house with 2 shops which he inhabited there, and 8s. of quit rent receivable from the tenement of Stephen de Auverne, situated between the said Tavern on the east and the Flete river on the west"—this latter being evidently at the west end of what is now Ludgate Hill.

In 1324 we find a grant by Parliament to the Prior of St. John of Jerusalem of two forges in Fleet Street. These forges were originally placed on either side of

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[1] In this year five members of the royal household were arrested for burglary in Fleet Street.

St. Dunstan's Church, but at a later date, notably in 1381, they appear to have been destroyed by the followers of Wat Tyler. We learn by the Parliament Rolls [1] that in 1383 the then Prior prayed for a remission of the rent of 15s. which had been paid for these forges. It was not, however, till two years later that his petition was granted, and then only on condition that the ground on which they had stood should be thrown into the street, and the rent made good to the Exchequer by the Sheriffs of London.[2]

Among the early references to Fleet Street, it is interesting to find a notice of some of the shopkeepers in Plantagenet times. Thus we read that one of them, in 1321, supplied Edward II. with "Six pair of boots with tassels of silk and drops of silver gilt, price for each pair, 5s.," [3] and, skipping two centuries, that Catherine of Aragon dealt at a shop having the sign of 'The Coppe' in the same thoroughfare.

It may seem curious to many people that the jurisdiction of the Lord Mayor and Corporation should have extended beyond the natural western boundaries of the City, at Ludgate, to Temple Bar; especially as, by the Charter of King Edgar, all this neighbourhood, including "London Fen," and extending to what is now Farringdon Street and Bridge Street, was included in the bounds of the city of Westminster. But by a decree dated 1222, settling the long-standing dispute as to ecclesiastical franchise between the City and Westminster, the eastern boundary of the latter was placed at 'Ulebrig,' or Ivy Bridge, in the Strand, or where Cecil Street now runs. There thus remained the large area covering part of the Strand and the whole of Fleet Street, unappropriated, or roughly that portion situated in the ward of Farringdon Without, for the parish of St. Clement's Danes was largely held by the Knights Templars, and the Savoy by the House of Lancaster. It is therefore supposed that the City must have received jurisdiction as far as Temple Bar when William I. granted it the Charter ; or if not, then later when *Domesday Book* was compiled. The fact, however, of subsequent disputes seems to prove that it held its power over this outlying portion of its domains on rather uncertain and questionable tenure, and it does not appear that its jurisdiction was regularly recognised till it was once for all defined under the Stuarts.

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[1] *Rot. Parl.* vol. iii. p. 179 and vol. vi. p. 313.

[2] There is a record of another forge standing "in a corner without Ludgate" in 1436, for which a rent of 9s. per annum was paid.

[3] *Archæologia*, vol. xxvi. p. 344.

Fleet Street is situated in the ward of Farringdon Without. This division was originally known as Ludgate and Newgate Ward, but in 1279 it was purchased from its then possessor, Ralph le Fevre, by William de Farendon, from whom it takes its present name. William de Farendon—or Farndone, as it is sometimes spelt—was a person of importance in his day, for besides being a goldsmith of repute, he was a member of Parliament, a Sheriff in 1281, and filled the office of Lord Mayor no fewer than three times. It was, according to Noble, either he or his son, Nicholas,[1] who became the possessor of Fleet Street Ward, which had been hitherto held by Anketill de Auverne, and this was incorporated in Farringdon Ward. This large division comprised at that time the separate wards now known as those of Farringdon Within and Farringdon Without ; but even so early as 1393, the area had become so important and thickly populated that it was then divided as it remains to-day. Noble gives a list of some of the more notable men who from time to time held the office of Alderman of Farringdon Without. Fabyan, famous for his *Chronicles*, was one of these; Milbourne, whose almshouses preserve his name, another; Judde, who founded the school at Tonbridge, yet another; while Heywood, from whom springs the noble House of Bath; Cockayne, the first Governor of the Irish Society; Keeble of Aldermary; Mico, who built the Stepney Almshouses; and members of the great banking houses of Child, Hoare, Gosling, and Price, may be set down together with such famous names as those of Beckford (Richard, a relative of William), Wilkes, and, chiefly of local interest, Waithman.[1]

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[1] He was also Lord Mayor several times, and was the first holding that office who was returned as member of Parliament for the City. He died in 1361.

It is interesting to know that Farringdon Ward Without returned six members to the Common Council from 1347, till 1639 when the number was raised to sixteen. In 1590 it subscribed £804, 10s. towards the subsidy raised for Queen Elizabeth, of which St. Dunstan's parish collected £264 and St. Bride's £136. No fewer than 1264 men, out of the 10,000 raised by the City of London at the time of the Armada scare, came from this ward. In 1742, Noble tells us, there were 4298 houses in it: 670 in St. Dunstan's; 1052 in St. Bride's; 210 in Whitefriars; and 67 in Bridewell.

It is difficult to trace the residence of important people other than the great ecclesiastics whose Inns were a prominent feature in Fleet Street, before the sixteenth century, although it is probable that some of those mentioned above lived in it; but at least one name has survived which is well known — that of Paston, whose family letters give us such a complete and vivid picture of life in the Middle Ages. The Sir John Paston of the fifteenth century had his town house in Fleet Street, and among the "Letters" are several references to it. Thus, under date of April 30, 1472, Sir John writing to John Paston tells the latter that "Thys daye Robert of Racclyff weddyd the Lady Dymmok at my place in Fleetstreet"; again, among a list of Sir John's Deeds is an entry referring to "a boxe with evydence off my place in Fletstrett"; while we find John Paston addressing a letter to Sir John in 1469 "to my master, Sir John Paston in Flett Street"; and finally, under date of July 29, 1465, we have, in connection with the famous lawsuit with which this family was for so long troubled:—

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[1] For much interesting information about this district, some of it not properly coming within my province here, I would refer the reader to T. C. Noble's *Memorials of Temple Bar*, a small and unpretentious quarto, published in 1869, but containing far more authoritative data than is to be found in many more assuming works.

"Responsiones personalites factæ per Johannem Paston, in domo habitationis venerabilis mulieris Elisabethæ Venor in le Flete vulgariter nuncupat infra parochiam Sanctæ Brigidæ Virginis, in suburbeis civitatis London situata."

On the other hand, several notices of less highly placed individuals of a later day have come down to us, simply because such persons were a nuisance to their neighbours, and have become enshrined in the records of 'presentations' or inquisitions. One of these was a Mrs. Thimblethorpe, who was dwelling in Fleet Street in 1619, and was "much suspected by subtile meanes to be a troublesome woman, and of an ill disposition amongst honest and quiet neighbours"; not a very serious indictment, indeed, but one of which parochial authority had to take a mental note. Five years later a presentment appears against one James

Walmsley and one William Summers, their misdoing consisting in "annoyinge of divers inhabitants in Fleet Street, and the white-fryers by killinge of dogges for hawkes, and also keepinge them long alyve howling and cryinge, and after they have kil'd them, theyr blood and filthe groweth soe noysome that yt will be very dangerous for infection yf yt be suffered." In those days, when the plague broke out on the slightest provocation (the visitation of 1625 carried off in two months, from St. Dunstan's parish alone, no fewer than 533 persons), it was wise to take precautions even against the careless disposal of offal.

In my book on the Strand, I have alluded to the various efforts made for the better upkeep of that thoroughfare. Much which was then done west of Temple Bar was undoubtedly attended to east of that boundary; and indeed we find, in 1540, statutes being passed ordering certain streets subsidiary to Fleet Street to be paved with stone, among them being Chancery Lane, Shoe Lane, and Fetter Lane; and three years later these improvements were extended to Wych Street, Holywell Street, the Strand from Temple Bar to Strand Bridge, Water Lane, Butcher's Row, and Fleet Street itself. I imagine that this most important of all the thoroughfares had been originally better made, and that this was the reason why its improvement should postdate those carried on in its tributary streets.

To our modern ideas, the thought that at the end of the sixteenth century London, in this then more or less outlying quarter, should have suffered from overbuilding, seems in the nature of the grotesque; but so it was, for in 1580, on a representation from the Lord Mayor, a royal proclamation prohibited further building in London or its vicinity (Fleet Street and the Strand being thus indicated), and the reasons given for this injunction were the difficulty of governing so large a concourse of people ; fear of that ever-recurring curse — the plague ; and the supposed impossibility of providing so large a number of inhabitants with the means of sustenance. There must have been a sudden increase of building at this time, although Agas's "Plan" of 1560 shows few additions in the matter of houses to what is indicated in Wyngaerde's "Panoramic View" of seventeen years earlier ; nor does Norden, in his "Plan" of 1593, note such an increase as would seem to justify so drastic an order as that mentioned. When, however, we turn to Faithorne's "Map" of 1658, we find not only the ground on the south side of Fleet Street covered with houses,[1] as well as the site of the Grey Friars and the grounds of Bridewell Palace built over (the palace being already used for alien purposes), but the whole of the north side of the thoroughfare, as far as Holborn, quite densely packed with tenements of all kinds and sizes ; and one wonders how far even a royal proclamation (for we know James I. issued one, if not more, of the same tenor as that of Elizabeth) was capable of restraining the ever-increasing growth of a rich and prosperous city.

When the Great Fire devastated London, it extended almost to St. Dunstan's Church, so that the west part of Fleet Street fell a victim to the flames. The rebuilding which then took place, although not, unfortunately, on the ample lines recommended by Wren, undoubtedly improved the thoroughfare ; but, at the same time, much that was picturesque, in the way of old gabled houses and other landmarks, disappeared. If we compare the plans of Faithorne and Ogilby (1677), we shall see that, besides rebuilding on systematic lines, the authorities set back the street just east of St. Dunstan's and made of Fleet Street a thoroughfare that was, for that period, wide and ample. Indeed, such as it was in the time of Charles II., so it remained, as we can see by Rocque's "Plan" of 1741–45, till the middle of the eighteenth century; and, except for rebuilding, and here and there the setting back of certain insignificant portions, such its outlines remain to the present day. The advent of the Law Courts and the formation of Ludgate Circus have, of course, greatly altered the appearance of its extreme limits; while the removal of Temple Bar and the substitution of the ridiculous Griffin has taken from it its most picturesque landmark and added its most useless feature.

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[1] It was this sudden building mania that was aimed at in the MS. tract entitled "A Brief Discovery of the Great Purpresture of New Buildings nere to the Citie," in the time of James I., and led to the proclamation of 1622 prohibiting country gentlemen from staying in London except during term time and for other business, and forbade them bringing their wives and families with them !

From the *Domestic State Papers* I cull two references which show that even in the gay, careless times of Charles II. such matters as street improvement were not treated with indifference: thus, under date of March 21, 1667, we find that "the Lord Mayor and officers, entrusted to order the new buildings in London, have taken away from the site on which some of the houses in Fleet Street stood, as much (ground) as will make the part towards Ludgate as broad as the other part." If Wren's and Evelyn's splendid schemes could not be carried into effect, it is at least evident, by this extract, that the municipal authorities did what they could towards the betterment of this part of London.

The other entry has reference to an early attempt to police the City during the time that the Great Fire was raging, for, under date of Sept. 3, 1666, we have a

"List of the 5 posts: viz. Temple Bar, Clifford's Inn Garden, Fetter Lane, Shoe Lane, and Cow Lane, at which constables of the respective parishes are ordered to attend, each with 100 men, during the fire of London. At every post are to be 30 foot with a good careful officer and 3 gentlemen who are to have power to give 1s. to any who are diligent all night; these men to be relieved from the country tomorrow; five pounds in bread, cheese, and beer allowed to every post."

At such a time as that during which the fire raged in London, and lawlessness was not easily kept within bounds, one can understand that such special measures as these were necessary; but at an earlier day, even under normal conditions, the watchmen formed often but an indifferent means of preserving order, and there is a record of how three of them on one occasion were so roughly used as to be more or less permanently injured. This record is in the form of a Petition to the Lord Mayor and Aldermen, of John Appleby, John Guppy, and Thomas Bond, who describe themselves as "three poor watchmen of the parish of St. Bride's, Fleet Street, and who, being called forth on Thursday night (April 1570) to aid the sheriffs in quieting a broil in Fleet Street, were all wounded, and are likely to be cripples for ever." They pray for relief for themselves and their families.

I have mentioned the Great Fire as having destroyed the best part of Fleet Street. Indeed, little remained of the thoroughfare untouched by it. It was on the third day of the conflagration that Pepys saw the flames "running downe to Fleet Streete," and at five o'clock in the afternoon it had reached the Conduit which stood near Shoe Lane. On it came, until it gained the Temple on the south side, and within a few paces of St. Dunstan's on the north. The brick walls of the former proved sufficient to stop, practically, its further progress, and I suppose it providentially died out of its own accord at the third house from the church, for two old buildings dating from an earlier day, Nos. 184–185 Fleet Street, were remaining down to 1869 as proof of their escape. An heroic attempt to stay it in Whitefriars was made by Lord Manchester and Lord Holles in ordering the destruction of a number of houses in that quarter; but the wind was so strong that the flames could not be intercepted even by these drastic measures—measures which were, however, attended with better results in the precincts of the Temple, for when the fire was considered over, certain wooden houses by Paper Buildings were set alight by some sparks, and had not the Duke of York ordered the immediate blowing up of the adjacent premises, the whole of the Temple might have been destroyed.

There was formerly an inscription on the Temple Exchange Coffee-House, next to the Temple, indicating the spot at which the conflagration was finally extinguished.

On the first outbreak of the fire, guards were ordered to be stationed at certain points, to prevent, if possible, the spread of the flames, and also to protect property, furniture, etc., brought out of the houses for safety. Noble, in his *Memorials of Temple Bar*, has collected certain interesting data concerning these posts, of which I avail myself here. Three documents are preserved in the Record Office bearing on this subject. The first of these is entitled " The several posts to bee attended by the severall constables, Sept. 3, 1666." There were five of these 'posts,' each consisting of thirty foot-soldiers and an officer, a constable and one hundred men, " one gentleman and to choose two more," and a superior officer was expected to visit the posts and see that all was in order. The rations allowed were "five pounds in bread and cheese and beere to every post; the gentleman to have power to give a shillinge to whom he sees diligent att night." The posts within the area with which I am dealing were stationed at Temple Bar and St. Dunstan's Church; at Clifford's Inn Garden and Rolls Gardens up to Fetter Lane; and from Fetter Lane to Shoe Lane. The second document is entitled "The posts assigned to bee attended in ye time of ye fire," by which we read that Lord Bellayes, Mr. Chicheley, and Mr. Hugh May,[1] were the officers appointed to the Temple Bar Post, who were ordered "to appoint sub-commissioners for distributing biscuit and cheese at ye Kinges cost to those that work." It shows the importance attached to this position that men like Chicheley, who was the Crown Surveyor, and Hugh May, who was the well-known architect and builder of the period, should have been appointed to look after it. At Clifford's Inn Post, Sir Charles Wheeler held a similar post.

The third paper is endorsed "My Lord Oxford's Report upon his Rounde, Sept. 6. 1666, during ye time of ye fire."[2] By this interesting document we find that Lord Oxford, in going his rounds, observed some absentees from their respective posts: thus, although Mr. Chicheley was there, both Lord Bellayes (Bellasis) and Hugh May were absent from Temple Bar, and apparently there were no constables; nor were any constables to be found at Clifford's Inn; but to make up for this, Sir Charles Wheeler was at his post, together with Sir Godfrey Flood and Colonel Lovelace. But the supervision on the whole was satisfactory, and Lord

---

[1] Brother of Baptist May.

[2] For these, see *Domestic State Papers*.

Oxford is able to report that " in all these places (he) found ye places where ye fire had bene well watcht with sentinells, and all care possible used by them yt were present."

We all know that after the Great Fire steps were promptly taken to rebuild that portion of London which had been destroyed; that Wren and Evelyn and others produced plans for the re-edification of the City; and that Hollar and Sandford were ordered to make pictorial records of the ruins. Wren's " Plan " is specially interesting to us here, for had its ample lines been followed, we should have had a Fleet Street 90 feet wide, and the thoroughfare would have extended from Temple Bar to Tower Hill! In the centre of Fleet Street was to have been a circus, from which eight subsidiary streets would have branched off. Such a splendid scheme, of course, never emerged from its initial stage; but when rebuilding did take place in this thoroughfare (Sir Jonas Moore was one of the first to receive permission to do this), certain improvements as to uniform frontages were carried out: some premises being brought forward to the agreed building line, and others set back. By an Act of the Common Council, dated April 29, 1667, Fleet Street was ordered to be widened " from the place where the Greyhound Tavern stood to Ludgate," and instead of the previous 32 and 23 feet, it was enlarged to a uniform width of 45 feet. Certain houses were, as I have said, set back, notably those of Dr. Barebone, Richard Marriot, the Green Dragon Tavern, etc., and these left St. Dunstan's Church projecting into the roadway, as it may be seen to do in eighteenth-century prints.

In 1670, when the streets were ordered to be properly paved, Fleet Street was the first to be attended to, and so much was then done to the thoroughfare in a variety of ways, that the Great Fire may almost be regarded as a blessing (as it certainly was in the matter of disinfection and general cleansing), notwithstanding the fact that in its course it swept out of existence so much that was picturesque and historic.

I have mentioned certain disturbances which took place in Fleet Street at the time of the Great Fire, and doubtless at a time like that, when the guardianship of the peace was for a time relaxed, many and grave disorders took place. But it is a fact that from a much earlier period Fleet Street was noted for its broils. The presence in it of a large number of taverns had much to do with this state of affairs, and the then defective means of policing the streets made it an easy matter for the lawless to perpetrate their daring deeds, and then to hurry off to the safe asylum of the contiguous byways and alleys, or to seek shelter in the wilds of Whitefriars.

In 1578, such incidents had become so frequent that, on April 27 of that year, the Lord Chief Justice and the Master of the Rolls were directed to take steps for repressing frays in the City; " even in the face of their owne lodging in Fleete Street," adds the Council order significantly.

In contemporary records we find plenty of instances proving the necessity for such steps. Here are two entries from Machyn's *Diary*:—

1555. " The xxviij day of October in the mornyng was set up in Fletstrett, be-syd the well (St. Bride's Well), a payre of galaus, and ij men hangyd, for the robere of a Spaneard, (and they were) hangyng aganst the Spaneardes gate be-tyme in the mornyng, and so hangyng alle the day in the rayne."

1559. " The xx day of Aprell ther was a grett fray in . . . . be-twyn v and vj at nyght, betwyn servyng men and . . . . Flett-strete ; ther was one IX bones taken out of ys . . . . and a-nodur had ye nosse cutt off."

I could fill pages with similar extracts, taken from the *Domestic State Papers* and other sources, but they would only prove, what hardly requires proof, that in the spacious and turbulent times of the Tudors and their predecessors, life, in Fleet Street at any rate, had excitements that we wot not of. You might not incur the risk of being run down by a motor-bus or a taxi-cab, but you stood a very good chance of being dirked or clubbed if you were dissipated enough to be out of doors after, say, nine o'clock in the evening.

The number of people who were 'presented' for various offences was also large, as may be seen from the Parish Registers ; and Mr. Riley, in his *Memorials of London*, gives two very early and, as indicating rather curious surnames, interesting specimens. The first of these is dated 1311, and tells how one Dionsia le Bokebyndere presented a certain Welshman "for burglary in her house in Fletestrette in the suburbs of London" ; the second, dated 1337, informs us that Desiderate de Toryntone was taken, at the suit of John Baset, of Bydene, for a certain robbery committed upon him in the hostel of the Bishop of Sarum, in Fletestrette."

As we have seen, retribution was dealt out to such as had broken the laws, in the actual place, or near it, where the offence was committed. Thus we read of various executions in Fleet Street ; and not only in early days, for in the seventeenth century and later the custom was continued. Luttrell, for instance, records how, on "the 17th Dec. (1684) one John Hutchins, who killed the waterman in Fleetstreet, was hang'd on a gibbet erected near the place, but he absolutely denied the fact to the last" ; and other instances could be cited from the Diarist, and contemporary authorities.

Nothing, perhaps, so markedly differentiates the Fleet Street of the past with that of to-day—not its altered appearance, not its new buildings—as the fact that it is now orderly where once it was disorderly, that it is now respectable where it was once the very reverse.

If we wanted one word by which to distinguish the prevailing characteristic of the thoroughfare for the last hundred and fifty years, that word would, I suppose, be 'Journalism.' Indeed, it is to-day so largely identified with journalism that its name is alone sufficient to denote the 'Fifth Estate.' Nor is this connection inappropriate; for we know that Wynkyn de Worde, the great printer, worked at the sign of the 'Falcon' (now No. 32 Fleet Street), near Temple Bar (on the south side of the street), from which house Falcon Court takes its name; and that Richard Tothill had his printing-offices where Nos. 7 and 8 Fleet Street stood, in the reign of Edward VI.; while *Gorboduc*, the earliest English tragedy, was also "imprynted at London in Flete Strete, at the signe of the Faucon, by William Griffith," who sold copies of the book "at his shop in Saincte Dunstone's Churchyarde in the west of London," in 1565.[1]

I shall have something to say in another chapter concerning the publishers, booksellers, and printers, as well as about the great newspapers whose premises add so much to the interest and activity of Fleet Street; but besides the *Daily Telegraph*, the *Daily News*, the *Daily Chronicle*, the *Standard*, *Punch*, etc., the London offices of innumerable provincial journals are scattered up and down the thoroughfare in be-

[1] *London Past and Present*, vol. ii. p. 30.

wildering profusion; all, apparently, drawn to this spot by some magnetic influence with which the place is saturated. The connection of Dr. Johnson with the street would be alone, perhaps, sufficient to account for this, but more likely is it that its position 'twixt East and West, as it were, is a better reason; or the presence here, in the past, of innumerable taverns and coffee-houses, in those days the emporiums of news of all kinds, may have started the tradition which is now so firmly established as to seem permanent.

These hostelries were at one time as great a feature of Fleet Street as are the newspaper offices of to-day. Here met all sorts and conditions of men to gossip, to read the news-sheets, to write letters or to indite dedications to lordly patrons; just as to-day we may see people congregating in the offices of the *Daily Telegraph* or the *Daily News*, to scan the advertisements or to write letters to those whom Hope makes them believe will act as patrons, or at least relievers of their wants and necessities.

Of these centres of literary, as well as of bacchanalian, activity there has been practically no end. They were, and under more modern guises are, to be numbered as the sands of the sea. Some of them, like the celebrated 'Cheshire Cheese,' have preserved the external characteristics of an earlier day almost unaltered, and entering them from the rush and turmoil of Fleet Street, we seem to be thrown back into an earlier century when motors and taxi-cabs were not. In the chapter in which I deal with the taverns I shall endeavour to name as many as possible, and about a large number I hope to have some interesting facts and amusing gossip to record.

Publishers have to-day flitted elsewhere, but in the eighteenth century, and even earlier, many congregated here. For instance, Drayton's *Poems* were published, in 1608, "at the shop of John Smithwick, St. Dunstan's Churchyard, under the Diall"; in 1653, *The Compleat Angler* was "sold by Richard Marriot in St. Dunstan's Churchyard, Fleet Street"; Locke's *Essay on the Human Understanding* (the dedication of which was dated from Dorset Court—believed by Cunningham to be Dorset Court in Fleet Street) was also first printed by Eliz. Holt for Thomas Basset at the 'George' in Fleet Street, near St. Dunstan's Church, in 1690; while an advertisement among the *Domestic State Papers* tells us that Ambrose Isted of Fleet Street had on sale a new play called "Charles VIII. of France, written by Mr. Crowne about 1661, and acted at the Duke of York's Theatre." Later, Edmund Curll had his shop "at the sign of the Dial and Bible against St. Dunstan's Church"; Jacob Robinson his, "on the west side of the gateway leading down the Inner Temple Lane"; Lawton Gilliver, "at Homer's Head against St. Dunstan's Church"; Mr. Copeland, "at the signe of the Rose Garland"; Bernard Lintot at the 'Cross Keys,' next door to the celebrated 'Nando's'; and Tonson began his publishing business at a shop at the corner of Chancery Lane and Fleet Street; while the well-known firm of legal publishers, Messrs. Butterworth, was established at No. 43 Fleet Street so early as 1780.

The shop of Jacob Robinson has a particular interest for us. It bore the sign of the 'Pope's Head,' and was situated just inside the Inner Temple gateway; and over the shop Burke came to lodge on his first arriving in London, in 1750, when he kept his terms at the Middle Temple. Robinson's shop adjoined the Rainbow Tavern, and was numbered

16 Fleet Street,[1] being situated between the ancient hostelry and the famous No. 17 Fleet Street, much of which yet remains.

If publishers have, for the most part, betaken themselves to other quarters of the town, several of the bankers whose establishments were once a feature of Fleet Street, still remain in their old quarters: for instance, Messrs. Child's Bank is to-day where it was originally established, "at the Marygold at No. 1 Fleet Street," in the time of Charles II.; Messrs. Hoare have been "at the Golden Bottle," now 37 Fleet Street, since 1693; and Messrs. Gosling "at [No. 19] the Three Squirrels, over against St. Dunstan's," from the seventeenth century. With Messrs. Coutts and Messrs. Twining in the Strand, these represent those private banks which were once such a feature of English commercial life. The Bank of England has one of its West End branches close by the Law Courts, and in Fleet Street will also be found one or two of the joint-stock banks which have been the product of later days of industrial enterprise.

Although Fleet Street is, as a thoroughfare, older than the Strand, architecturally speaking it is, with the exception of the Temple buildings, of more recent growth; for the Great Fire made such havoc with it that it had practically to be entirely rebuilt after that visitation. The consequence was that it did not exhibit, as did the Strand at a relatively recent date, those picturesque features or those buildings erected in most admired disorder, such as Butcher's Row and Holywell and Wych Streets, which at one time made it a byword as an artistic spectacle, and still more a byword as an exceedingly inconvenient highway.

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[1] Hutton's *Literary Landmarks of London.*

In one thing, however, it rivalled, as it still rivals, its sister street, and that is in its byways and alleys, many of which, in spite of rebuilding, seem still to retain the appearance, and certainly the odour, of an earlier day. Like the Strand, too, Fleet Street has its two churches: St. Dunstan's, and St. Bride's whose glorious steeple remains one of Wren's most exquisite achievements in this direction.

No account of Fleet Street would be quite complete which failed to say something of the various 'shows' for which the thoroughfare has been noted time out of mind. Theatres in the ordinary acceptation of the word it has never had, and very few music-halls, although so early as 1670, John Banister, whom Pepys mentions as being violin to the King, attempted something of the sort, in Whitefriars, not without profit; while, at a later date, there was inaugurated, in Bolt Court, a 'Dr. Johnson Music Hall' which had very little success.

Indeed, the shows of Fleet Street rather appealed to the eyes than the ears. The exhibition of monsters, contortionists, fire-eaters, waxworks, and moving pictures were more to the taste of the Fleet Street patrons than the concord of sweet sounds, or music married to immortal verse. Ben Jonson refers to "a new motion of the City of Nineveh, with Jonas and the whale," being exhibited at Fleet Bridge;[1] and when he makes Knowell end a speech with the words, "here within this place is to be seen the true, rare, and accomplished monster, a miracle of nature," he is probably copying some such announcement seen by him, in front of one of the Fleet Street shows.

The eighteenth century was, however, the heyday of such things. Nothing seemed then to come amiss to the curiosity of the public. It was as happy in looking at the Giants striking the hours on St. Dunstan's clock as in inspecting a model of Amsterdam 'thirty feet long,' or in regaling its sight on a legless child, measuring but eighteen inches, who was to be seen at a grocer's in Shoe Lane, at the sign of the 'Eagle and Child.' All kinds of wonderful and fearful animals attracted crowds, from a great Lincolnshire ox, nineteen hands high, to an old she-dromedary and her young one.

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[1] *Every Man in his Humour.*

The 'Duke of Marlborough's Head,' by Shoe Lane, seems to have been a great centre of attraction; for here, at various times, were exhibited a "moving picture"; "the great posture-master of Europe" who "extends his body into all deformed shapes"; and a certain De Hightrehight who, besides eating burning coals, satisfied a curious appetite by sucking a red-hot poker five times a day. Automaton clocks, and giants and dwarfs, proved great 'draws'; indeed, Fleet Street was quite noted for the latter. For instance, we read of an Essex woman, named Gordon, who though not nineteen was seven feet high, and might be seen at the 'Rummer' in Three Kings Court; of an Italian giantess who was still taller, and had been inspected by ten reigning sovereigns (!) at the 'Blew Boar and Green Tree'; of Edward Bamford, who died (1768) in Shire Lane, and who was seven feet four inches; and of dwarfs: one of whom, a German named Buckinger, was only twenty-nine inches high, although, as he had no legs or hands, or anything, apparently, but body, the measurement does not go for much. He, however, could do so many things which the ordinary man is often unable to do, that he must have been worth seeing. Another pair of dwarfs, the so-called Black Prince and his wife (or princess), were three feet high, which is more understandable than a Turkey horse two feet high, which was exhibited with them.

Mrs. Salmon's Waxworks were, of course, of perennial interest to the Fleet Street seekers after such mild forms of excitement, until they were sold in 1812; and another exhibition appears to have had an almost equal celebrity, namely, Rackstraw's Museum of Anatomy and Curiosities, which was to be seen at No. 197 Fleet Street, from 1736 to 1798, followed at a later date by Edward Donovan's Collection of Natural History—a venture which did not, however, prove a success.

Other shows and exhibitions could, of course, be mentioned, many of them standing the test of years; but most of an ephemeral nature, and calculated rather to attract the idle than to give any permanent source of satisfaction to the more sober-minded. They have passed, as have so many more sights of Fleet Street, into oblivion, and as the presence of many of them indicated the inherent child that lies hid in most of us, so their successive disappearances showed that delight in novelty and change which is no less characteristic of human nature.

To such exhibitions ought, perhaps, to be added those political demonstrations of which the street had its full share: the Burning of the Rumps, of which Hogarth has left us such a spirited and excellent representation in his illustrations to *Hudibras*, and of which a contemporary says, "They made little gibbets, and roasted rumpes of mutton; nay, I sawe some very good rumps of beefe,"[1] and the health of King Charles II. was drunk in the streets, some people doing

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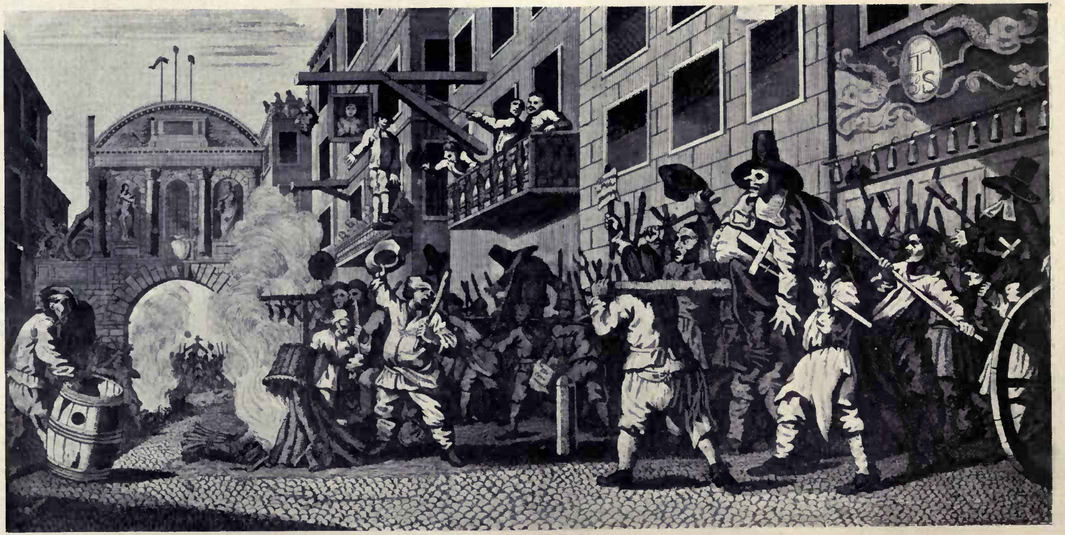
[1] Aubrey.



THE BURNING OF THE RUMPS.

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it on their knees, and bonfires blazed when the 'Rump' Parliament was dissolved; the Burning of the Pope, an annual celebration dating from Elizabeth's reign and the violent anti-popish feeling which then obtained, and repeated on every 17th November, the day of her birth. Luttrell and other writers have many references to this 'show,' and there is a well-known print of the one which took place in 1679, giving a good view of Temple Bar, St. Dunstan's Church, and the adjacent houses on the north of Fleet Street.

The connection of the Green Ribbon Club with these celebrations has been mentioned elsewhere, as have also those Mug-House Riots, which if not exactly shows, were certainly exhibitions of a character which have happily passed with the century that witnessed them.

In the earliest days of London's history, while yet the City was the comparatively exiguous Augusta of the Romans, its walls on the west extended no farther than the spot now known as Ludgate Circus. Just outside these walls, forming a double barrier of defence, ran the Fleet Stream, whose course to the main river followed what is now Bridge Street, below which thoroughfare it still runs in the form of a great sewer. This stream in those days rushed through open country, and had its source among the hills of Hampstead and Highgate, but then a bridge carried the road which, passing through Lud-gate, became divided, its lower portion forming Watling Street, within the City walls. This road in its westerly direction was at that time known as the Strond, being so termed in Agas's "Plan," published about 1560, but has for many years become famous as Fleet Street. Indeed, in the *Liber Albus* (1228) it is termed Fleet Bridge

Street, but in the fourteenth century it was known as Fletestrete, and was then regarded as being in the suburbs of London!

The Fleet Stream is here our eastern boundary, but as we are concerned with so small a portion of it, it will only be necessary to remark that the name has been derived from the Anglo-Saxon *fléotan* = to float, although the rapidity with which it fell into the Thames, might have led us to suppose that its name had something in common with the present signification of the word.

From very early days the stream was used for all kinds of purposes—from the turning of watermills to the reception of refuse and offal of every description. Indeed, so early as 1307, we find by the *Calendar of Patent Rolls* that commissioners were appointed to survey "the water course of Flete which is said to be obstructed and straitened by mud and filth being thrown into it, and by the new raising of a quay by the Mastern and Brethren of the New Temple for their mills on the Thames by Castle Baignard (Baynard)"; and, in 1357, imprisonment was threatened against anyone who should throw rubbish into the river. But such periodical attention as was paid to the Fleet Stream, seems only to have been of temporary use, for so much later as 1585 we find the Privy Council directing (on March 7) the Surveyor of the Queen's Works "to survey the Fleet Ditch, and to report upon the best means for its purification and removing the nuisances there"; while, later in the month, the matter having been considered, a proposal was made for erecting larger floodgates, so as to admit of a barge, 18 feet broad, up the stream.[1]

The stream seems to have been no better, notwithstanding these efforts, in the seventeenth century; for during the reign of James I. it was said to require "cleanninge sweetelye" and to be "lying very noisome, offensive, and infectious"; and according to the Cotton MS. (Titus B. p. 268, quoted by Noble) it was determined that "neere unto Bridewell be placed a standinge grate of tymber, with two gates or dockes to the ende, that the same may be opened only when leighters shall be to passe in or out, and presentlie shut againe." Even down to the eighteenth century, however, the insanitary conditions of the 'Ditch' were notorious, and have been depicted by Swift, Pope, Gay, and others; but this was when, by various encroachments, it had become lessened in extent and volume, for we are told by Strype that in the thirteenth century it was "of such breadth and depth that ten or twelve ships at once, with merchandise, were wont to come to the Bridge of Fleet, and some of them[1] to Holborn Bridge."

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[1] *Domestic State Papers.*

When the first bridge was built across the Fleet Stream is unknown, although it must have been during the time of the Roman occupation, but in Stow's time there was here, according to his own words, "a bridge of stone, fair coped on either side with iron pikes; on which, towards the south, be also certain lanthorns of stone for lights to be placed in the winter evenings for commodity of travellers"; and he adds: "It seemeth this last bridge to be made or repaired at the charges of John Wels, mayor, in the year 1431, for on the coping is engraven Wels embraced by angels like as on the standard in Cheape, which he also built." This bridge fell a victim to the Great Fire, but was replaced by a much wider one ornamented with the arms of the City, etc., and extending to the breadth of the roadway.[1] In course of time, to be precise on Oct. 14, 1765, this second bridge was removed, and the stream was arched over, although one of the original walls was for a time allowed to remain, according to Dodsley, to prevent people from falling into the ditch on the Bridewell (south) side.

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[1] Probably only barges.

Considering the close connection between journalism and Fleet Street that now, as it has for so long, obtains, it is interesting to remember that the *Daily Courant*, first published in 1702, and the earliest of London's daily papers, was printed for "E. Mallet against the Ditch at Fleet Bridge"; while Stow tells us that the first knives ever made in England were manufactured by Richard Matthews on Fleet Bridge, in 1563. This spot was, indeed, a kind of landmark in the City: in early days it was one of the places where toll was taken for commodities brought into London from the west, and it seems to have been selected as a good situation, not merely for ordinary business, but for those 'shows' which in the eighteenth century particularly were such a feature of London life. In 1700 an Act was passed for the establishment of a market here, but nothing was done towards this end till 1737, when, on Sept. 30, a market was opened here, and remained till the building of Farringdon Market in 1829.

To-day the Fleet runs beneath Bridge Street in the form of an immense sewer,[2] and instead of a headlong stream there is to be seen there but a conglomeration of traffic crossing it from Fleet Street to Ludgate Hill, or from Farringdon Street to Bridge Street; but memorials of an earlier time still remain in the forms of the two obelisks, one of which, to John Wilkes, was erected in 1775; the other, to Alderman Waithman, who had his shop here, at the north-west end of Fleet Market, in 1833.[1]

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[1] The cost of this from Nov. 1670 to June 1676 amounted to no less than £80,500 odd. Preserved in the Guildhall is a letter from Wren and Robert Hooke, dated Oct. 22, 1673, "Concerning the measure of the terrace work, performed upon the key of Fleet Ditch."

[2] It is 2657 feet long, 19 feet high, and at Blackfriars Bridge 12 feet wide. It once inundated the Metropolitan Railway, and at Farringdon Road Station it runs over that line and another railway runs beneath it.

Ludgate Circus, which now occupies the site of Fleet Bridge and its approaches, is a relatively modern improvement, having been begun in 1864, and completed some eleven years later. It is one of those betterments by which much superficial open area was gained for the City, and if it cannot be regarded as particularly ample or dignified, it is at least more or less adequate to even the present requirements of traffic.

Apart from the taverns, churches, and innumerable courts, alleys, and bystreets which are to be met with in Fleet Street, and to which I allocate special chapters, there are various landmarks which should be noticed in a perambulation of this historic thoroughfare. Commencing at the west end and for the moment resisting the temptation to discuss the annals of Temple Bar or the Temple[2] itself, whose gateway, designed by Wren, is the first interesting feature we come to in the Fleet Street of to-day, our attention will be attracted by No. 17, situated nearly opposite Chancery Lane, over the gateway of the Inner Temple.

This notable relic dates from the year 1610, although I do not know that there is any good ground for attributing it to Inigo Jones as Noble does, unless the fact that that great architect was Surveyor to the Crown at this time and that the house was Crown property can be said to give foundation for the supposition. There seems little doubt that it was certainly used, in the reign of James I., as the office and Council Chamber of the Duchy of Cornwall, and as "the Prince's Council Chamber" we find frequent mention of it in the *Domestic State Papers* and in other contemporary records, the earliest reference to it in this capacity being dated 1617. But it would seem that it must have had some connection with the Duchy of Cornwall, or at any rate with the Prince of Wales, before this, as the finely panelled room, with its beautiful plastered ceiling, exhibits the device of Henry, Prince of Wales, whose feathers and cipher "P. H." are to be seen in it. Now Henry, Prince of Wales, died in 1612, and there are no records extant of the house being used for the purpose stated, till five years after that event, so that it would seem as if the place was rather occupied by that ill-fated Prince either as a lodging or for some other purpose. The office of the Duchy of Cornwall was, as a matter of fact, situated at various times in different places, and once, at least, warrants were issued by it from premises in Salisbury Court; while the following entry in the *State Papers* does not necessarily prove that the house mentioned was No. 17: "Our pleasure is that those of our subjects who seek to have defective titles made good shall, before Hilary term next, repair to our new Commissioners at a house in Fleet Street, where our Commissioners for our Revenue while we were Prince of Wales did annually meet" (1635). On the other hand, this house may have been identical with

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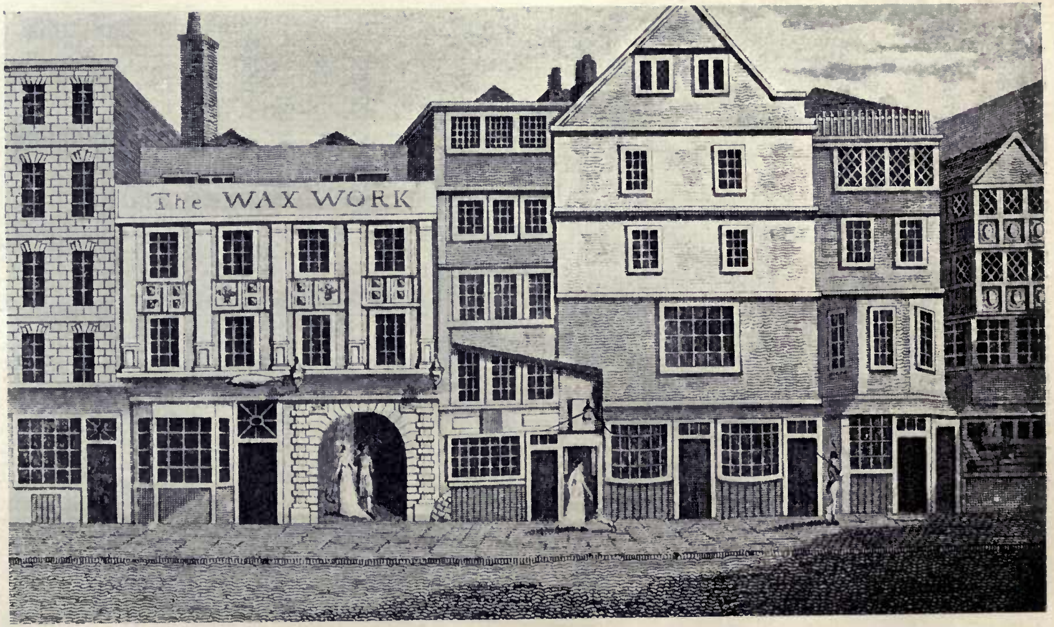
[1] J. T. Smith, in his *Vagabondiana*, tells of a crossing-sweeper, a native of Jamaica, named Charles McGee, who did so well that he sold his crossing for £1000. His portrait (taken at the age of seventy-two, in 1815) used to hang in the 'Twelve Bells,' a tavern in Bride Lane. He left Miss Waithman, who had befriended him, £7000.

[2] These are dealt with in Chapters IV. and V.


The WAX WORK

MRS. SALMON'S WAXWORKS, SOUTH SIDE OF FLEET STREET.

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the one under consideration, and have been the same as the "Prince's Court of Wards" mentioned in a letter addressed to Mrs. Nicholls on May 1, 1620.

Some light seems to be thrown on the subject by the suggestion that the premises were erected by one John Bennett, on the site of a previous house owned by him, and bearing the sign of the 'Prince's Arms.' Bennett may have decorated his property to suit its name, and the fact that the Duchy of Cornwall office once occupied it may be merely fortuitous. Indeed, had this office owned the place, it seems more than likely that on Prince Henry's death, and the consequent creation of Prince Charles as Prince of Wales, the cipher of the latter would have been substituted for the "P. H." which still remains.

At a subsequent period Mrs. Salmon had her famous exhibition of waxworks here, and in her day the legend on the house ran: "Formerly the palace of Henry, Prince of Wales, son of James 1st." The word 'palace' in this connection, whatever the Prince's connection with the place was, protests too much; but it was hardly so daring a speculation as was that of a later tenant, who, regardless of historic accuracy, calmly put up a notice in front of the house, which read: "Formerly the palace of Henry VIII. and Cardinal Wolsey." One wonders if this worthy had heard of the story of Wolsey and Sir James Paulet, when the former was tutor to Lord Dorset's children. He in some way annoyed Paulet, who caused him to be put in the stocks. Wolsey in after years, mindful of the insult, sent for Paulet and ordered him not to leave London without his permission. Paulet did, in fact, for some five or six years, reside in the gatehouse of the MIDDLE TEMPLE, during which time, according to Stow, he re-edified it, and with the hopes of appeasing

Wolsey, set over the front the Cardinal's hat and arms. This, however, was the gatehouse of the Middle, not the Inner, Temple, and it was adjoining the latter that No. 17 was, and is, situated. Mr. Philip Norman remarks concerning the Inner Temple gateway, that "from the first it was a freehold of the parish of St. Dunstan, in the west. At the same time, owing to the fact that it stood over the Inner Temple Lane and extended for some distance along its east side, the authorities of the Inner Temple had certain rights over it. Unfortunately, no early deeds of this house are forthcoming. Nor can much allusion to it be found until the eighteenth century. Long before this, however, there was a shop here, apparently forming part of the structure. Proof of its existence is found in the title-page of Thomas Middleton's comedy, *A Mad World, my Masters*, a second edition of which, published in 1640, was 'to be sold by James Becket at his shop in the Inner Temple Gate.'" [1]

I have referred to Mrs. Salmon's waxworks as being exhibited here. This show was originally situated in Aldersgate, and later was moved to a house "near the Horn Tavern" [2] (now Anderton's Hotel), where Mrs. Salmon, who had herself constructed the figures, died at the ripe age of ninety, in March 1760. After her death the collection was purchased by a surgeon of Chancery Lane, named Clark or Clarke, who continued to exhibit them, as did his widow. In 1788, the figures were moved to 189 Fleet Street, later Praed's Bank; and in 1795, when this house was demolished, Mrs. Clark took

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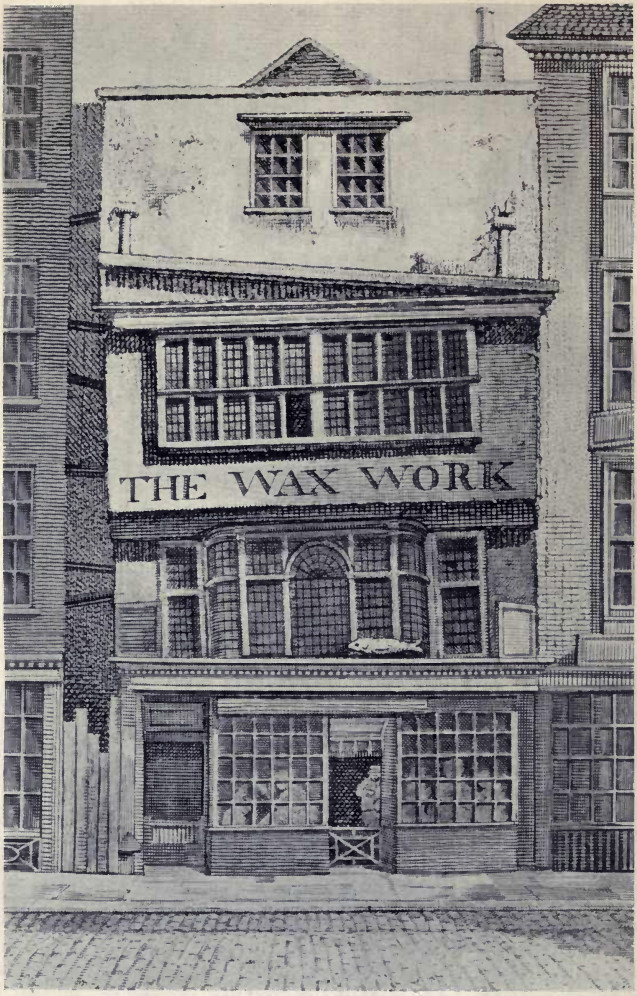
[1] *London Vanished and Vanishing.*

[2] The house bore the sign of a 'Salmon,' and is referred to in Nos. 28 and 31 of the *Spectator*. J. T. Smith engraved a representation of it.


THE WAX WORK

MRS. SALMON'S WAXWORKS, NORTH SIDE OF FLEET STREET.

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No. 17, then known by its old name of the Fountain Tavern. Mr. Norman thinks, with good reason, that during this time the Waxworks occupied only a part of the house and the Tavern the other portion. Later a Mr. Reed occupied the place, and still later Mr. Carter whose hairdressing establishment was situated here for upwards of seventy years.[1]

Farther east is No. 53 Fleet Street, an interesting site, for here Overton at the 'Golden Buck'[2] sold his prints, Hogarth's among them, an undertaking specifically referred to by Gay in his *Trivia.*

Three doors farther on was another print-shop, where the notorious William Hone began, in 1812, to publish his pamphlets and bills, which caused "divers great numbers of persons to assemble and come together in front of his shop," and which, as he was not a freeman, landed him in the Law Courts.

The equally notorious Richard Carlile lived, in 1828, at No. 62, and here opened his "Lecturing, conversation, and discussion establishment"; and a few doors farther east (at No. 67) once resided and had his shop, Thomas Tompion, the seventeenth-century watch and clock maker who attempted to make a clock for St. Paul's which should go for a hundred years without being wound. Thomas Mudge succeeded him at the 'Dial and One Crown' opposite the Bolt-in-Tun Tavern. Mudge took into partnership one Dutton, and this firm made a watch for Dr. Johnson—the first he ever possessed, it is said. No. 67 Fleet

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[1] There is a view of Mrs. Salmon's Waxworks, when on the north side of Fleet Street, in the Crace Collection.

[2] On a glass picture of George III. is the inscription: "Printed for Robt. Sayer at the Golden Buck, near Serjeants' Inn, Fleet Street." The *Gentleman's Pocket Companion* was printed and sold by Thomas Taylor "at the Golden Lyon, over against Serjeants' Inn, in Fleet Street," in 1722.

Street was modernised, Noble tells us, in 1850, and was the last to fall a victim to the 're-edifier.' At No. 98 lived the silversmith Joseph Brasbridge, who occupied his leisure by writing, and produced his *Fruits of Experience*, which formed an autobiography of its author.

Before returning on the other side of the street, I may incidentally mention that Robert Mylne, who built Blackfriars Bridge (begun in 1760 and finished in 1769), lived in a house he designed for himself, in 1780, in New Bridge Street, afterwards the York Hotel, and later demolished to make room for the railway station; and that at No. 6 once lived Sir Richard Phillips, the well-known bookseller and author of that "Walk to Kew," *inter alia*, which is still to be met with, and is not without value.

The chief interest on the north side of Fleet Street lies in its courts and alleys, about which I shall have something to say in a subsequent chapter. There are, however, one or two sites which deserve mention, for one reason or another. The first of these to which we come is No. 106, for it was here, at the sign of the 'Red Lion,' that John Hardham sold his famous 'No. 37' snuff, by which he had accumulated at his death, in 1772, no less than £22,000. Hardham, who was a friend of Garrick, to whom he left £5,—the rest of his fortune going to his native town of Chichester,—lies buried in St. Bride's. "His little back parlour," at 106 Fleet Street, "characteristically enough, was hung around with portraits of eminent performers, to whose styles of dramatic action and manner he could frequently refer in the course of his instructions to novices for the stage." He was 'numberer' to Garrick at Drury Lane, *i.e.* one who counted the audience as a check on those who took the money at the doors.

At No. 138, the mathematical instrument makers first began their business in 1782, and at No. 161 was the shop of that bootmaker, Hardy, who was implicated with Horne Tooke; while next door (No. 162), Richard Carlile, the free-thinker, whom we have before met at No. 62, on the opposite side of the street, was wont to suspend the effigy of a bishop in front of his shop! Close by, between Bolt Court and Johnson's Court, Christopher Pinchbeck, who invented the metal known by his name, lived at the sign of the 'Astronomico-Musical Clock,' and was buried, in 1732, in St. Dunstan's.

Noble, to whom I am largely indebted for many of the interesting data concerning former residents in Fleet Street, thus speaks of Nos. 190 and 192. These two houses, says he, "have a somewhat curious history. Upon the site of No. 192 was born, it is said, Abraham Cowley, the poet, whose father was a grocer. In 1740 it was tenanted by a grocer, where the finest Caper tea was sold for 24s.; Fine Green, 18s.; Hyson, 16s.; Bohea, 7s.; all warranted genuine! In 1787 the firm was 'North, Hoare, Nanson, and Simpson, grocers, at the "Black Moor's Head."' Soon after, North retired, but being refused re-admittance into the old firm, opened an opposition shop at No. 190. Such was the celebrity of this old gentleman, that the trade of the old concern left it, and came to North's new shop; upon which the partners joined him, and the famous old house at the corner ceased to exist." "The grocery firm," adds Noble (in 1869), "still flourishes at No. 190."

There remained till the closing years of the eighteenth century a fine old half-timbered house at the west corner of Chancery Lane, of which J. T. Smith made a drawing[1] in 1789; this house was once the shop of Izaak Walton, who held it from 1627 to 1634, when he removed to one which appears to have been on the site of No. 120 Chancery Lane.

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[1] In the Crace Collection.

Before dealing with the streets and courts which were entered from Fleet Street, it will be interesting to say a word about the old signs which at an earlier day made the main thoroughfare so picturesque. The largest of these signboards was that hanging before the Castle Tavern; indeed, it is said to have been the biggest in London at the time. Signs are now only associated with public-houses, but in earlier days, before the numbering of houses and shops, the latter were distinguished by such indications; the former being generally known by their proximity to some particular sign.

Not long ago there was an attempt made in Lombard Street to resuscitate this manner of marking the various banks, and, from the effect then produced, one can easily imagine what Fleet Street must have looked like when practically every place had a sign, if not two. The authorities, for various excellent reasons, do not allow such things to obscure light and air to-day; but in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries a greater licence was permitted, with the result that the signs, to use Sorbière's [1] words, "almost obscured the sun," and filled the streets with "Blue Boars, Black Swans and Red Lions, not to mention Flying Pigs and Hogs in Armour, with many creatures more extraordinary than any in the deserts of Africa." [2]

The presence of signs in Fleet Street was not without its disadvantages, for, not to mention the freak of Denham and his friends, who one night painted them all black, they occasionally fell, causing not only destruction to property but loss of life, as occurred in 1718 with a signboard opposite Bride Lane, which brought down the brick-work of the house to which it was attached about the heads of the people in the street, four of whom were killed. In 1761 an Act was passed making it compulsory to set the boards flat against the premises, which accounts for that at the 'Devil' being reset in this fashion.[1]

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[1] *A Journey to England in 1664.*

[2] The *Spectator.*

Noble tells us that, in 1630, "the sign of the Crown hanging in the street" is mentioned specifically among the fixtures of the Crown Tavern, in Shoe Lane, thus proving that such things were regarded as of value. We know that in recent times signboards have been painted by such men as Morland, Ward, Leslie, and other famous artists; and, naturally, to such works value is attached. The majority of Fleet Street signs, however, were executed in Harp or Harper's Alley, leading out of Shoe Lane, and Hotten tells us that one Van der Trout was the earliest of the signboard artists to settle in this spot, which soon became noted for such things.[2]

Another method of advertising their businesses was employed by innkeepers and tradesmen in the circulation of tokens. I have mentioned some of those which were issued from Fleet Street and the Strand, and in such works as Boyne's *Tokens*, and Burn's and Akerman's books on the same subject, more or less complete lists are given.

An object of interest which once occupied a prominent position in the centre of Fleet Street was THE CONDUIT, near Shoe Lane. This conduit not only supplied water to this end of the thoroughfare, but formed a feature in most of those pageants which, from mediæval times to the days of the Stuarts, were such picturesque additions to London's gaiety. When Anne Bullen went from the Tower to be crowned at Westminster, the Conduit poured forth wine instead of water, and was decorated and surmounted with angels; when Philip of Spain came to England to wed Queen Mary, a pageant took place at the Conduit; while it was pressed into a like service when Elizabeth passed through Fleet Street on her accession in 1558.

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[1] See Chapter VII.

[2] A unique sign was that of the 'Three Squirrels,' set up by Messrs. Gosling, the bankers, and still preserved. It was made of solid silver, with the device painted in colours upon it.

The Conduit is frequently mentioned, in contemporary records, not only in such august connections, but also as a landmark, and as a spot where civic proclamations were ordered to be exhibited. It appears to have begun to be re-edified by Sir William Eastfield, Lord Mayor, in 1439, and finished, as the result of certain directions left by Sir William to his executors, in 1471; but it dated from a much earlier period, as, in 1388, the residents in Fleet Street were empowered by the civic authorities to erect a penthouse as a protection over the pipes of the Conduit, then described as being "opposite to the house and tavern of John Walworth, vintner," in order to obviate the damage caused by the overflowing of the Conduit, "which," we are told, "frequently, through the breaking of the pipes thereof, rotted and damaged their houses and cellars, and the party walls thereof, as also their goods and wares, by the overflow therefrom."[1]

Stow describes the Conduit as consisting of a stone tower, decorated with images of St. Christopher on the top, and angels round about, lower down, with sweet-sounding bells, which bells, by an engine placed in the tower, every hour "with hammers chymned such an hymne as was appointed."

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[1] Riley, *Memorials of London.*

In 1478, the inhabitants of Fleet Street obtained a licence to make at their own expense two cisterns, one of which was to be erected at this conduit or 'Standard,' as it was termed, and the other at Fleet Bridge. And a record, dated the same year, tells us how "a wex chandler in Flete Street, had bi crafte perced a pipe of the condit withynne the grounde and so conveied the water into his selar; wherefore he was judged to ride through the citee with a condit uppon his hedde." The man's name, it appears, was Campion, and the "condit on his hedde" was a small model of the building. In 1582, the Conduit was again rebuilt, and a larger cistern placed by it; but Sir Hugh Middleton's great New River scheme, inaugurated in 1618, obviated the further necessity of the Conduit, which was probably taken down about this period or soon after.

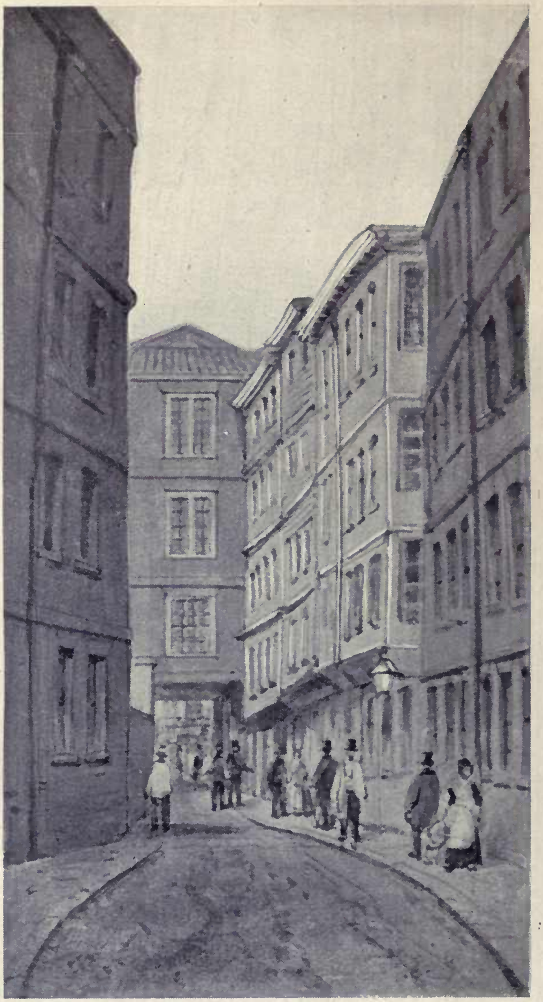
In the Plan of London issued by Ryther of Amsterdam in 1604, we get an excellent view of the Conduit, which was a building of considerable size and importance.

CHAPTER II

STREETS SOUTH OF FLEET STREET

STARTING from the spot where Temple Bar once stood, and proceeding eastward, the first tributary from the main stream to which we come is the tiny CHILD'S PLACE, which dates from about 1787, when the Devil Tavern was demolished, and Messrs. Child's Bank, together with this small court, formed on its site. A few steps farther bring us to Middle Temple Lane and Inner Temple Lane (called by Horwood, in 1799, *Little* Temple Lane). Apart from the fact that the former is part and parcel of the Middle Temple, and therefore has a natural claim to be remembered, there is not any great wealth of association with this narrow alley. It once, however, had a notable resident in the person of Elias Ashmole, the antiquary and historian of the Order of the Garter. A terrible calamity occurred to him here, for on Jan. 26, 1679, a fire broke out in the adjoining chambers, and spread with such rapidity to those occupied by Ashmole, that practically the whole of his books, the accumulation of over thirty years, together with a fine cabinet of coins, seals, charters, and antiquities of all sorts, fell victims to the flames. Luckily, his collection of manuscripts was at another house owned by Ashmole, at Lambeth, and so has come down to us, preserved now in the British Museum.

INNER TEMPLE LANE, on the other hand, is full



MIDDLE TEMPLE LANE.

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of fascinating associations : here Johnson had one of his many Fleet Street abodes ; here Boswell also once lodged ; Cowper was here in 1752, and Lamb in 1809 to 1817 ; while Lord Chief-Justice Campbell resided at No. 5 during the year 1804, and in a shop in the lane the first barometers ever seen in London were sold by an optician named Jones. Much rebuilding has, to some extent, taken from the lane's picturesque appearance, and with these 'improvements' the one-time homes of Johnson, Boswell, and Lamb have disappeared ; but no one passing up or down it should forget that here the most potent literary figure of the day once lived, and the kindliest and gentlest of men and most consummate of essayists. Johnson's rooms were at No. 1, and here he resided for five years (1760–65). In 1857, No. 1, which had been inscribed " Dr. Johnson's Staircase," was pulled down, but the stairs up which so many notable people went to visit him were taken away and preserved. Among these visitors was Madame de Boufflers, and here occurred the well-known incident, described by Beauclerk, to which I more fully refer in the chapter dealing with the Temple.

Boswell, of course, tells us what Johnson's work-room was like, and on July 19, 1763, he made his first visit to it " up four pair of stairs " ; " it is," he adds, " very airy, commands a view of St. Paul's and many a brick roof. He has many good books, but they are all lying in confusion and dust." He had, however, been before this to the lower rooms " on the first floor of No. 1 Inner Temple Lane," and here he found the " giant in his den," as Dr. Blair phrased it, on May 24, 1763. " It must be confessed," he says, " that his apartment and furniture, and morning dress, were sufficiently uncouth . . . but all these slovenly particulars were forgotten the moment that he began to talk."

No sign of Lamb's chambers remains to-day, the modern erection known as Johnson's Buildings having replaced them; but the pump, which will always be associated with him, and the court into which he so often looked, still remind us of the gentle presence of Elia here. Notwithstanding his assertion that he would live and die in Inner Temple Lane, Lamb left it in October 1817, and the Temple, as a place of residence, knew him no more.

Close to Inner Temple Lane is FALCON COURT, notable as being the site of the premises bearing the sign of the 'Falcon,' where the great printer Wynkyn de Worde lived, and where was printed the first edition of Sackville's *Gorboduc*, by William Griffith, in 1565. Griffith had his bookselling shop on the opposite side of the thoroughfare, in St. Dunstan's Churchyard. Falcon Court is immediately under 32 Fleet Street (the 'Falcon'), and this property, together with six other houses, was bequeathed by John Fisher, in 1547, to the Cordwainers' Company in trust for the poor of St. Dunstan's, the only conditions being the preaching of an annual sermon, the praying for the repose of the benefactor's soul, and the drinking of a certain quantity of sack. The last condition seems to indicate that Fisher once kept the 'Falcon' as a tavern, and that the ruling passion was strong in death.

We are told by Noble that, in 1651, there was apprehended at Denzie's, the barber's, "over against St. Dunstan's Church, by Falcon Court," "the prince of prigs, the grand thief captain, James Hind," who was executed at Doncaster in the following year.[1]

No. 32 Fleet Street existed into the nineteenth century, and then bore the date of 1667 on its front. It was occupied at this time by John Murray, and from here *Childe Harold* as well as the earlier numbers of the *Quarterly*, were published

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[1] Hamilton the printer had his works in Falcon Court, and here occurred a disastrous fire which destroyed property to the value of £80,000.

Boswell, it will be remembered, accidentally met Johnson at this spot on March 20, 1781, and " stepped aside into Falcon Court " with his hero, on which occasion the Doctor uttered his aphorism that " a London morning does not go with the sun."

I have overlooked, a few doors farther west, a little alley, which existed till the sixties of the nineteenth century, bearing no name, but earlier known as HERCULES' PILLARS ALLEY, from the fact that the inn with that sign was situated in it. The court was, indeed, a great place for inns, and Strype describes it as " but narrow, and altogether inhabited by such as keep Publick-Houses for entertainment, for which it is of note." Its sole interest centres in this connection.

Another lane leading to the Temple is close by—this is MITRE COURT, at the corner of which the famous Mitre Tavern, at one time erroneously associated with Dr. Johnson and his circle, was situated. It was at the Fleet Street end of the court that Sarah Malcolm, garbed in a crape mourning gown, a white apron, and black gloves, and with, it is said, her face painted, was executed on March 7, 1733, for several atrocious murders in Tanfield Court, Temple.

It was at No. 16 Mitre Court Buildings, leading from this old court to King's Bench Walk, that Lamb took rooms in 1800. Writing to Manning, he says : " I live at No. 16 Mitre Court Buildings, a pistol-shot off Baron Maseres. . . . He lives on the ground floor for convenience of the gout ; I prefer the attic storey for the air. . . . *N.B.*—When you come to see me, mount up to the top of the stairs—and come in flannel, for it is pure airy up there. And bring your glass, and I will show you the Surrey Hills. My bed faces the river, so as by perking up upon my haunches, and supporting my carcass with my elbows, without much wrying my neck, I can see the white sails glide by the bottom of the King's Bench Walks."

The present Mitre Court Buildings are not, however, those in which Lamb lived, as they were not erected, on the site of the earlier ones, till 1830.

By another letter from Lamb to Manning we learn that Rickman, who was, he says, "the finest fellow to drop in o' nights," and was a friend of Southey, lived here at the same time. Lamb remained till 1809, three years after he had inaugurated his famous 'Wednesday Evening' gatherings.

Ram Alley,[1] No. 46 Fleet Street, subsequently known as Hare Court,[2] was situated in that area of Whitefriars known as Alsatia, which had at one time been a conventual sanctuary, but afterwards developed into a chartered abode of libertinism and roguery of all sorts; its characteristics being well illustrated in Shadwell's *Squire of Alsatia.* Curiously enough, Ram Alley also gave its name to a dramatic work, for Barry's *Ram Alley, or Merrie Tricks*, printed in 1611, took its title from the place. At this time, it was known, we are told, for its "cookes, alemen, and laundresses."

Strype, indeed, describes it as "taken up by publick houses," and he adds that it was "a place of no great reputation, as being a kind of privileged place for debtors, before the late Act[3] of Parliament for taking them away." What it was in Strype's day it had been much earlier, for we find references to it and its questionable denizens, as well as its eating-houses, in the works of Ben Jonson, Massinger, Shadwell, and other contemporary writers; while Scott, in *Kenilworth*, puts a reference to the place in the mouth of the Countess of Rutland.

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[1] So called by Strype. Horwood gives it as Ram Court.

[2] Not to be confounded with Hare Court in the Temple.

[3] Viz. Act 9 & 10 William III.

In his *Life of Charles I.*, Hamon L'Estrange gives a curious and amusing account of an affray in Ram Alley, brought about by the 'Temple Sparks,' who, having instituted a Lord of Misrule, tried to exact a contribution to the Christmas festivities, of 5s. a house, in default of which a so-called 'Gunner' battered down the door. The Lord Mayor, being summoned at last, put a stop, not without trouble and blows, to this attempted extortion.

In Ram Alley was situated a certain 'Hare House' (from which the later title of the court took its name), which was bequeathed by its owner to the parish in 1594, and in the following century the Ram Tavern is mentioned as also being in its precincts.

One of the two Serjeants' Inns (the other is in Chancery Lane), which are situated in our district, comes next in Fleet Street, but what I have to say concerning it will be best left to another chapter;[1] and therefore passing it, as well as the little LOMBARD STREET, another of the tributaries out of the ill-famed Alsatia, one of the worst haunts even down to late times, where the printing-press of Messrs. Bradbury, Agnew & Co. is situated, we come to BOUVERIE STREET, perhaps as well-known a thoroughfare as any in the easterly part of London, being notable as a one-time residence of Hazlitt, who was living at No. 3 in 1829, and still more so as the street in which *Punch* and the *Daily News* are printed. It was called, originally, Whitefriers Street, and connected Fleet Street with that mysterious district to which I have already referred as Alsatia, and of which a more detailed description is necessary and appropriate here.

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[1] See chapter on the 'Inns of Court.'

Whitefriars takes its name from a colony of Carmelite monks (Fratres Beatæ Mariæ de Monte Carmeli), so called from the dress they affected, which, having been founded by Sir Richard Gray in 1241, secured a piece of ground abutting on Fleet Street by gift from Edward I. This plot extended, I imagine, roughly from what is now Bouverie Street to one portion of New Bridge Street, for we are told that the Prior of the Order made complaint in 1290 of the smells, arising from the Fleet Ditch then flowing where the latter thoroughfare is now, which are said not only to have overpowered the incense in their chapel, but even to have caused the death of some members of the fraternity.[1]

The Chapel of the Order was rebuilt, in 1350, by Hugh Courtenay, second Earl of Devonshire, and seventy years later Robert Marshall, Bishop of Hereford, gave it a steeple. It would seem that the foundation was a rich and an increasingly prosperous one, noted for its library, and under the immediate patronage of various rulers of this country. With the Dissolution, however, it shared the fate of so many similar institutions, and its church was demolished in 1545. It must have been an imposing edifice, as we can see by Wyngaerde's "Map" (1543), where the spire of its chapel is shown rising far above it. Many great men had been buried in it, and here lay in state, by his own order, the body of John of Gaunt before being carried to St. Paul's, in 1399. When he dissolved the fraternity, Henry VIII. gave its chapter-house to his physician, Dr. Butts, and Stow writes that "many fair houses were built, lodgings for noblemen and others," on the site of this once almost princely establishment. A relic of the monastery was found in Briton's Court, Whitefriars, in 1867, an account of which appeared in the *Builder* for that year.

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[1] *Rot. Parl.* vol. i. p. 61.

The immunities enjoyed by the Order—the right of sanctuary, etc.—seem to have attached to the site of this religious house, or to have been assumed to exist by later inhabitants, long after any sign of it remained; and in Elizabeth's reign the dwellers here appear to have come to some arrangement with the authorities to this end, as by a document in the Lansdowne MS.,[1] we are told that, in return for freedom from City rules, laws, ordinances, taxation, etc., they promised to duly attend St. Paul's; to appoint their own officers; arrest any rogues found within their precincts; look after their own poor; and maintain, during winter-time, "lanthornes and lights"; adding the somewhat elastic phrase, "as hitherto hath been accustomed."

It is obvious that such a state within a state should eventually lead to friction, and a proof of this is forthcoming in the *Inquest Book*, under date of 1608, where we read: "Item, wee pr'sent Richard Whaler late constable of the same precincte (Whiteffriers) and John Saunders deputie constable to John Turner of the same precincte for that wee of the enquest goeinge to p'forme our duties according to the Lo: Maior's command by warrant to take notice of such innormities as wee should their fynd, weere resisted by the aforesaid constables notwithstanding my Lo: authorite or warrant." Nor was this the worst: taverns of the lowest sort sprang up (in 1609 there were eleven victuallers here, six being considered quite sufficient); disorderly houses abounded (one Anne Flore, who had been 'carted' once, was suspected of still carrying on her infamous trade); and vice of all sorts was rampant. Nothing shows more clearly the degeneration of the neighbourhood than the crowds of tenements which gradually sprang up where had hitherto been the houses of notable men. For instance, the mansion of Sir John Parker was "divided into twentie severall tenements"; that of one Francis Pike, into no fewer than thirty-nine; and both Parker and Pike seem to have allowed this for the sake of the rents obtained, for we read that "these two landlords are those that doe breade muche pore people in the same precincte, and much annoyance." Shadwell, in his *Squire of Alsatia*, has depicted something of the low life of the place in his day, but the great word-picture of it is to be found in *The Fortunes of Nigel*, where, as Leigh Hunt says, Scott has painted the place as if he had lived in it.[1]

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[1] No. 155, p. 79.

In spite of its once notorious character, Whitefriars has had noble and even famous residents in the past. Sir John Cheke, tutor to Edward VI., lived here; so did Sackville and Ogilby and Shirley, Lord Delawarr and Lady Cork, Sir Matthew Carew and Lady Morrison; while Sir Balthazar Gerbier (who collected for George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham) had his Art Academy here in 1649. Other residents of note include the Bishop of Worcester and the Earl of Rutland, and Henry Grey, eighth Earl of Kent, who married a lady, the daughter of Lord Shrewsbury, who died here in 1651, and left her house to her friend, John Selden who was then one of the most notable inhabitants. In 1649, Lord Essex, of the Parliamentary Forces, derived some of the annuity given to him by the Government from property here.

In 1697, the privileges so long attached to Alsatia were abolished by Act of Parliament; but long after that time the place retained its ill-fame. At one time it was a great resort of fencing-masters, and with one of them, Turner by name, a famous story of revenge, in the reign of James I., is associated. The anecdote is given, with some detail, by Timbs in his *Romance of London*, but it may be shortly outlined as follows. It appears that Turner, during a fencing bout at Rycote, in Oxfordshire, had accidentally put out the eye of Lord Sanquhar. For this, he was never forgiven; and Sanquhar seems to have bided his time for revenge—a revenge made the more necessary (as Sanquhar thought) by the fact that, being at the French Court, and being asked by the King, Henry IV., how he had lost his eye, Sanquhar had said it was done with a sword; whereupon the monarch asked, "Doth the man live?" It was some years, however, before Sanquhar put his purpose, so long brooded over, into execution. But at last the time came, and having hired two ruffians, he caused them to get into friendly converse with Turner, and then to shoot him dead. A warrant was promptly issued for Sanquhar's apprehension, with the result that he was taken, and together with his accomplices, Carliel and Irweng, was hanged — the actual murderer at the top of what is now Bouverie Street, and the instigator of the crime before Westminster Hall.

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[1] See, too, Macaulay's *History*, vol. i. chap. iii.

The name 'Alsatia,' which was for long the cant designation of this district, is taken from the French Alsace, long notorious for its internal strife and political disaffection. Exactly when it was given is uncertain, but its first appearance in print seems to have occurred in a tract, by one Thomas Powel, issued in 1623, and entitled *Wheresoever you see mee, Trust unto yourselfe: or, The Mysterie of Lending and Borrowing.* After that period, the name becomes fairly common; thus, it occurs in Otway's *The Soldier's Fortune*, and it forms the title of Shadwell's play, *The Squire of Alsatia*, published in 1688, much of the *scenario* of which is placed at the George Tavern,[1] Whitefriars. By Shadwell's descriptions of his characters—for the most part bullies, hypocrites, gulls, and blackguards generally—we learn, clearly enough, what sort of people congregated in this hotbed of iniquity, in his day. Now, all this district, with its large offices and warehouses, its fine buildings on the river-side, and its general activity, is as much typical of work and energy as it was at an earlier period of sloth and crime.

Before leaving Whitefriars, or Alsatia, mention must be made of the play-house once within its precincts, and it is appropriate here to speak of it, after referring to the dramatist Shadwell's general description of this locality. This place of entertainment, however, can perhaps hardly be described as a theatre in the modern acceptation of the term, for it was established in the hall of the old Whitefriars Monastery, the reason for this being the objection of the Corporation to permit of a regular theatre within its jurisdiction. The Whitefriars play-house appears to have followed close on the better known one at Blackfriars, which was established in 1576. Indeed, according to Payne Collier, it was fitted up in 1586. It did not have a very long career, however, for we know that it was dismantled in 1613. In a survey drawn up three years later, mention is made of the house as having been carried on for thirty years, and it tells us that Field's *Woman is a Weathercock* (1612), played before James I. privately at Whitefriars, was one of the first productions given there after the removal of the "King's servants" from Blackfriars.[1] That the City looked askance even at a theatre within a privileged building, is evidenced by the fact that, in 1609, there was 'presented' "one play-house in the same precincte of Whitefriars, not fittinge there to be now tolerable." Other evidence is forthcoming that the place was doomed to a short life, and we are told, in 1616, that "the raine hath made its way in, and if it be not repaired it must soone be plucked downe, or it will fall." As we hear nothing of it after this date, the probability is that it either fell, or was "plucked downe."

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[1] The George Tavern afterwards became the printing-office of the elder Bowyer, and was situated in Dogwell Court. In 1713 it was burnt down, but was rebuilt. In the new house the second Bowyer carried on business. Later Davison occupied it, and subsequently it became part of the famous establishment of Messrs. Bradbury & Evans, the publishers, *inter alia*, of many of Dickens's books and of *Punch*, of which they are proprietors. There was also a Black Lion Tavern in Whitefriars, of which Shepherd made a drawing in 1859.

There is a record that plays were established here in 1580, but the patent mentioning specifically "the theatre," is dated Jan. 1610. My conclusion, therefore, is (in view of the fact that the dissolution of the monastery was confirmed in 1608) that plays were first acted in the old hall or refectory of the monastery, and that, later, an actual play-house was erected either on its site or close by. So little, however, is actually known of the place that this can only be regarded as a probable supposition.

BOLT-IN-TUN COURT lies between Bouverie Street and Water Lane. Except for the fact that it takes its name from a once much-frequented tavern [2] bearing this sign, it has not any particular interest, and, so far as I can gather, no history.

WATER LANE, since 1844 known as Whitefriars

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[1] Noble.

[2] Shepherd made a water-colour drawing of this inn in 1859.

Street, a few paces farther east, on the other hand, is a not inconsiderable street, compared with the courts and alleys we have passed. This lane led directly into the Alsatian precincts, and was one of the worst haunts in that unsavoury neighbourhood. It is well depicted in Ogilby's "Plan," running from Fleet Street to the river, which at its lower end came up in a channel a considerable way from the foreshore.

Noble has preserved some early references to Water Lane, and in his pages I find that it was 'presented,' in 1569, for its 'fall' of water upon the people's heads; and in 1574, complaint was made concerning "grete dunghills conteyninge by estimacion above 40 loade caste up by the water of the Thames," on its west side. Indeed, the place was for long in a fearful state; and in 1610, we are told that "the waie beinge soe stopped with dung and dirte that the passengers can hardlie passe, and the pavement soe broken and ruyned that if speedilie redresse be not had neither horse can drawe his loade nor passengers goe that waie." All this occurred when the lane was much narrower than it is to-day, but little seems to have been done, notwithstanding the matter was brought before the Common Council, intermittently, between the years 1594 to 1596, until after the Great Fire, when the street was enlarged, and if not beautified at least cleaned. There was a Black Lion Tavern about half-way down the lane, and among its residents was Tompion, the famous watchmaker, who died at his shop, at the north corner, in 1713; and Filby, the tailor (at the sign of the 'Harrow'), who supplied Oliver Goldsmith with some of those suits of which the poet was so inordinately proud.[1]

Horwood's "Plan" for 1799 shows a tiny CROWN COURT, and Strype gives HANGING SWORD ALLEY and

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[1] See Boswell's *Johnson*.

White Lion Court, all three lying between Water Lane and the entrance to Salisbury Court. Crown Court only requires this mention of its one-time existence; but Hanging Sword Alley, which communicated with it, apparently took its name from the sign of one of its houses, which is mentioned so early as 1574, as being in the possession of a Mr. Blewit, which proves its antiquity if nothing else; White Lion Court has not even this hall-mark. Hanging Sword Alley was once known as Blood-bowl Alley, which uneuphonious name it took from a notorious house known by this title, the cellar of which is reproduced by Hogarth in the ninth plate of his " Industry and Idleness " series. It will be remembered that the Jerry Cruncher of *A Tale of Two Cities* resided here.

Salisbury Court, leading directly into Salisbury Square, is shown, under this name, in Agas's " Plan " of 1560. Strype calls it Dorset Court, by which name the street on the south of the square is still known; but Horwood (1799) gives it its earlier title. It takes its name from the great house and its grounds, on part of which it was formed, belonging to the Bishop of Salisbury in the thirteenth century. This house later, at the beginning of the seventeenth century, was granted to the Earl of Dorset (hence its other title). I have something to say about this mansion elsewhere, so shall here confine myself to a few words about the past notable residents in Salisbury Court (*i.e.* the street) and Salisbury Square.

It appears that, during the latter half of the sixteenth century, Lord Treasurer Buckhurst induced the See of Salisbury to exchange this property " for a piece of land near Cricklade in Wilts "; at least so Seth Ward, Bishop of Salisbury from 1667 to 1689, told Aubrey, the antiquary. Even in those days such an exchange could, one imagines, only have been brought about by pressure, and Ward ruefully hints at this.

In 1634, Bulstrode Whitelocke took a house here;[1] and in, or near, the square lived Dryden, from 1673 to 1682; Locke dated the dedication of his *Essay on the Human Understanding* from Dorset Court (believed, by Cunningham, to be the one in Fleet Street) in 1690; Shadwell once lived in Salisbury Court, and there, no doubt, he accumulated the experience which he gave to the world in his *Squire of Alsatia*; Cave and Underhill also resided in the vicinity; and the presence here of the Dorset Court Theatre, about which I shall have something to say farther on, was sufficient to account for the presence of Davenant, and, later, his widow, Lady Davenant, and such once well-known actors as Harris and Sandford. But Salisbury Court is chiefly associated with Samuel Richardson, who had his printing establishment in the north-west corner of the square, with an entrance into Fleet Street (now No. 76). Mrs. Barbauld, in her *Life of Richardson*, tells us of his presence here, in the following words, the year of his settling here being 1755: "In town he took a range of old houses, eight in number, which he pulled down, and built an extensive and commodious range of warehouses and printing-offices. It was still in Salisbury Court,[2] in the north-west corner, but it is at present (1802) concealed by other houses from common observation. The dwelling-house, it seems, was neither so large nor so airy as the one he quitted; and therefore the reader will not be so ready, probably, as Mr. Richardson seems to have been, in accusing his wife of perverseness in not liking the new habitation as well as the old. 'Everybody,' he says, 'is more pleased with what I have done than my wife.'" Here Richardson entertained most of the notable literary men of the day: Johnson and Hogarth were his guests; Goldsmith read proofs for the author of *Clarissa* here; here *Pamela* was written; and here Maitland's *London* was "Printed by Samuel Richardson" in 1739. In 1754, Richardson moved, finally, to Parson's Green.

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[1] For an account of Salisbury Square see the author's *History of the Squares of London*.

[2] The words "still in Salisbury Court" refer to the fact that Richardson had been a compositor in another printing establishment here.

Another man who once resided in Salisbury Court was that John Eyre who, although a rich man, was transported for stealing paper from the Guildhall in 1771. He seems to have been marked out for some such fate, if the anecdote told by Noble be true. It is said that Eyre's uncle made two wills, in one of which he left £500 to his nephew and the rest of a considerable estate to a clergyman; in the other, the £500 to the clergyman and the residue to the nephew. Eyre, not knowing of the existence of the first will, destroyed the second in order to avoid having to pay the legacy! In Salisbury Court, too, died, on June 29, 1677, Sir John King, Solicitor-General to the Duke of York, and Treasurer of the Inner Temple; and, in 1732, Mrs. Daffy of 'Elixir' fame; and it was in the square that the copies of Mrs. Clarke's book, exposing her relations with the Duke of York and Colonel Wardle, were publicly burnt.

About the same time, No. 53 was occupied by John Tatum, the silversmith; and here, acting as his assistant in 1812, was Michael Faraday, the great scientist.

At one corner of Salisbury Square, Messrs. Peacock, Bampton, & Mansfield, who initiated the pocket-book of to-day, by their *Polite Repository* of 1778, much patronised by Royalty, had their headquarters; here, too, Powell's Puppet Show, referred to in the *Spectator*, enlivened the precincts; and in the days of William IV., the Misses Thompson kept a boarding-school, and issued an amusing advertisement to attract patrons. At this time the place was still a residential centre; for, in 1831, William Green, a Trustee of the Law Life Assurance Company, was living here; while Timbs, in his *Doctors and Patients*, tells us that the last man in London who is believed to have worn the scarlet coat, flap waistcoat, and frilled sleeves, then the badge of the physician, was a quack doctor who lived in the corner of Salisbury Square, and who might be seen any day pacing the pavement in front of his establishment, until he took to his bed and died of extreme old age.

It should be remembered, too, that one of the chief of the so-called 'Mug Houses' was situated in the square. On an occasion of one of the Jacobite disturbances, on July 20, 1716, when the rallying cry was 'High Church' and 'Ormond,' the mob, led by a man named Bean, broke into the house, then kept by Robert Read, who, in defending his property, shot a weaver—Vaughan. For this he was tried for manslaughter, but acquitted. Five of the rioters, however, were sentenced to be hanged at the Fleet Street end of Salisbury Square. In an account of this incident in the *Weekly Journal* for July 28, 1716, and for the following August 4, we learn that a petition was sent to the Court of Aldermen, setting forth the frequency of these riots, and pointing out that Read was justified in defending his property.

Although, as we have seen, there was once a playhouse, of a kind, in Whitefriars, the only theatre in something like our modern acceptation of the term, in Fleet Street, was situated in Salisbury Court, and was variously called the 'Salisbury Court,' 'Dorset Gardens,' 'Davenant's,' or 'Duke's' Theatre, and was erected at the south-eastern extremity of Salisbury Court, with a fine stone frontage and flight of steps to the river,[1] as well as an imposing façade towards the north. But this structure had been preceded by, at least, two earlier play-houses, the first of which was, apparently, erected about the year 1629, but during the Civil War fell a prey to the sectarian zeal of the Puritans. It was built on ground belonging to the Earl of Dorset, whose town mansion adjoined it, and by him it is said to have been let for a term of sixty-one years, the sum of £950 being paid down. To whom, however, this lease was granted does not appear. But it is interesting to find the following entry in the *Domestic State Papers*, under date of March 25, 1639: "Licence to William Davenant to build a playhouse in a place near Fleet Street, assigned by the Commissioners of Buildings, and to take such money as is accustomed to be given in such cases"; because, although it is known that Davenant erected a theatre on the site of the old granary of Dorset House, which had been hitherto used as one, and demolished, as we have seen, in 1649, it is not generally remembered that Davenant had applied for permission to build it so early as the date of this licence. As it was, he did nothing till the Restoration, when the new building (1660) of the second theatre at this spot was begun.

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[1] There is a water-colour drawing of it in the Crace Collection. Also there is a view of the river front in Settle's *Empress of Morocco* (1673), reproduced in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1814, and a view, by Sutton Nicholls, published in 1710, in which the surrounding houses are also depicted.

We are indebted to Pepys for some glimpses of this place and the performances there. The Diarist, a famous play-goer as we know, paid several visits here, the first of which was on Feb. 9, 1661: "Creed and I to Whitefriars to the Play-house and saw *The Mad Lover* (by Beaumont and Fletcher), the first time I ever saw it acted, which I liked pretty well." Three days later, he went again; but this visit proved disappointing: "By water to Salisbury Court play-house, where not liking to sit, we went out again." On the 23rd of the same month, Pepys kept his twenty-eighth birthday by another visit: "To the Play-house, and there saw *The Changeling* (by Middleton and Rowley), the first time it hath been acted these twenty years, and it takes exceedingly"; and he adds, "I see the gallants do begin to be tyred with the vanity and pride of the theatre actors, who are indeed grown very proud and rich." On the 2nd of March, he is there again, and finds "the house as full as could be," the play being *The Queene's Maske* (otherwise *Love's Mistress*, by Heywood), which he saw again, with Captain Ferrers, on the 25th of the same month. On April 1, he witnessed Fletcher's *Rule a Wife and have a Wife* here, but did not like it any more than he did a play called *Love's Quarrell*, at the first performance of which he was present here on April 6. He had better luck on the last occasion he records of paying the Salisbury Court Theatre a visit. It was on Sept. 9, 1661, and although the play—Ford's *'Tis Pity Shee's a Whore*—was not to his taste, "it was my fortune," he ingenuously remarks, "to sit by a most pretty and most ingenious lady, which pleased me very much." How long Davenant remained in Dorset Court I do not know, but he had certainly removed his company to the old Tennis Court, in Portugal

Row, Lincoln's Inn Fields, before the Salisbury House Theatre was destroyed in the Great Fire.

A few years subsequent to this event, Davenant died (1668), and shortly afterwards his widow commissioned Wren to design a new play-house close to the site of the former granary-theatre. This was completed in 1671, and the double façade, to which I have before referred, was thus the work of England's greatest architect, much of the internal decoration being due to the skill of Grinling Gibbon.

The new house was called 'The Duke's Theatre,' from the fact that the Duke of York's company of players performed there. Downes, in his *Roscius Anglicanus* (1708), thus speaks of the inauguration of the new venture :—

" The new theatre in Dorset Garden being finished, and our company (the Duke's) after Sir William's death being under the rule and dominion of his widow, the Lady Davenant, Mr. Betterton, and Mr. Harris (Mr. Charles Davenant, her son, acting for her), they removed from Lincoln's Inn thither. And on the 9th day of November, 1671, they opened their new theatre with *Sir Martin Mar-all,* which continued acting three days together, with a full audience each day, notwithstanding it had been acted thirty days before in Lincoln's-inn-fields, and above four times at Court."

L'Estrange wrote the prologue to the play on this occasion; while we learn from another source that the charge for admission to the pit at the Duke's Theatre on the first night of a new performance was five shillings. The theatre had an existence of some ten years, and then, when the combination of the Duke's Players with the King's Players took place, on the death of Killigrew, it was deserted, the new company going, on Nov. 16, 1682, to Drury Lane.

regal purpose, was put to far different uses, and eventually disappeared as the result of modern requirements. From a remark of Stow's, it would seem that a royal residence had been situated at this spot from early days, for he calls Bridewell " of old time the king's house, for the kings of this realm have been there lodged." And, indeed, we have another, though rather hazy, record of this. For here, the Norman kings are said to have held their courts, and Henry I. is reported to have given stone towards an early rebuilding of the place. Excavations in Bride Lane, in 1847, brought to light some undoubted stone-work of the Norman period. It seems probable, indeed, that the Montfiquit [1] Tower, which stood " west of Baynard's Castle," occupied the site of the later Bridewell. But the first clear reference we have to the place is in the year 1522, when the Emperor Charles V. came to England. For his accommodation, Henry VIII. caused to be built, or rather rebuilt, " a stately and beautiful house." This work was executed, according to Hentzner,[2] in the short space of six weeks, which would at once prove that there was already some kind of a structure here.

As it happened, Charles V. did not inhabit it, after all, being lodged at the Blackfriars, on the other side of the Fleet Stream. His attendants, however, took up their residence in Bridewell, and for the sake of convenience, " a gallery was made out of the house (Bridewell) over the water (the Fleet Ditch), and through the wall of the city, into the emperor's lodging at the Blackfriars." [3]

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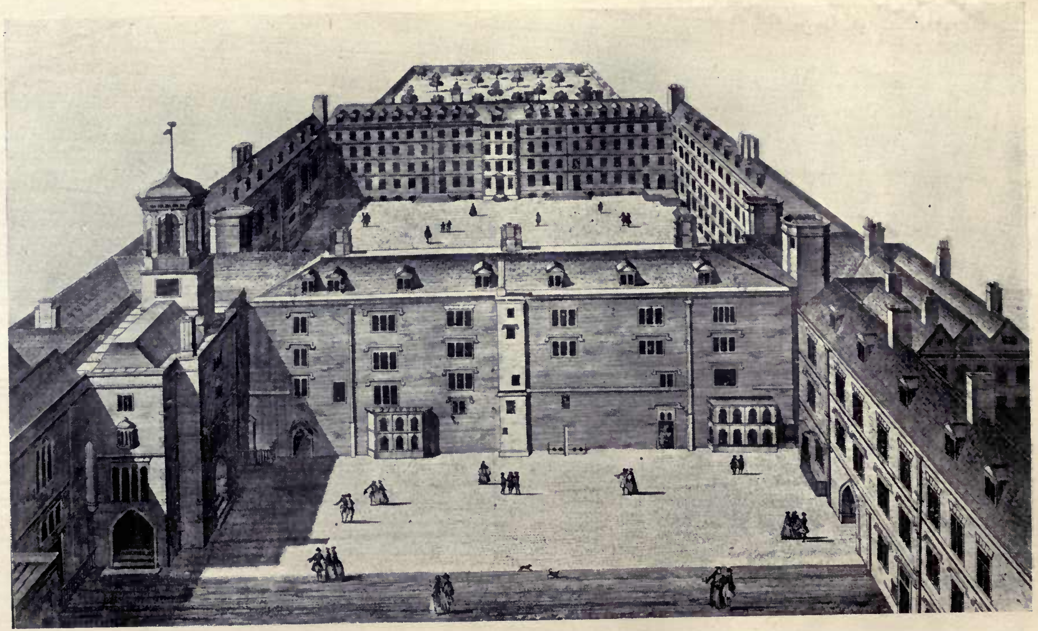
[1] Built by the Baron of Montfiquit, who came over with the Conqueror.

[2] *Voyage to England in 1597.*

[3] Stow's *Survey.*



VIEW OF BRIDEWELL.

To face page 65.

Henry VIII. himself frequently used Bridewell, and was lodged here in 1525, when his Parliament was held in the hall of the Blackfriars; it being known, because of this, as the Black Parliament. Three years later, the King summoned his Council, as well as the Papal Legate, Cardinal Campeius, hither, to hear him discourse on marital relations!

"On the 8th of November," says Stow, "in his great chamber, he made unto them an oration touching his marriage with Queen Katharine."

Here, too, Wolsey and Campeius had their interview with the unfortunate queen, to announce to her the decision to hold an inquiry into the circumstances of her marriage; and again, later, to offer her *carte blanche* from Henry, if she would consent to a divorce.

Shakespeare, who followed Hall's *Chronicles* pretty closely, places the two scenes of the third act of *Henry VIII.* at Bridewell. Wolsey was presented with "a house at Bridewell in Fleet Street"[1] by Henry; but this probably means that he had a suite of apartments allotted him in the palace itself.

After the King's death, the place was, apparently, deserted, and in 1553 Edward VI. sent for Sir George Bacon, the Lord Mayor, and, I quote Stow, "gave unto him for the commonalty and citizens, to be a workhouse for the poor and idle persons of the City, his house of Bridewell, and seven hundred marks land, late of the possessions of the house of the Savoy, and all the bedding and other furniture of the said hospital of the Savoy, towards the maintenance of the said workhouse of Bridewell. . . . This gift King Edward confirmed by his Charter, dated the 26th of June next following; and in the year 1555, in the month of February, Sir William Gerarde, mayor, and the aldermen entered

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[1] Cavendish's *Life of Wolsey*.

Bridewell, and took possession thereof, according to the gift of the said King Edward, the same being confirmed by Queen Mary."

From other sources we know that this splendid gift was presented to the citizens at the instance of Bishop Ridley, who had appealed, by letter,[1] to Mr. Secretary Cecil, on behalf of "our Master Christ's cause." As his epistle is short and eloquent, I give it:—

"GOOD MR. CECIL,—I must be a suitor to you in our Master Christ's cause. I beseech you be good unto him. The matter is he hath lyen too long abroad, as you do know, without lodging, in the streets of London, both hungry, naked, and cold. Sir, there is a wide large house of the King's Majesty's called Bridewell, that would wonderful well serve to lodge Christ in, if he might find such good friends in the court as would procure in his cause. There is a rumour that one goeth about to buy that house of the King's Majesty and to pull it down. If there be any such thing, for God's sake speak in our master's cause.—Yours in Christ, NIC. LONDON."

This scheme, which should have been productive of so much good, did not turn out at all satisfactorily. Like many charitable objects, it became the victim of systematic fraud: the idle and the vicious crowded out the needy and deserving, and many are the edicts of the Common Council against the "master-less men" who resorted hither. Not having, apparently, been sufficiently endowed, it became a serious expense to the citizens, who, perhaps, hoped to recoup themselves by turning a portion of the buildings into storehouses for corn and coal—a scheme first proposed in 1579, and actually carried into effect in 1608.[1]

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[1] It is quoted by Froude, from the Lansdowne MSS.

In the Great Fire, Bridewell was entirely destroyed. What its outlines had been can be seen in Agas's "Plan" (1560), although as, there, its elevation is not so imposing or so large as shown in Wyngaerde's earlier "View" (1543), it is probable that when turned into a hospital some superfluous portions were demolished.

Old Bridewell extended from about half-way up what is now Bridge Street to the water's edge; but when it was rebuilt (in 1668) after the fire, the new structure only occupied about half of the space formerly covered, and was erected on the northern portion of the original site; although it was naturally much more conveniently arranged, and, so far as it went, even more imposingly built.

The place had a dual object: the incarceration of disorderly and idle persons, and the reception of the needy and helpless. Hatton, in his *New View of London* (1708), gives the following description of its aims:—

"It is a prison and house of correction for idle vagrants, loose and disorderly servants, night-walkers, etc. These are set to hard labour, and have correction according to their deserts; but have their clothes and diet during their imprisonment at the charge of the house. It is also an hospital for indigent persons, and where twenty art-masters (as they are called), being decayed traders,—as shoemakers, taylors, flax-drapers, etc.,—have houses, and their servants or apprentices (being about 140 in all) have clothes at the house charge, and their masters, having the profit of their work, do often advance by this means their own fortunes. And these boys, having served their time faithfully, have not only their freedom, but also £10 each towards carrying on their respective trades; and many have even arrived from nothing to be governors."

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[1] References to the storage at Bridewell, in 1612 and 1624, will be found in the *Remembrancia*.

Kip's "View" of Bridewell, dated 1720, gives us as good an idea of the building as does Hatton's description of its internal regulations. It was formed in two large quadrangles, the chief of which faced the Fleet Stream, now Bridge Street. Additions were made after Kip's time, however, and by these, fresh prisons and a committee-room were formed; the chapel was also rebuilt, and the whole place reconstructed, so as to form but a single quadrangle, having a large entrance to Bridge Street, over which was set up a carved head of Edward VI.

Eighteenth-century literature contains many references to the flogging, beating hemp, and oakum-picking, which formed the chief punishments at Bridewell in those days. Congreve and Shadwell and Pope have all referred to the place and its denizens, and in the fourth plate of "The Harlot's Progress" Hogarth has for ever translated its shameful horrors through the medium of his instructive art.

In later times Bridewell was used as a place of detention and correction for such offenders as had been sentenced by the City magistrates to terms of imprisonment not exceeding three months; and it had become united with Bethlehem Hospital and the House of Occupation, all three being placed under the same governing body. In 1842, there were confined here 1324 persons, 466 of whom were known or suspected thieves. Mr. Hepworth Dixon, in his *London Prisons*, gives a dismal picture of the place: "As a House of Correction for criminals it could hardly be worse," he says. "The building itself is bad and, as it stands upon a cold damp soil, it is far from healthy. In wet weather the doors have water trickling down them, and the air is quite humid. Then the prisoners' apartments are small and straggling . . . the whole is so ill arranged that no sort of superintendence, worthy of the name, can possibly be maintained." Howard, at a much earlier date, had found the place in a very similar condition. Indeed, the remedy it offered for vice seems to have been little better than the disease.

When, therefore, Holloway Jail was erected in 1863, and the materials of Bridewell sold and its site cleared, London saw the end of an institution which had only its age and the memories of its predecessor to recommend it. The chapel was pulled down in 1871, but certain portions of the frontage to Bridge Street, notably the gateway (No. 14), were allowed to remain.

As may be supposed, in the case of such a place as Bridewell, those who have been immured here were rather notorious than noteworthy. But there are one or two associations of the latter character: for instance, Johnson's servant, Robert Levett, was interred in the burial-ground attached to Bridewell in 1732; Thomas Ellwood, the Quaker, and friend of Milton, was taken to Bridewell in 1661, and in his *Autobiography* gives several interesting particulars of the place as it was in those days; and even earlier, in 1567, certain members of the early Congregational Church were committed to prison here, headed by their pastor, Richard Fitz. But these are exceptions, the rule being to find here such people as the notorious Mrs. Creswell of Charles II.'s day, or those 'Bridewell Boys' who, in the following century, became a nuisance to peaceful citizens, and a standing proof of the inefficacy of the system employed in this 'house of correction.'[1]

To-day, the site of Bridewell is occupied by a congeries of streets and buildings whose interest solely rests on the fact that they stand where once stood the palace of our kings, and where at least an attempt was, later, made to deal, however inefficiently as it has been proved, with crime and idleness.[2]

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[1] The place was once known as 'Lob's Pound'; though the origin of this term seems lost, unless Lob means, as it does in some dialects, a clown or booby.

[2] A good idea of the interior of the apartment called the 'Pass Room' in Bridewell can be gained from the picture by Pugin and Rowlandson, which illustrates a short notice of the place in Ackermann's *Microcosm of London.*

CHAPTER III

STREETS NORTH OF FLEET STREET

The chief characteristic of the north side of Fleet Street is the number of small courts and alleys which, at one time, were to be found there. Some of these have now disappeared, like the famous Johnson's Court, which was absorbed in Anderton's Hotel; some were but means of access to larger areas behind the houses in the main thoroughfare, and have become obliterated in the course of building developments; not a few, however, still remain, and it is in these exiguous outlets that one can, here and there, best gain an approximate idea of what Fleet Street must have looked like to our forefathers. Indeed, there is not much remaining in the thoroughfare itself capable of carrying our minds back to earlier days, so greatly have its picturesque features been changed into later and more regular building lines.

In the last chapter we left Fleet Street at St. Bride's Lane, so that it will be convenient to begin our perambulation of the north side of the thoroughfare at the opposite corner, where, at No. 108, we find Black Horse Alley, clearly marked in Hollar's *Exact Surveigh*, dated 1667.

This court dates back to Jacobean times, and is found specifically mentioned in the year 1618. Except, however, for its antiquity, it is not particularly notable; nor does the fact that, about the middle of the eighteenth century, a group of eight houses, either actually in it or close by, were called the 'Devil's Nook,' predispose us to regard it as a noticeably respectable quarter. At the commencement of the nineteenth century, John McCreery, who wrote a poem on "The Press," here had his printing establishment; while in the same building, on the ground floor, was the office of the *News Exchange*.

Next to Black Horse Alley was Poppin's, or, as Horwood calls it, Popping's Court, on the site of No. 109 Fleet Street. Hollar, in his *Exact Surveigh*, spells it Papinger Alley. It takes its name from the 'Poppingaye,' the inn or hostel of the Abbot of Cirencester,[1] from which circumstance the place was called, in Elizabeth's time, 'Poppinggay Alley'; and in our own day, a successor, in the modern 'Popinjay,' has arisen on its site.[2]

A few paces west bring us to Racquet Court (No. 114), about which the only item of interest that has survived, is the fact that it was here, in 1721, that Dennis Connel was killed in a duel by Thomas Wicks.

Shoe Lane, on the other hand, is a very important tributary of the main stream. The earliest mention we have of this ancient street is in the thirteenth century, when it was known as Showell Lane.[3] It is not recorded from whom or what this title was taken, but it seems probable that it was derived from the name of an early owner of land hereabouts. Not long, however, did it preserve this designation, for in the year 1310, we find it referred to as Scolane in a writ sent to the City by Edward II. which recites that "you cause to come before us, or the person holding our place, at the church of St. Brigit without Ludgate, on the Saturday next after the Feast of the Translation of St. Thomas the Martyr, eighteen good and lawful men of the venue of Scolane in the ward without Ludgate; to make inquisition on oath as to a certain tenement with its appurtenances in Scholane, which the Abbot of Rievaulx is said to have appropriated without leave of our Lord the King," etc. Apparently no notice was taken of this by the City authorities, nor do we know the result of a similar command, sent on the following 10th of October. Two references to the lane occur in the reign of Edward III.: one in 1345, when a certain Thomas de Donyngtone is condemned to be hanged for theft here; and the other in 1347, when John Tournour of Sholane is ordered to stamp his name on his wine measures, and to construct them of "dried wood."[1]

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[1] Noble.

[2] In 1870, the north side of Poppin's Court was cut off, when the street from Holborn Circus to Ludgate Circus was formed.

[3] See MS. note in the Kensington Library copy of *London Past and Present*.

An early and notable resident was the Bishop of Bangor, who, in 1378, had his Inn on the west side of the street, a residence used by various occupants of the See till 1647. In Wyngaerde's "Plan" (1543) this Inn may, I think, be recognised in the gabled building, a few doors up on the west side, which is distinguished by its superior size from its neighbours. It is also indicated by Agas (*circa* 1560), who calls the street Schow Lane.

In the *Patent Rolls* is the following entry, dated 48 Edward III. (1375), referring to this property: "Rex amortizarit Epo Bangoren', in successione unum Messuag: unam placeam terræ, ac unum gardinum cum aliis ædificiis, in Shoe Lane, London." The

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[1] Riley's *Memorials of London.*

Robert Hiscock, at the 'Last'; John Payne, mealman, 1669; Nicholas Rowe, 1669; and Thomas Seele; while one was issued from Fountaine Court in Shew Lane, 1659, and one from the 'Cross Keys,' in the thoroughfare itself. Burn, in his account of the Beaufoy Tokens, also gives one of the Mansfield Coffee-House, in the lane. On the *obverse* is a hand holding a coffee-pot; and on the *reverse* the words: "in Shoe Lane by Providence." This was one of the tokens issued on the re-opening of such places after the Great Fire.

The lane had a number of smaller streets and alleys leading from it, and among those on the east side were: Ben Jonson's Court, Fountain Court, Harp Alley, Gunpowder Alley, Currier's Alley, Stone-Cutters' Street, Rose and Crown Court, and George Alley. One or two of these seem to indicate the presence in them of some particular class of artisans: one, Ben Jonson's Court,[1] may be more intimately connected with the great dramatist than one has now any record of; another, Harp Alley, is closely associated with the manufacture of signboards, of which there was a regular market here in those days. Formerly, Harp Alley connected Shoe Lane with Farringdon Street, but to-day it is cut off by St. Bride's Street. It was here that Izaak Walton used to buy "choice hooks" at Charles Kerbye's, who was, to quote the gentle angler, "the most exact hooke maker that the nation affords." On the west side of Shoe Lane was Globe Court, King's Head Court, Gunpowder Alley, and New Street; and it was in Gunpowder Alley that Richard Lovelace died in 1658, and here also resided Evans, the astrologer, known to readers of

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[1] At No. 3, the Ben Jonson Tavern had a portrait of the poet as a sign.

Lilly's autobiography.[1] The northern end of Shoe Lane does not concern us here, but it is interesting to remember that it was in St. Andrew's Church, at its north-west corner, that Benjamin D'Israeli was baptized at the age of twelve, on July 31, 1817.

Before leaving Shoe Lane, I must not forget to mention the existence there of a cockpit which seems to have been affected by all sorts and conditions of people. For instance, we find the grave Sir Henry Wotton recording his having been there on June 3, 1633,—although he certainly says that he was a *rara avis* in such a place,—while on Dec. 21, 1663, the ubiquitous Pepys paid the place a visit, and a pretty mixed company he found there. Hear what he says:—

"To Shoe Lane to see a cocke-fighting at a new pit there, a spot I was never at in my life: but Lord! to see the strange variety of people, from Parliament man by name Wildes, that was Deputy Governor of the Tower when Robinson was Lord Mayor, to the poorest 'prentices, bakers, brewers, butchers, draymen, and what not, and all these fellows one with another cursing and betting. I soon had enough of it."

Next to Shoe Lane is PETERBOROUGH COURT, so called because the Inn of that See was situated on its west side, the gardens of which are shown in Ogilby's "Plan." It adjoined what is now the office of the *Daily Telegraph*, No. 136 Fleet Street, and in it, in 1727, a parish workhouse was opened. Here, too, Walter Scott, a plasterer, carried on his business, and on his death, in 1786, bequeathed a sum of money for the foundation of a blue-coat school in his native town of Ross.[1] At the east corner of the court was a shop where was sold Hertner's 'Eupyrion,' the predecessor of the lucifer match; and nearly opposite were the works of Jacob Perkins, who exhibited his steam-gun at the Adelaide Gallery in the Strand.[2] Earlier in the eighteenth century, James Taylor, a merchant, had his business here.

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[1] One of the six people who are reported to have perished in the Great Fire was Paul Lowell, a watchmaker in Shoe Lane, who said he was eighty years of age, and would never desert his house here, in consequence of which he was burned to death inside it.

Of Wine Office Court, to which we next come, I have something to say when speaking of the 'Cheshire Cheese,' which adjoins it, and also when referring to Goldsmith,[3] who once lived at No. 6, and who has made it for ever famous by writing the *Vicar of Wakefield* here. The fig tree once in this court, planted by the vicar of St. Bride's, was a slip taken from another tree once growing at the 'Fig-Tree' in Fleet Street—the parent stem from which various cuttings were culled. Two merchants, Mr. Jekyll and Mr. Markum, are given in the *Little London Directory* for 1677 as having their offices in this court.

Hind Court, between Wine Office Court and Bolt Court, is shown in Ogilby's "Plan" of 1677 and in Horwood's "Map" of 1799; it was a cul-de-sac, and has no interesting associations.

Bolt Court, a few doors farther west, on the contrary, is one of the most interesting of Fleet Street's byways, for, intimately as Dr. Johnson was associated with the neighbourhood, no spot, save perhaps Gough Square, is quite so closely connected with his towering figure. It was in 1776 that he came (from Johnson's Court) into residence at No. 8, on the right-hand side from Fleet Street, and here he remained till the end of his life, paying a rental of £40 per annum. Boswell

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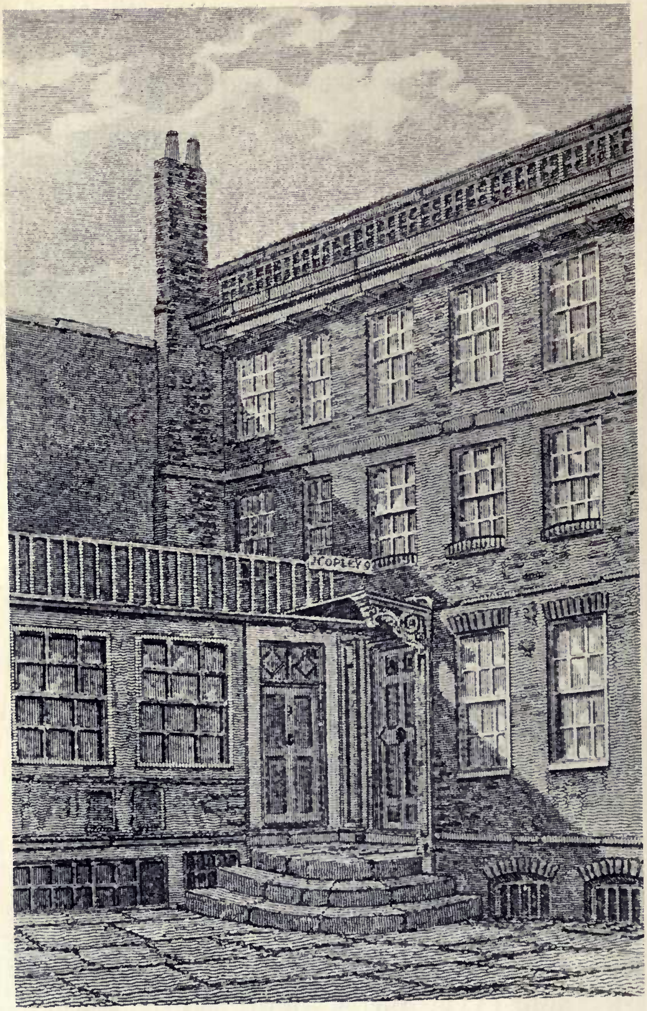
[1] Noble.

[2] Timbs, *Walks and Talks about London.*

[3] In the chapter on 'Famous Men.'



DR. JOHNSON'S HOUSE, BOLT COURT.

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tells us how, coming from Scotland, he hastened the next morning (March 16, 1776) to Johnson's Court, only to find that his hero had flitted to his new abode; and he sets down his reflections on the circumstance. Again, on April 3, he found Johnson in Bolt Court, "very busy putting his books in order; and as they were generally very old ones, clouds of dust were flying around him. He had on a pair of large gloves such as hedgers use." In fact, his appearance reminded Boswell of his uncle's description of the Doctor: "a robust genius, born to grapple with whole libraries."

In 1784, a youth might have been seen conversing at Johnson's door with Barber, Johnson's black servant; after some colloquy, he handed a packet to the domestic, and was asked to call again in a week. It was Isaac D'Israeli[1] leaving a poem for the Doctor's consideration. When he called again, he was told that Johnson was too ill to see him, and on Dec. 13, 1784, the great Lexicographer had ceased to breathe.

It was in Bolt Court that Johnson ran that curious *ménage* in which Mrs. Williams and his other pensioners were continually at loggerheads. "We have tolerable concord at home," writes Johnson to Mrs. Thrale, on Nov. 14, 1778, "but no love. Williams hates everybody. Levett hates Desmoulines, and does not love Williams. Desmoulines hates them both. Poll loves none of them." And later he says: "Discord and discontent reign in my humble habitation as in the palaces of monarchs."

Here Johnson watered his garden, and did much of his mighty work, and received such friends as Howard the philanthropist and Mrs. Siddons. Once, when the latter called, and a chair was not immediately forthcoming, Johnson remarked, " You see, Madam, wherever you go there are no seats to be got." Could Chesterfield have made a better use of the circumstance ?

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[1] Rogers some years earlier had called on the Doctor, but he never got beyond the doorstep, as fear suddenly made him run away.

There is a good view of the house in Bolt Court, in Croker's (1835) edition of Boswell, drawn and engraved by C. J. Smith, and a representation of the Doctor's sitting-room, from a sketch by J. Smith. The latter shows a good-sized room panelled to the ceiling, and in it the great Lexicographer is represented sitting in familiar discourse with Boswell. Miss Hawkins, in her *Memoirs*, also speaks of the " decent drawing-room . . . not inferior to others in the same local situation, and with stout, old-fashioned mahogany table and chairs."

Among other residents in Bolt Court, was James Ferguson, the Scotch astronomer, who also painted portraits (he died at No. 4 on Nov. 16, 1776); while Cobbett published his *Register* at No. 11, where, I believe, he once kept the large gilt gridiron he had had made for a sign, but which was never actually set up. This gridiron, as well as the woodcut of one which for long headed his Political Registers, was an allusion to Cobbett's acknowledged readiness to be roasted alive if ever Peel's Cash Payments Bill passed into law. On Sept. 24, 1819, he solemnly announced that " I, William Cobbett, assert that to carry their bill into effect is impossible ; and I say that if this bill be carried into full effect, I will give Castlereagh leave to lay me on a gridiron, and broil me alive, while Sidmouth may stir the coals, and Canning stand by and laugh at my groans."

In 1858, Johnson's one-time residence was purchased by the Stationers' Company for conversion into a school. Nine thousand pounds were spent on this scheme, each boy being obliged to pay six shillings quarterly. Two years later, the then Master of the Company (Edward Foss) inaugurated a school fund, by a contribution of one hundred guineas, and another Master (Edmund Hodgson) founded a university scholarship. Noble conjectures that the school playground had probably been Johnson's garden.

In the house next to Johnson's, Edmund Allen, his friend, had his printing-office. This house, then being in the occupation of Bensley, the printer, was burned down in 1819, which was apparently the cause of the general, but erroneous, idea that No. 8 had met the same fate. In the twenties of the nineteenth century, a 'Dr. Johnson's Tavern' was started in Bolt Court, being succeeded by the Albert Club, and here the so-called 'Lumber Troop' held their meetings. Noble tells us that the qualification for membership of the Troop, was a small payment and the drinking of a quart of beer at a draught!

Maitland describes Bolt Court, together with Johnson's Court, as having, in 1739, "good houses, well inhabited," and in those times they were certainly very different in appearance and association from what they are to-day; even the neighbouring Gough Square being termed fashionable by the topographer. Johnson's Court does not, of course, take its name from the great Doctor who once lived in it, and who, on a certain occasion, laughingly described himself as "Johnson of that Ilk." The family, after a member of whom it was probably named, was long and honourably associated with Fleet Street. Indeed, in Elizabeth's day a certain Dr. Johnson is recorded as residing here. Another, Thomas Johnson, "citizen and merchant tailor," was a member of the Common Council from 1598 till his death in 1626, and was, besides, a benefactor to the parish. His wife was buried in St.

Dunstan's Church on April 30, 1622, as appears by the Register. Lord Berkeley is recorded as lodging at the house of Thomas Johnson in the sixteenth century; while, as referring more particularly to that part of Fleet Street associated with the family name, we read, in the St. Dunstan's Burial Register for 1647, "out of Mr. Johnson's Court, in Fleet Street."

It is, however, with their eighteenth-century namesake that Johnson's Court is most intimately connected, for here Dr. Johnson lived from 1765 to 1776, at No. 7, "a good house," according to Boswell, and here he wrote his *Tour to the Hebrides*, published his *Shakespeare* and a new edition of the *Dictionary*, and, among many other lesser works, wrote the prologue to Goldsmith's *Good-Natured Man.*

Many are the references to the place in Boswell's gossiping pages. Thus in 1766 he writes: "I returned to London in February, and found Dr. Johnson in a good house in Johnson's Court, Fleet Street, in which he had accommodated Miss Williams with an apartment on the ground floor, while Mr. Levett occupied his post in the garret; his faithful Francis was still attending upon him;" and again: "Mr. Beauclerk and I called on him in the morning. As we walked up Johnson's Court, I said, 'I have a veneration for this court,' and was glad to find that Beauclerk had the same reverential enthusiasm."

According to Hawkins, Johnson worked in an upstairs room "which had the advantages of a good light and free air"; this "he had fitted up for a study and furnished with books, chosen with so little regard to editions or their external appearances, as shewed they were intended for use, and that he disdained the ostentation of learning."

From Johnson's Court the Doctor went, as we have seen, to Bolt Court, still keeping to his favourite Fleet Street, as Boswell notes.

It was in Johnson's Court [1] that Theodore Hook began the publication of his newspaper *John Bull*, in 1820.

We must make a *détour* to GOUGH SQUARE, which lies behind Bolt Court and Johnson's Court, and can be entered from the former. Here again Johnson is the presiding genius, for here, at No. 17, he lived, in the house which is the chief Mecca of his admirers, from 1748 to 1758. Two years after his arrival, he began the publication of the *Rambler* here; here, in 1752, his wife died; and here, three years later, he completed his great *Dictionary*. This house has since 1885 borne one of the Society of Arts tablets; and recently, owing to the generosity of Mr. Cecil Harmsworth, it has been secured as a permanent museum of the illustrious man whose spirit seems still to haunt it. Boswell's description of the literary workroom is historic:—

"Mr. Burney," he writes, "had an interview with him in Gough Square, where he dined and drank tea with him, and was introduced to the acquaintance of Mrs. Williams. After dinner Mr. Johnson proposed to Mr. Burney to go up with him into his garret, which, being accepted, he there found about five or six Greek folios, a deal writing-desk, and a chair and a half. Johnson gave to his guest the entire seat, and tottered himself on one with only three legs and one arm."

It was in this garret that Johnson's amanuenses sat labouring under his dictation at the *Dictionary*; here it was that Johnson himself was arrested for a debt of £5, 18s. in March 1756, a debt discharged by Samuel Richardson; Reynolds brought Roubiliac hither, and Northcote tells how the Doctor received his guests "with much civility, and took them up into a garret, which he considered as his library; where, besides his books, all covered with dust, there was an old crazy deal table and a still worse and older elbow chair, having only three legs." It was, I presume, on this occasion that Roubiliac preferred his request that the Doctor should write an epitaph for one of his monuments, and prefaced it with so much fulsome adulation that Johnson cut him short with, "Have done, Sir, with this ridiculous bombastic rhodomontade!"

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[1] Hutton says Gough Square.

In 1831, Carlyle paid a visit to the shrine, and has left us an account of the amusing remarks, concerning Johnson, of the then occupant.

Another inhabitant in Gough Square was Hugh Kelly, who died here in 1777, and who, from being a staymaker's apprentice, became a successful dramatist. It was of Kelly that Johnson once said: "He was so fond of displaying on his sideboard the plate which he possessed, that he added to it his spurs!"

Noble tells a curious anecdote of a surgeon who lived in the square, at No. 3. He purchased the body of a malefactor hanged at Tyburn, and brought it to his house. In the evening, his servant-maid, impelled by morbid curiosity, went to the room where the body had been laid, and was horrified to find the *corpse* sitting up on the dissecting table. The surgeon thereupon made arrangements for sending the man to America. There he succeeded in amassing a fortune, which he bequeathed to his benefactor. The latter died intestate, but a next of kin was discovered, by a lawyer, in the person of a shoemaker at Islington. The shoemaker, however, refused to pay the lawyer's bill, whereupon the latter set about to find, if possible, another nearer of kin, which he succeeded in doing, the heir this time being Wilcox, the Strand bookseller, who had first befriended Johnson and Garrick when they came to London from Lichfield.

It is not, I think, generally remembered that a place of worship stood in Gough Square. This structure, called Trinity Church, was erected in 1827 as a chapel of ease to St. Bride's. The first stone was laid on the 3rd of October by the then Lord Mayor (Thomas Kelly), and the edifice was consecrated by the Bishop of London on the following 21st of June. The architect was John Shaw, who designed it in the Anglo-Norman style; and, from an engraving of it in Godwin and Britten's *Churches of London*, a very ugly building it was. The ground on which it stood, a corner site, was given by the Goldsmiths' Company, to whom property here had been left for charitable purposes by a widow named Harding in 1513 (Harding Street takes its name from this beneficent lady). In 1842, the extra parochial district of Whitefriars was added to Trinity Church. The church was faced with bright yellow bricks, so that, as it was in the Anglo-Norman style, a style wholly identified with stone, its incongruousness was patent. It had a tower 80 feet high.

Gough Square is jointly in the parishes of St. Dunstan's and St. Bride's, and it is recorded that the former claimed two houses in it, on the strength of having buried a body found on the spot where they joined.

Returning to Fleet Street, and passing two small courts, St. Dunstan's Court and Morecroft Court, both shown by Ogilby in 1677, as not having any interesting associations, we come to RED LION COURT (No. 169), probably taking its name from the Red Lion Tavern, which stood close by. This alley has always been rather notable for its connection with printing, for here was, at the 'Cicero's Head,'[1] once the press of Messrs. Nichols & Sons, where, in 1779–81, the *Gentleman's Magazine* was partly printed, and, from 1792–1820, entirely issued.[2] Richard Taylor, a man of note in his day, who died at Richmond in 1858, also had his printing establishment here, and later the offices of the *South London Press*, under the editorship of James Henderson, occupied a position in Red Lion Court.

In connection with Taylor, it is interesting to remember that Richard Jefferies' grandfather, John Jefferies, worked for him here. Indeed, Richard Jefferies' association with Red Lion Court is still closer, for his father married, in 1844, Elizabeth Gyde, daughter of Charles Gyde of Islington, who had a bookbinder's business at No. 7½ Red Lion Court, Gyde having been a colleague of Richard's grandfather in Taylor's firm.[3]

CRANE COURT, or, as Strype calls it, Two Crane Court, a cul-de-sac, is a few paces farther west, at No. 175 Fleet Street. Its most famous past inhabitant was that Dr. Nicholas Barebone, the great builder who had so much to do with the development of the streets on the Norfolk and Buckingham estates in the Strand, and who is further honourably remembered as the inaugurator of the Phœnix Life Insurance. He was the son of 'Praise-God' Barebone, who had a leather-seller's shop, known by the sign of the 'Lock and Key,' near Crane Court, and he is said to have been christened 'If-Jesus-Christ-had-not-died-for-thee-thou-hadst-been-damned-Barebone,' which became almost inevitably shortened into 'Damned Barebone.' Dr. Barebone was in his way as extra-

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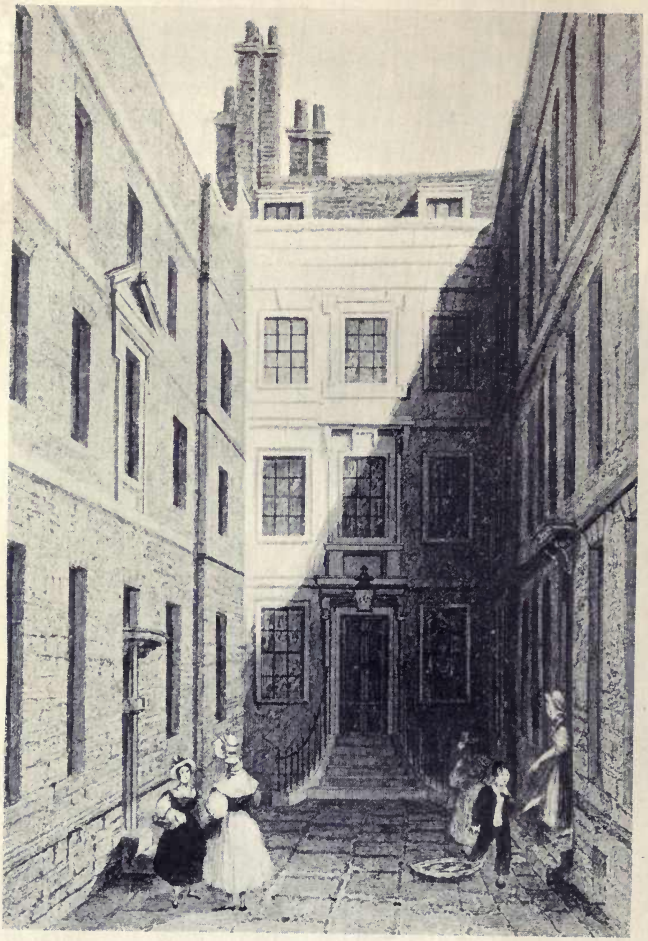
[1] Gibbon mentions it in a letter to Lord Sheffield, but terms the locality Red Lion Passage.

[2] Noble.

[3] See Thomas's *Life of Jefferies*.



HOUSE IN CRANE COURT, OCCUPIED BY THE ROYAL SOCIETY.

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ordinary a man as his father had been before him. He must have made vast sums during his career, in the many ventures he embarked upon; but, on the other hand, he lost heavily in others, and died in debt. He exhibited his last flash of eccentricity by ordering his executor, John Asgill, never to pay his creditors.

The house occupied by Barebone in Crane Court, which Strype says was larger than the rest, being ascended by large stone steps, was rebuilt by Wren in 1670, and just forty years later we find it in the possession of Dr. Edward Browne, the son of Sir Thomas Browne, and President of the College of Physicians, from whom the Royal Society purchased it, for £1450, in that year. Newton was President of the Royal Society at this time, and he was wont to describe the building as being very suitable for recondite deliberations, as it was "in the middle of town, and out of noise." In 1711, the year after the Society had taken possession, one of its secretaries, Richard Waller, built a museum in the garden attached to the house, and here was stored the collection of curiosities subsequently (1781) presented to the British Museum. This date marks the period when the Royal Society left Crane Court,[1] it having continued there for upwards of seventy years. Later, the Philosophical Society rented the large room, and here Coleridge delivered his lectures on Shakespeare, in 1819–20. The Scottish Corporation occupied the house subsequently, and it is noted as doing so by Noble, in 1869. In 1877, however, the building was destroyed by fire.[2]

It was in Crane Court that Dryden Leach, the printer, lived; and it was from here that he was arrested (being taken out of his bed in the middle of the night) on suspicion of being concerned in the printing of Wilkes's famous *North Briton*, No. 45—a suspicion without any foundation, except the fact that Wilkes was known to have visited Leach in Crane Court.

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[1] Among Sir C. Hanbury Williams's *jeux d'esprit* are several references to Crane Court as the meeting-place of the philosophers.

[2] It was rebuilt from the designs of Mr. T. L. Donaldson, architect.

Concanen, a friend of Warburton, also once lodged here, and in his room (when being redecorated by Dr. Gavin Knight of the British Museum) was found, in 1750, a letter he had received from Warburton reflecting on Pope, which was subsequently published by Akenside in 1766, and caused no end of literary trouble.

Many newspapers have been produced in Crane Court: the *Commercial Chronicle*, the *Traveller* (at No. 9), and the early numbers of *Punch* were issued from here, and here, at No. 10, the *Illustrated London News* was first printed.

It is interesting to know that the second circulating library ever started in London began its career at No. 6 Crane Court, the first having been inaugurated at 132 Strand, in 1740. The Crane Court Library, as it was called, first issued a catalogue in 1745, by which we learn that its terms of subscription were four shillings a year. The Society of Arts held its first meetings, in 1754, at this library.

FLEUR-DE-LIS COURT, called by Ogilby Flower-de-Luce Court, lies between Crane Court and Fetter Lane, and has an outlet into the latter on the east side, a little south of West Harding Street. It was in Fleur-de-Lis Court, it will be remembered, that Mrs. Brownrigg murdered her apprentice, Mary Clifford, in 1767, for which crime she was hanged at Tyburn on September 4 of that year. In the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1767 there is an account of this atrocious crime, with illustrations showing the kitchen where the apprentices were employed, and "the hole under the stairs where one of the girls lay, and where both were confined on Sundays." Mr. Brownrigg was a journeyman printer, and his name appears on the petty jury list of St. Dunstan's for 1765. Canning, in his "Imitation of Southey," amusingly refers to Mrs. Brownrigg :—

> "—— Dost thou ask her crime ?
> She whipped two female 'prentices to death,
> And hid them in the coal hole. For this act
> Did Brownrigg swing . . ."

The chapel attached to the Scottish Corporation (which had its headquarters, as we have seen, in Crane Court) was situated at No. 17½ Fleur-de-Lis Court,[1] and here Coleridge, in 1818, delivered a course of lectures on "Language, Literature, and Social and Moral Questions."

FETTER LANE, to which we now come, is a far more important tributary of Fleet Street than any we have passed, with the possible exception of Shoe Lane. Like that thoroughfare, it runs from Fleet Street to Holborn, where it debouches slightly to the east of Furnival's Inn—or rather, what was once Furnival's Inn. Only the Fleet Street end properly concerns us here, however. Timbs always considered that Fetter Lane was in early days the principal street in London, although I do not know on what grounds he based this rather startling assumption.

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[1] Noble notes that, in 1764, upon the evidence of Daniel Truelove and Mary Howitt, "William Capey, of Flower-de-Luce Court, milkman, was presented for selling milk by short measure to the detriment of the poor." There is a tradition that Dryden once lived in this court, but it is not substantiated.

I have something to say in another chapter.[1] Otway may probably have been, and possibly Dryden (who is traditionally said to have occupied No. 16, at the corner of Fleur-de-Lis Court), but in the latter case the fact has never been very satisfactorily established.

Other residents about whom no doubts exist, were John Bagford, the antiquary, who was born here in 1675; Tom Paine, who lived at No. 77; and, more interesting than either, the immortal Lemuel Gulliver, who removed hither from the Old Jewry, and who owned the "long lease of the Black Bull in Fetter Lane," which brought him in £30 a year. The mention of an inn reminds me that the 'White Horse,' a great coaching-house for Oxford and the west, mentioned by Lord Eldon, was at the Holborn end of the lane. It was on the occasion of Eldon's meeting his brother (afterwards Lord Stowell) at this tavern, in 1766, that they both, failing a hackney carriage, got into a sedan-chair and, to quote Eldon's own words: "Turning out of Fleet Street into Fetter Lane there was a sort of contest between our chairmen and some persons who were coming up Fleet Street whether they should first pass Fleet Street, or we in our chair first get out of Fleet Street into Fetter Lane. In the struggle the sedan-chair was overset with us in it."[2]

It was in Fetter Lane that the Moravian Chapel was situated, at No. 32. Here, in 1672, Richard Baxter preached and lectured till 1682. "After the indulgence of 1672," we are told, "he returned to the City, and was one of the Tuesday lecturers in Pinner's Hall, and had a Friday lecture in Fetter Lane (near Neville's Court)." Here, later, might have been heard the eloquence and fervour of Wesley and Whitefield.

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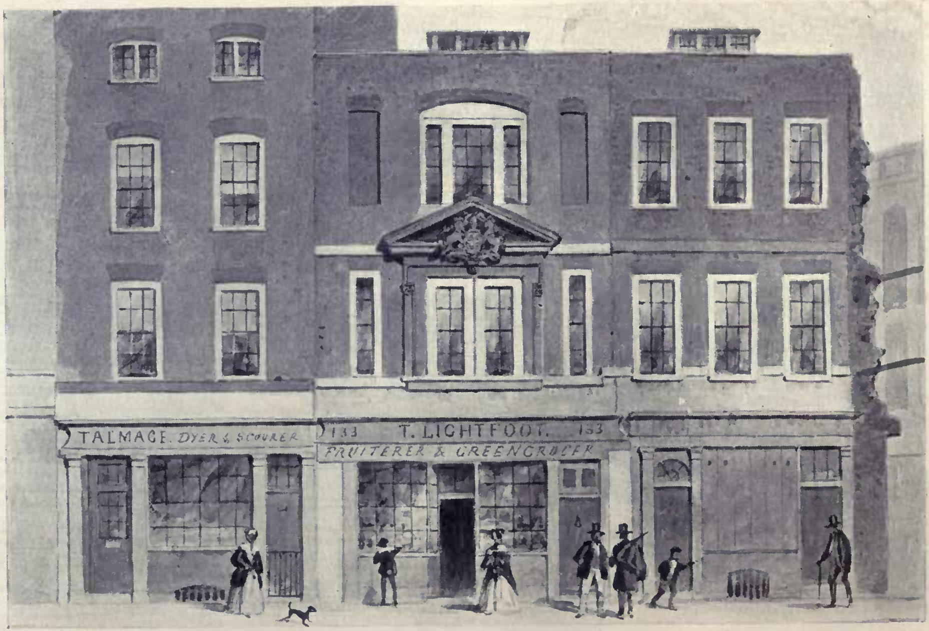
[1] Chapter VIII., 'Famous Men and Women of Fleet Street.'

[2] Twiss's *Life of Eldon*, vol. i. p. 49.


TALMAGE. DYER & SCOURER
133 T. LIGHTFOOT. 133
FRUITERER & GREENGROCER

OLD HOUSES ON WEST SIDE OF FETTER LANE.

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This fine old house, which still exists, although there are signs, as I write, of its approaching demolition, is actually in Neville's Court, a tiny byway between Fetter Lane and Great New Street. It is numbered 10, and when purchased by the Moravians, in 1774, was called " the great house in Neville's Alley." It was probably erected at the end of the seventeenth century. Here C. J. la Trobe, the first Governor of Victoria, was born on March 20, 1801, he being the son of the musician C. I. la Trobe, who took orders in the Church of the United Brethren, and was, in 1795, appointed Secretary to that community.

Neville's Court and Chichester Rents are said to take their names from that Ralph Nevill who was Bishop of Chichester from 1222 to 1224, although it is not proved that he owned the site of either; yet, as he had a residence on the west side of Chancery Lane, now Lincoln's Inn, the fact may be as stated. Certainly the first name is derived from some member of the Nevill family. Other, and older, buildings—I will say " till recently," as they are sure to be pulled down before I correct my proofs—clustered in this quaint corner, which was apparently too insignificant for the Great Fire to expend its energy on: notably Nos. 13, 14, and 15, with their picturesque plastered walls and overhanging upper storeys, and particularly their pleasant little gardens in front—oases in this wilderness of bricks and mortar.

Another Nonconformist chapel was once in Fetter Lane, at No. 96, and was called the Fetter Lane Independent Chapel. Dr. Thomas Goodwin was its first minister (from 1660 to 1681), and he was succeeded by one Thankful Owen. A later building was erected on the site of this chapel in 1732, and at one time its services were conducted by the Rev. John Spurgeon, actually named, in Ogilby's "Plan," and is identical with the "brode (broad) place by Newe Streete" mentioned by John Childe, the parish clerk of St. Bride's, in the Register, as then (October 1666) containing but sixteen houses left standing after the Great Fire.

A large portion of this area is to-day occupied by the well-known printing establishment of Messrs. Spottiswoode & Co.

In Ogilby's "Plan" of 1676, we find four alleys shown in Fleet Street, between Fetter Lane and Chancery Lane — namely, St. Dunstan's Court, the entrance way to Clifford's Inn, Bull Head Court, and Flying Horse Court, besides a small cul-de-sac unnamed. None of these require any particular notice, as they are all quite subsidiary outlets from the main thoroughfare, having no history beyond the fact that they took their names from the buildings or taverns on which they abutted, two of which—St. Dunstan's Church and Clifford's Inn—are dealt with in other chapters. On the other hand, CHANCERY LANE deserves special attention, for it is, in many respects, one of the most important lesser thoroughfares of London. Always closely associated with the Law, as its name indicates, it is further interesting from the fact that it joins Fleet Street practically at the point where the jurisdiction of the City begins, and thus, as it were, runs midway between the east and west ends of the Metropolis. It is, besides, a street of many memories and, were my limits in this book less, might well form the subject of a chapter in itself.

Chancery Lane was originally known as New Street. Concerning the change to the name with which, for so many years, this thoroughfare has been identified, Stow thus speaks :—

STREETS NORTH OF FLEET STREET

"Beyond this Old Temple and the Bishop of Lincoln's house is New Street, so called in the reign of Henry III., when he of a Jew's house founded the House of Converts, betwixt the Old Temple and the New. The same street hath since been called Chancery Lane, by reason that King Edward III. annexed the House of Converts by patent to the office of Custos Rotulorum, or Master of the Rolls."

Before, however, it was finally designated Chancery Lane, the street was called for a time Chancellor Lane, and probably these two titles were, for long, indifferently applied to it; indeed, we find Strype referring to it as "This Chancellor's Lane, now called Chancery Lane."

In early days it was, in common with Fleet Street and the Strand, a dirty and muddy thoroughfare, and in the reign of Edward I. it is said to have been quite impassable from these causes; indeed, at a later date, when John Briton, then Custos of London, because of its condition caused it to be barred up "to hinder any harm that might happen in passing that way," an act that did not go uncriticised, some attempt was made to improve the main thoroughfare. Chancery Lane again came under the notice of the authorities in 1614, and we find Sir Julius Cæsar rated for the paving of the street, at that part "over against the gate of the Roles."[1] At this period the west side of Chancery Lane was bounded by open fields, with a few houses between, and the wall of Lincoln's Inn, on which Ben Jonson worked, ran along part of this side of the street. On the east were the gardens of the Rolls, the Rolls Chapel, and a certain number of dwellings growing more numerous as one approached Fleet Street. By the year 1658, however, when Faithorne and Newcourt published their "Plan,"

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[1] Lansdowne MS., 163, fol. 134.

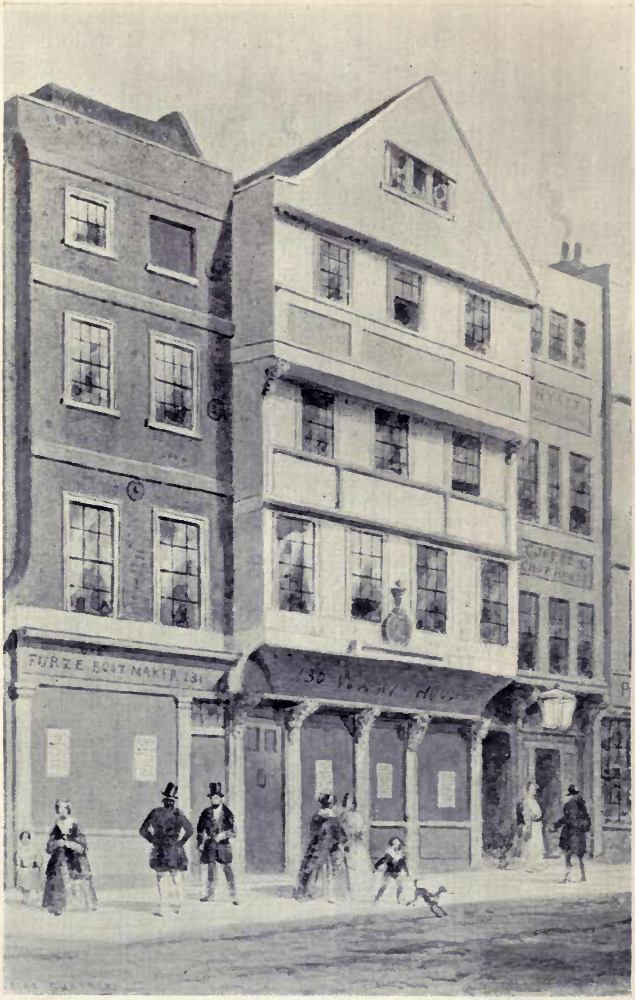
Chancery Lane had become as closely built over as it is to-day.

A number of notable people have been connected with this street: the families of Cæsar, Cecil, Throckmorton, Lincoln, once resided here; and one of the old houses (No. 133) which were demolished in 1853, and of which Hosmer Shepherd made a drawing,[1] bore the arms of Lord Leicester on its front.

Lord Strafford was born here in 1593; so was Henry Baker, Defoe's father-in-law, who founded the Society of Arts in 1698; Isaac Walton lived "in what was then the seventh house on the left hand as you walk from Fleet Street to Holborn," and paid a rent estimated at £31, 10s., in 1638, before he went to the west corner of the lane as it debouches into Fleet Street. Lord Chief-Justice Hyde, who died in 1631, was another one-time resident here, and later, Lord Keeper North came to live in the same residence, "the great brick house near Serjeants' Inn." He it was who attempted a betterment in the Lane by trying to persuade the inhabitants to join with him in paying for a main drain, but their retrograde minds could not see the necessity, and it was only by enlisting the interests of the Commissioners of Sewers that North was able to carry his point, about the year 1672.

Bishop Tillotson, when Dean of Canterbury, Sir John Franklin, Sir Edward Reeve, Sir John Trevor, the notorious Master of the Robes, who died here in 1717, and Sir Richard Fanshawe (at No. 115, in the time of Charles II.) were also former inhabitants, and there is even a tradition, handed down by Vertue, that Wolsey once lived here "next to the six clerks' office, over against the Rolls."

[1] In the Crace Collection.


HYATT
CHOP HOUSE
FURZE BOOT MAKER 131
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OLD HOUSES ON WEST SIDE OF CHANCERY LANE.

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Among later residents was Samuel Rose, the friend of Cowper, who lived at No. 55; Horace Twiss, with whom Tom Moore once dined "in a borrowed room, with champagne, pewter spoons, and old Lady Cork," as he amusingly describes it. Jacob Tonson, the famous bookseller, had his first shop near the Fleet Street end of the lane, having for his sign the 'Judge's Head.' Pickering, the well-known bookseller, was once at No. 57, and at No. 115 are the much-frequented literary auction rooms of Messrs. Hodgson, which firm was originally established at the east corner where Messrs. Partridge & Cooper, the stationers, are now.

There was always a large number of taverns in Chancery Lane—indeed, from a State Paper dated 1632 and entitled *Touching Ale-Houses in Middlesex*, we are told that two years previously there were no fewer than forty; but as twenty-five of these were stated to be in Sheere (Shire) Lane, and were then suppressed, while the remaining fifteen were licensed, it would seem that by Chancery Lane was rather meant the surrounding district than the street itself. We know that Pepys affected the 'Pope's Head'[1] and the 'Sun' here, and that Tom Moore used to visit the Hole in the Wall Tavern,[2] then kept by Jack Randall, *alias* Nonpareil, to get material for some of his more popular poems; while there must have been many other houses of which all traces are lost.

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[1] This tavern gave its name to Pope's Head Alley. It was "at Pope's Head Alley over against the sign of the 'Horseshoe,'" that was sold, in 1663, the story of the Dalleyne family, retold by Waters (W. Russell) in his *Traditions of London*. The Dalleynes were connected with a house bearing the 'Sign of the Star,' in Fleet Street.

[2] This sign originated in the hole formerly made in the debtors' or other prisons, through which the poor persons received money (Larwood and Hotten).

The most interesting feature of Chancery Lane is undoubtedly the brick Gate-house of Lincoln's Inn, which is the most ancient part of that collocation of buildings. It was erected by Sir Thomas Lovell in 1518, which date may be seen upon it. The chambers adjoining and overlooking Chancery Lane are of a rather later period, and Ben Jonson may possibly have had a hand in their erection as we know he had in the garden wall.

As may be seen by one of the Society of Art's tablets, Thurloe, Cromwell's secretary, and the compiler of the well-known collection of *State Papers*, had chambers in this part of Lincoln's Inn, from 1645 to 1659. The *State Papers* were found by the merest chance, in the reign of William III., in the false ceiling of a garret in this part of the building, by a clergyman to whom the rooms had been lent during one of the long vacations, by their owner, a Mr. Tomlinson. The clergyman, who was allowed to annex this 'find,' sold the papers to Lord Somers, who had them bound in sixty-seven folio volumes. They were subsequently published by Dr. Birch, who is responsible for this story—a story, I am bound to say, of which the authenticity has been called in question.

A still more interesting anecdote concerning Thurloe's rooms is recorded, for it is said that one night Cromwell came hither to discuss with his secretary grave and secret matters of state. After having dealt with the questions for some time, Cromwell suddenly discovered that one of Thurloe's clerks was asleep in the room. This clerk was no other than Mr. (afterwards Sir) Samuel Morland,[1] later to be known as a famous mechanician. Cromwell, whose subject of discourse had been Sir Richard Willis's plot for delivering Charles II. and his brothers——the Dukes of York and Gloucester—into his power, drew his sword and, it is said, would have killed Morland, had not Thurloe with some difficulty prevented him, assuring the furious Protector that his intended victim was really asleep. It so happened, however, that Morland was only pretending to be, and was able to warn the royalists of the intended method of snaring the princes, and thus to prevent its execution.[1]

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[1] See *Knightsbridge and Belgravia* for some notice of this remarkable man.

The subject of Lincoln's Inn is so large a one, and one besides which has been more than once ably treated in volumes solely devoted to it, that I must content myself with merely thus alluding to its entrance, which, as being in Chancery Lane, properly claims a place in these pages.

There are one or two buildings close by, however, which must be noticed. The first, and most important, of these is THE RECORD OFFICE, which extends with its fore-court from Chancery Lane to Fetter Lane. It was begun in 1856, but not finished till 1870, from the designs of Mr. (afterwards Sir James) Penniethorne. It stands on the Rolls Estate, and is admirably adapted for the purpose for which it was erected, namely, the custody of the inestimably valuable series of Records of this Realm which, before its day, were housed in such varied centres as the Tower, the Chapter House, Westminster, the Rolls Chapel, the State Paper Office, and elsewhere. The treasures preserved here baffle any attempt at description, but they appropriately include *Domesday Book* and a long series of royal charters, Chancery and Exchequer records, Treaties (that between Henry VIII. and

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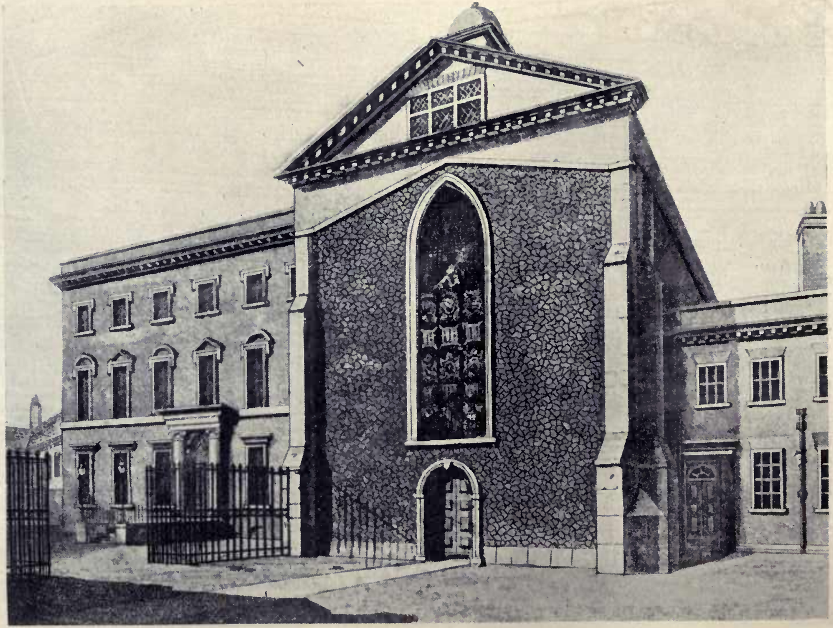
[1] Timbs, *Romance of London*, vol. i. p. 110.

Francis I. bearing the gold seal said to have been designed by Benvenuto Cellini), and innumerable letters, royal and otherwise.

The Rolls House stands on the site of that Carthusian House for converted Jews, which Henry II. founded in 1233, but which in 1377 was disestablished when the buildings were handed over to William Brustall, the Keeper of the Rolls, which office had but recently been created. Since those times, till the opening of the Royal Courts of Justice, the Master of the Rolls held his court here; but the building, which was designed by Colin Campbell in 1717, and since much altered, is now used by the officials of the Record Office. The most interesting portion of the Rolls Office was the chapel which was ruthlessly destroyed some years ago, a piece of vandalism little compensated for by the erection, on its site, of a museum which nobody knows! In it may be seen that beautiful monument to Dr. John Young, Master of the Rolls under Henry VIII., which the great Torrigiano produced, and which was by a lucky and extraordinary chance not destroyed with the building which enshrined it. The recumbent effigy of Dr. Young is an exquisite piece of work, and the head of Christ, supported on each side by that of a cherub, which hovers above it, is full of grace and dignity.

Another monument which was spared was that of Lord Bruce of Kinloss, Master of the Rolls, in the reign of James I. The tomb bears the recumbent effigy of Lord Bruce, in his robes, his head resting on his hand, between two columns, with an inscription stating that he died on Jan. 14, 1610, and some Latin verses beneath.

The third monument is that in memory of Sir Richard Allington, of Horseheath, near Cambridge.



THE ROLLS CHAPEL.

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It shows him, his wife, and three children kneeling, and as the Latin rhyming inscription says—

> " Hæc Monumenta mihi conjuræ fidissima struxit."

Other monuments in the Museum are those of Fortescue, Master of the Rolls and the friend of Pope, who died in 1749; Sir John Strange, whose epitaph runs—

> "Here lies an honest lawyer, that is—Strange";

and the Sir John Trevor, who was anything but honest, and, as Speaker of the House of Commons, had the unique experience of pronouncing his own dismissal, for bribery and corruption.

Hatton (1708), who gives an account of these memorials and copies the inscriptions in full, states that in the Rolls Chapel, prayers and a sermon were given every Sunday, and that the then Preacher of the Rolls was Dr. Francis Atterbury, Dean of Carlisle, who received £10 a term from the Master of the Rolls, which was made up to £100 by the Master in Chancery. Besides Atterbury, both Burnet, and Butler of the *Analogy*, were preachers here, the former being removed in consequence of a sermon he delivered on Nov. 5, 1684, which was regarded by the King as being "levelled against his coat of arms." Burnet had taken for his text the words, "Save me from the lions' mouth, for thou hast heard me from the horns of the unicorns." Luttrell, in his *Diary*, thus refers to the incident: "Dr. Burnett, preacher at the Rolls Chappell, on the complaint of some persons being look'd on as disaffected (tho' causelessly), is silenc'd from preaching there." Evelyn records hearing him preach an excellent sermon at the Rolls, on May 28, 1682.

It is a curious fact that, notwithstanding the chapel was used for its proper purpose, it was at the same time made a receptacle for the Chancery records, which were crowded into every available space, even behind the altar and under the pews.

Near the Rolls Office, on the west side of Chancery Lane, was once the Six Clerks' Office. According to Hatton, it was originally the Prior of Necton Park's Inn, and was called (from the Prior's name, I suppose) Herslet Inn. There was, in those early days, a brew-house here, but the place seems to have been put to its later legal use as early as 1377, so that it was contemporaneous with the Rolls. "These Six Clerks," says Hatton, "have their office up two Pair of stairs in this Building, which takes its name from them." Our authority also gives a summary of the duties of these Clerks: "Their business," says he, "is to read in Court before the Lord Keeper in Term time, to sign Bills, Answers, etc., to enroll Commissioners, Patents, Pardons, etc., and for Causes in this Court depending they are Attorneys for the Plaintiffs or Defendants; their places, which are valued at 5 or £6000, are in the gift of the Master of the Rolls."

In Luttrell's *Diary* I find this reference to the place, under date of March 31, 1692, "Dr. Barebone hath undertaken to pull down the 6 clerks' office in Chancery Lane, and build a new one on arches in the new square adjoyning to Lincoln's Inn." There does not appear to be much recorded of this office. I think it fairly clear, however, that it was situated where Stone Buildings, built by Sir Robert Taylor in 1775-77, are now. It was certainly near Lincoln's Inn Gateway, as appears by a Plan dated 1592. Sir George Buc gives the following details, some of which are identical with what I have just set down:—

"The six clerks of the Chancery are a society of gentlemen learned in the laws, and were at first priests, and thereupon called clerks (for so, anciently, all Churchmen were called). These clerks lodge and common together in one house in Chancery Lane, purchased and accommodated for them by Master John Kederminster, Esq., one of the society. . . . This house was in ancient times the inn of the Abbot of Nocton, in Lincolnshire, and was since the house of one Herfleet,[1] and of him it was called Herfleet's inn. But now it is (or ought to be) called the Six Clerks' Inn."

This office is now, of course, abolished, and what functions of it survive are incorporated in the Supreme Court of Judicature.

The headquarters of the Incorporated Law Society form another feature of Chancery Lane. They are on the west side and were erected in 1832, from the designs of Vulliamy, at a cost of some £50,000. Since then they were enlarged on the north side in 1849, and again, by a very excellent addition, a few years ago; and on the south side in 1857, when P. C. Hardwick was the architect. There is a fine and large legal library here, and the Law Club is at the back of the building.

There are several interesting streets and courts out of Chancery Lane, and although taking us rather beyond our limits, a fleeting glance at them will not occupy very long. Neville's Court and Chichester Rents, so graphically described in *Bleak House*, have been already referred to, but CAREY STREET on the west of Chancery Lane, and CURSITOR STREET on its east, require a few words. The former, which takes its name from Nicholas Carey who lived in the reign of Charles I., connects Chancery Lane with Portugal Street. Its whole south side has long been occupied was the future Lord Eldon, who, with his young wife, with whom, it will be remembered, he had eloped, set up housekeeping here in so humble a way that he once in after days told a friend, Mr. Pensam, that "many a time have I run down to Fleet Market to get sixpennyworth of sprats for supper."[1]

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[1] Hatton calls it, as we have seen, 'Herslet'; and Nocton he spells Necton.

In Swift's "Instructions to a porter how to find Mr. Curll's authors" is the following: "At the laundress's at the Hole in the Wall in Cursitor's Alley, up three pair of stairs, the author of my *Church History*. . . . You may also speak to the gentleman who lies by him in the flock bed, my Index Maker."[2]

Out of Cursitor Street was that Took's Court, for ever famous as the Cook's Court of *Bleak House*, where Mr. Snagsby had his residence and his Law Stationer's business. Dickens describes the little drawing-room upstairs as having "a view of Cook's Court at one end (not to mention a squint into Cursitor Street) and of Coavins's, the Sheriff's Officer's backyard on the other." Here the oily Chadband held forth over the miserable Jo; hither came the mysterious Mr. Tulkinghorn; and here 'Guster' had her perennial fits.

Bream's Buildings are so ugly and so modern that we are apt to forget that they occupy part of the site of old Symond's Inn, not an Inn of Court or Chancery, but private tenements let to law students, and so called, it is conjectured, from a Mr. Thomas Simonds, who was buried in St. Dunstan's in 1621. The offices of the Masters in Chancery were formerly here; but in 1873–74 the old buildings were demolished, and what is termed, perhaps ironically, in *London Past and Present*, "a *stately* pile of 110 chambers" built on their site.

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[1] Twiss's *Life of Eldon*.

[2] Quoted in *London Past and Present*.

The interest of Symond's Inn again centres in the fact that Dickens has immortalised it. " A little, pale, wall-eyed, woebegone inn like a large dustbin of two compartments and a sifter," he calls it, in *Bleak House*, where we remember to have found that offensive person, Mr. Vholes, and later, his victim, Richard, who died here, with all his lost illusions about him. It was to a sponging-house in Took's Court, which at that time was full of them, that Sheridan was taken, and locked up in 1815.

Of Bowling Pin Alley, a small and insignificant court out of Chancery Lane, I find nothing of interest, except its unusual name and the fact that it was the birthplace of the notorious Mary Ann Clarke, whose connection with the Duke of York (son of George III.) gave rise to a famous *cause célèbre*. Waters (W. Russell), in his *Traditions of London*, weaves a story round a Mrs. Carstairs who lived at No. 1. Waters calls it Bowling Inn Alley. Of NEW STREET (divided into Great, Middle, and Little), and not to be confounded with the earlier name of Chancery Lane, there appears to exist no particular record, although by an entry in Luttrell's *Diary*, under date of April 13, 1682, we read that " about 9 in the morning, broke out a fire at the upper end of New Street, near Fetter Lane, which consumed that house and the tops of one or two more, but by the help of the engines it was quickly quenched."

I cannot leave Chancery Lane without reminding the reader that it was here that Coleridge, " in wandering mazes lost," once saw a notice asking for "smart lads for the Light Dragoons," and incontinently went and took the King's shilling—one of the romantic episodes in that remarkable career.

Returning to Fleet Street, we find APOLLO COURT, about which I have something to say in the chapter on Taverns, FIG-TREE COURT mentioned by Strype (not to be confounded with the court of the same name in the Temple), which took its name from the sign of the Fig Tree, and BELL YARD where was once the Bell Tavern,[1] an ancient hostelry belonging to the Priors of St. John in early times, and mentioned in the Parish Register for 1572. Here Fortescue, the friend of Pope, who, by the bye, termed the yard "that filthy old place," once lived in a house at the upper end; and here, too, "the man from Shropshire" in *Bleak House*, lodged, as well as Neckett, the servitor of Coavinses.

We now come to the last outlet from Fleet Street which I shall have to mention, namely, SHIRE LANE, variously known as Great Shire Lane, Shear Lane, as Strype spells it, Sheer Lane, and Rogue's Lane, and, at a later day, as Serle's Place.

It was so called, according to Stow, "because it divideth the cittie from the shire," and it entered Fleet Street a few paces east of Temple Bar, being clearly shown in Faithorne and Newcourt's "Plan" of 1658. It connected Fleet Street with Lincoln's Inn Fields, which it joined towards the south-east corner. Its upper end was fairly wide, but as it descended to Fleet Street, in a somewhat serpentining way, it gradually became narrower, until its opening into the main thoroughfare was extremely exiguous. About half-way down, on the west side, was Little Shire Lane leading into Boswell Court, out of which ran (towards the south) Ship Yard; all this area being now covered by the Law Courts bounded on the north by Carey Street.

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[1] Various seventeenth-century tokens exist, connected with Bell Yard: those of Mathew Fann, 1667; of Jacob Lions, at the 'Turk's Head,' 1666; of Stephen Porter, at the Nag Tavern, 1667; and of William Jonson, at the 'Drake,' 1667, are given by Akerman, who also records one having the curious legend, 'The Perculis (*sic*) in Bell.' Burn adds one, of Victor Drew, having the sign of a key within a half-moon, and the date 1667. He states that the 'Bell,' after the Dissolution, was granted by Henry VIII. to Anthony Stringer, from whom, in 1543, it passed to one John Hornby.

Chapter XV. of *Bleak House* is headed "Bell Yard," and a touching chapter it is.

After being known as Shire or Sheer Lane for generations, this street, owing to the notoriety of its denizens, became entitled Rogue's Lane, in the reign of James I. Such a sobriquet might well have been continued down to comparatively recent times, for even in the middle of the nineteenth century, it bore the worst of reputations, being full of houses of the lowest kind, and, as a writer in No. 143 of the *Quarterly Review* phrases it, "a vile, squalid place, noisy and noxious, nearly inaccessible to either light or air, swarming with a population of the most disreputable character." Diprose specifies, by number, some of the most notorious dwellings at the lower end (which was in later days the worst), and he tells us that from Nos. 1, 2, and 3 a communication is said to have existed with No. 242 Strand, "through which the thieves used to escape after ill-using their victims"; that Nos. 9, 10, and 11 were known as "Cadgers' Hall," a rendezvous for pickpockets *et hoc genus omne*; and that No. 19 was called 'The Retreat,' from which a means of escape existed down Crown Court into the Strand. I have something to say about the taverns in this street in another chapter—taverns which were, for the most part, but meeting-places for the desperadoes who infested the neighbourhood; while to one of better repute, 'The Trumpet,' I have referred in the account of the famous Kit-Kat Club, which had its inception here, and for which the street is chiefly famous.[1]

The upper portion of Shire Lane was, as I have said, much wider, and seems to have been respectable even in the eighteenth century, for Seymour describes it as having " better buildings and well inhabited."

In 1845 Shire Lane was renamed Serle's Place, from the neighbouring Serle's Street and Serle's Court, now New Square, built in 1682 by a Mr. Henry Serle, whose arms are over the Carey Street Gateway. At this time the street was divided into Upper and Lower Serle's Place, and the spot of demarcation was found to be the Trumpet Tavern, when its front was cleaned of various coatings of paint in 1865. Then was discovered on it the name 'Serle's Place,' Lower Serle's Place beginning with the adjoining house. Notwithstanding the change of title, that of Shire Lane lingered on, and was accepted by many as the proper designation, down even to the time when all this part was cleared away to make room for the Law Courts.

Although Shire Lane was notorious on account of many of its later denizens, it must not be forgotten that it could once boast some famous inhabitants; the size of its houses, their beautiful over-doorways, and other signs, indicating that it had once been the abode of fashion. Here Sir Charles Sedley lived, and here was born his son, the well-known dramatist and poet; Elias Ashmole, the antiquary, was another resident, and Anthony à Wood records dining here with him in 1670 " neere the Globe in Sheer Lane." An earlier inhabitant was Sir Arthur Atie, knight, secretary to the Earl of Leicester, and a friend of the Earl of Essex, who was buried from a house here, in St. Dunstan's, on Dec. 2, 1604; and here, in 1627, was living Lady Warburton. At a later period, Hoole, the translator of *Tasso*, resided in Shire Lane, in 1767, and was here visited by Dr. Percy and other literary men of the day; and later still James Perry, the proprietor of the *Morning Chronicle*, in which the *Sketches by Boz* first appeared, and the inaugurator of Parliamentary reporting, lived "in a house in the narrow part of Shire Lane, opposite to the lane (Little Shire Lane) which leads to the stairs from Boswell Court," according to John Taylor.[1] The names of certain tradesmen once carrying on business here, in the seventeenth century, are found on extant tokens—viz., John Parrett, at the 'Sword and Buckler'; William Richardson, in 1666 and 1667; Thomas Skelton, at the 'Three Arrows'; and Thomas Smith, at the 'Anchor,' 1667.

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[1] In 1823, Theodore Hook, on account of his Bermuda defalcations, was put in a sponging-house in Shire Lane. There were many such places in this neighbourhood.

With Shire Lane we complete the perambulation of the streets and courts leading from the north side of Fleet Street; for we are now at Temple Bar, which forms the line of division between it and the Strand.

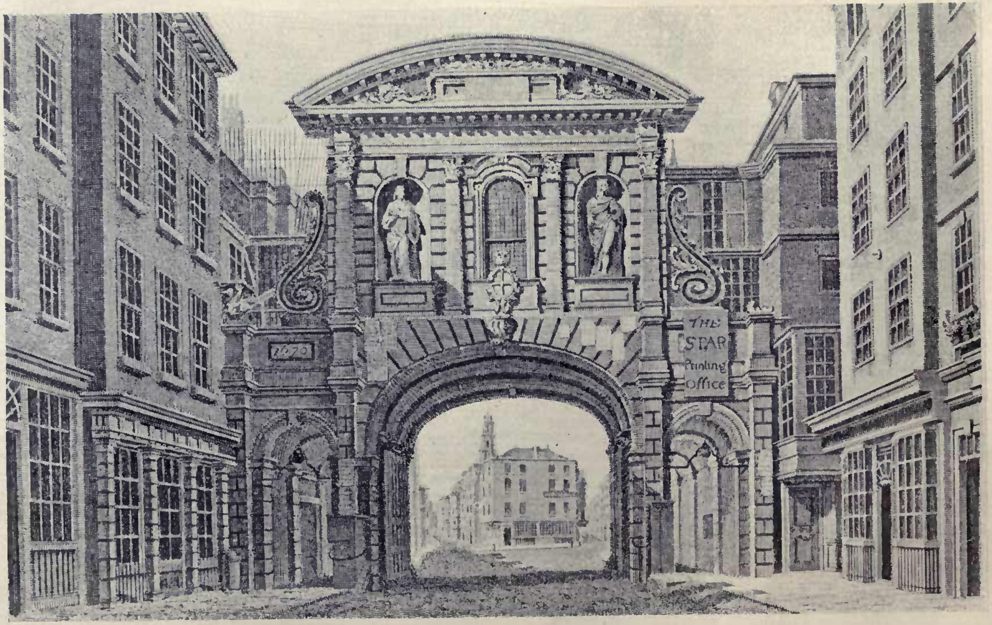
[1] *Records of my Life*, vol. i. p. 241.

CHAPTER IV

TEMPLE BAR AND SOME BANKERS

Temple Bar—the Temple Bar, that is, which many of us remember *in situ*—is now in honourable and rural retirement at the entrance to Theobald's Park, whence we may hope that one day it will perhaps again be permitted to emerge, and to be once more erected somewhere in the City of which it is an integral part. When we speak of Temple Bar it is this structure that we mean,—this object actually known, as I say, to many of us; known to more by a thousand representations, — this not, perhaps, very worthy outcome of Wren's genius, which has, however, taken on itself something of the beauty and grace it does not intrinsically possess, by being for so long a familiar object of historic interest. But this Temple Bar is, after all, a relatively modern structure; for it dates only from 1672, whereas its predecessor is known to have been in existence in 1533; and a bar, if not a building, stood at the spot where the so-called Griffin now divides the traffic, from time immemorial—probably, to be precise, from the twelfth century.

It seems fairly certain that the first form of demarcation between the City and Westminster took the form of a bar, or, possibly, simply a chain hung between two posts, and was, of course, called the 'Temple Bar' because it adjoined the property


THE STAR Printing Office
1670

TEMPLE BAR, AS REBUILT BY WREN.

To face page 115.

held by the Templars. It was about the middle of the twelfth century that the members of this powerful fraternity migrated hither from Holborn where their estate was situated, roughly between Chancery Lane and the Fleet River; and when they did so, the Bar, which was probably here before that date, was given the name it and its successors were to hold for over seven centuries.

Whatever was the date of the first erection of a bar here, however, we have no specific mention of one till the year 1301, when it is referred to in the grant of lands made to Walter le Barbour, stated to have been situated "extra Barram Novi Templi."[1] One or two subsequent references to the Bar are to be found in the City archives, the most important of these being that given by John Norden in his *Speculum Britanniæ,* where he tells us that, in 1381, on the occasion of Wat Tyler's rebellion, "This gatte was thrown downe by the Kentish rebels." This might seem to prove that Temple Bar really consisted of a gate at this period; but Norden's work was first printed in 1593, and we have no other mention of the barrier being anything but a bar or chain, before this period; and this was, no doubt, all that it then consisted of. In the year 1502, however, custody of the barrier was given to Robert Fabian, the well-known chronicler and an alderman of Farringdon, John Brook and John Warner, also aldermen; and the obvious conclusion is that there must, at least at this time, have been a building of some sort, for the care of it to be allotted to such important civic dignitaries. This is still more clearly proved by the fact that when Anne Bullen went to Westminster to be crowned, Stow tells us the Bar was "newly paynted and re-

[1] *Liber Albus.*

payred"; and had the building been then first put up, the chronicler would almost certainly have mentioned the circumstance. There was once at Cowdray Park, Midhurst, before the burning of that splendid structure, a series of pictures representing this Coronation procession, supposed to be the work [1] of Theodore Bernardi; and one of them showed the pageant at Temple Bar. By the engravings which were happily made before these interesting relics perished, we see that then, at any rate, Temple Bar was a structure of considerable size, although, in Wyngaerde's "View of London," dated 1543, it is, curiously enough, not shown; the only considerable erection at this point being the entrance to Middle Temple Lane. Agas (1560), on the other hand, indicates, in his "Plan," the roof (his map is practically a bird's-eye view) of a very large and solid structure, and I cannot therefore but think that Wyngaerde either omitted to put the gate in his plan (there is a line drawn across the road indicating, I imagine, the boundary), or that the large gateway [2] to the Middle Temple Lane is intended for it, and is placed at right angles to the street, by a pictorial licence, in order that it may be more clearly shown.

When Sir Thomas Wyat's rebellion broke out, the gates of Temple Bar (close by which the leader of the insurrection was taken prisoner) were probably damaged; at any rate, a little later, on the occasion of Queen Mary's passing along Fleet Street to her Coronation (Sept. 27, 1553), these gates were "newly painted and hanged"; and in the following year, on the arrival of Philip of Spain, "a good and substantial new payre of gates" was ordered to be constructed and placed here.

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[1] They were once erroneously attributed to Holbein.

[2] The gateway here was erected originally by Inigo Jones in 1611, and I do not know that one existed before it.

Indeed, from this time, when Philip, on his way, stayed at Temple Bar, "in viewinge a certain oracion in Latin, which was in a long table, wrytten with Romayne letters above the porte thereof," this landmark has been connected with innumerable great pageants, and, as the official entrance to the City, has taken part in nearly every great pageant connected with its annals. To recapitulate the details of these is not here necessary; indeed, it would be trenching on the history of London generally as well as on that of pageantry in particular, and although such things must be incidentally referred to, I shall chiefly confine myself to the annals of Temple Bar as a building rather than as a permanent triumphal arch.

In the same year as saw the arrival of King Philip, a new keeper was placed in Temple Bar; at least, I think so much may be assumed from the following entry in the City archives:—

"23 Oct. (1554) Item yt was agreid that Mr. Chamb'leyne shall comytt the custodye of the key of the new gates, now sett up at Temple Barre, to the cyties ten'nte, dwellinge nyer unto the saide gates, takinge nev the lesse especial order with hyme, for the shutinge and openynge of the same gats at convenyente houres."[1]

During the long reign of Elizabeth, Temple Bar was frequently the scene of pageantry, but two occasions stand forth particularly: the first, when the "Fair Virgin thronéd in the West" went to her Coronation, what time it was, we are told, "dressed finely with the two ymages of Got Magot and Albione, and Corineus the Briton, two gyats, bigge in stature, furnished accordingly, which held in their handes eve above ye gate, a table wherein was written, in Latin verses, the effect of the pageantes, which the citie before had erected, which verses were also written in English meter, in a lesse table," etc.;[1] and the second, when the Queen went to St. Paul's (Nov. 24, 1588) to give thanks for the overthrow of the Armada, on which occasion Temple Bar was suitably bedizened, and the City minstrels, congregated on the top, burst into triumphant song, as she stayed for a while beneath the archway.

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[1] *Letter Book R.*, fol. 311.

But it was on the accession of James I. that unprecedented efforts were undertaken to make Temple Bar a worthy entrance to the City's boundaries. On this occasion a special pageant was set up adjoining the Bar, from which Noble assumes, with some plausibility, that the building itself was either considered too old and weather-worn to be used for the occasion, or that, at this time, the conversion of such an object into a triumphal arch was not deemed feasible. On the other hand, this was done, as we have seen, in Elizabeth's day and with success, and therefore this argument seems less forcible than the former one. When, too, we read of a pageant adjoining Temple Bar, we must assume it to have been erected either on the Fleet Street or Strand front, and not at the side, which the narrowness of the roadway would have made impracticable. It must have been a gorgeous affair; for we are told, in the quaint language of the day, that it was like "an exchange shop, it shined so in the dark place, and was soe pleasing to the eie."

The reason why a separate pageant was deemed necessary here is indicated by the fact that a 'Temple of Janus' was set up, teeming with the allegories beloved of the period, and serving as a setting to the fine speeches, written by Ben Jonson and Middleton, delivered from it. This Temple was no less than 90 feet high and 50 feet wide, and was ornamented with battlements, turrets and posterns, and had one great gate in the middle. A full description of it may be read in Gilbert Dugdale's *Time Triumphant,*[1] as well as in Nichols' *Progresses,* and its chief interest, here, is that it helped to give Temple Bar an apotheosis to which it never afterwards attained. Indeed, it was in the following reign that suggestions were made for the rebuilding of the Bar. We can see from old prints that, if solid, it was a distinctly plain and uninspired structure, and we are hardly surprised to find, a few years after the artistic Charles had succeeded his father, and Inigo Jones was helping to beautify London, that the following order was issued :—

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[1] Quoted by Noble.

"May 5, 1636. Item according to an order of the Lords of his Maties. most honble Privy Councell of the xxvii^th^ Aprill last it is order'd that Mr. Recorder, Mr. Aldran. Ffen, Sir Morris Abbott, and Mr. Aldran. Garraway that were lately before the Board touching the repaire of a house at Temple Barr shall meete and conferre wth. Inigo Jones esq. Srveyor Genall. of his Matie. Works touching a convenient gate to bee built in that place."[2]

In consequence of this, Inigo Jones prepared a design for a new archway. A representation of this drawing was included by Kent in the *Book of Designs* he published in 1727, the original having been in Lord Burlington's collection. A description of it is preserved among the Harleian MSS.,[1] and this, together with the drawing itself, is sufficient to prove what a splendid monument was lost to London when, from some cause or another, probably the outbreak of the Civil War, the scheme was never carried into execution. In fact, Old Temple Bar was yet to witness one or more historic scenes before it was finally swept away: Cromwell passing through it as Lord Protector; Charles II. on that eventful 29th of May; the Merry Monarch, again, going to be crowned, on which occasion the Duchess of York viewed the procession from a specially erected balcony over the gateway; and finally, the Great Fire, providentially stopped before it reached the Temple or its Bar. But before this last event, steps had been taken towards doing something Sir John Popham had pointed out the necessity of widening it; the King had interested himself in the matter, and had even promised financial aid [2] (though that was not usual with the easy-going Charles—the difficulty being to get the money from the royal exchequer); but the Plague and the Fire put such matters out of men's heads for a time. However, in 1668, the question cropped up again, in the following form:—

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[1] Published in 1604.

[2] In *Remembrancia* I find a slightly earlier reference to this project. Under date of April 27, 1636, is an "Order in Council, directing certain Aldermen, the Recorder, and Inigo Jones Esq., His Majesty's Surveyor General, to confer touching a convenient gate to be built at Temple Bar, and report to the Council thereon."

"11th June 1668. This Court understanding from Sir Richd Browne, that the Lords and others, his Maties Commrs. for the streets, &c., have pleased to offer themselves to come down and consider with this Court of the business about Temple Barre, doth order that the Cittyes Remembr. doe acquaint their Lorpps. &c., of the readiness of this Court to attend their comeing at ye Guildhall on Tuesday or Thursday morning, as they shall please to appoint."

After a year had been spent in discussing the matter, we find that it was at last "speedily determined to build the new gate"; and the following document shows that at last the man who would not allow the grass to grow beneath his feet was to be consulted:—

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[1] 6839, fol. 146.

[2] See *Domestic Entry Book*, 17, p. 102.

"27 June 1669. The proposalls now pnted. in writing from the Lords and others, the Comrs. Highwayes and Sewers, &c., touching the opening and enlarging the passage at Temple Barre, are by this Court referred to the Comitte. for rebuilding the Citty, to the end that they may thereof speedily consider, and conferre with Dr. Wren and such as are or shall be appointed by the said Commrs. and thereupon agree what is reasonable and convenient to bee done or desired on the Cittyes behalfe, and certify unto this Court in writing under their handes their doings and opinions therein."

A further entry in the City's records brings the new scheme a step nearer completion, and is further interesting, as showing whence the financial help promised by the Crown was to come. It is dated July 29, 1669, and runs as follows:—

"The Commissioners of Streets and Sewers, sitting at Scotland Yard, have several times proposed the opening and taking down of Temple Barr, for enlarging the streets there, and to pay the sum of £1005 out of the revenue arising by Hackney Coaches, to satisfy the City, and such as claim under them for their respective estates in the houses, and rebuilding over and adjoining to the said building, and towards the charge of taking down and rebuilding the same; to which this Court hath hitherto declined to agree to, in regard, it appears, upon a due estimate and computation, that the charge of that work will far surmount the said sum. Now this day the Lord Mayor made relation unto the Court that his Lord-ship was sent for to appear before his Majesty in Council on Friday last, upon his Majesty's demand did offer his charge before mentioned as the reason why the said Temple Barr was not taken down withal, respecting the great sum of money the City had expended towards the rebuilding their public works consumed in the dismal fire, amounting already to about £60,000, for all which they are thereby clearly indebted and how great a sum is yet further necessary to the works remaining, with other instances of this Citty's present weak estate and inability. But that His Majesty did nevertheless insist upon taking down of the said Barr and Buildings, and signifying his pleasure several times to that purpose, and that towards the said charge the City should accept the said £1005, but was pleased afterwards to declare that when that sum was expended he would take care they should be further supplied, either out of the said revenue by Hackney Coaches or otherwise, for reviving or finishing that work.

"It was ordered—That Mr. Chamberlain should receive the sum of £1005 towards the rebuilding of the said Barr."

During the next year the process of demolishing the existing building was carried out, and it is interesting to learn that one William Middleton was employed in superintending the work, the following entry appearing in the "Accounts for the repairing of high waies and sewers": [1]—

> "Pd. Mr. Wm. Middleton, for Councell for draweing the writings for the Removeing of Temple Barr, &c. . . . . . 100*l*."

The Temple Bar erected from Wren's designs was in many respects an excellent and effective piece of work. Criticism has, however, dealt hardly with it, and it has been described as heavy and uninspired, lacking alike in dignity and grace. But it must be remembered that the decorations which once relieved it had, in the process of time, become worn away, or had suffered from the hands of the vandals, and left the main structure unadorned and disfigured, which largely accounted for that lack of distinction so often urged against it.

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[1] Quoted by Diprose.

Unfortunately, very little is known with regard to the details of Wren's work. Noble, however, discovered in a folio volume entitled *Expenses of Public Buildings after the Great Fire*, preserved in the Guildhall, the following list of payments concerning it :—

" 1669. Aug. 14. Paid Katherine Wright, Widdow, by order of Sir Wm. Turner, Knt, Lord Mayor, dated this day, for her interest in her house at Temple Barr	£135 0 0
Sept. 25. Pd. Henry Spillman, esq, Tres^{r} to the Comm^{rs} of Sewers sitting in Scotland Yard, on account of ffees for £1500 received there for rebuilding Temple Barr, by order of Court of Aldermen, dated 23 Sept. . . .	£10 0 0
1671. Aug. 22. Pd. Anthony Tanner, Bricklayer, by order dated the 17th August	£12 10 0
1672–3. March 10. Pd. Thomas Hodgskins Smith, out of the cole money, in full for his worke at Temple Barr, between 6th Sept. 1672, and 30th of ye same month	£60 0 0
(part of £386 for work here and elsewhere)."	

These payments refer, as will be seen, to compensation for disturbance, and for bricklayer's work, in demolition and re-erection. The more decorative part of the new structure comes under the payments made to the masons and sculptor employed for the stone casing and for the carvings with which it was covered. Of these artists, Joshua Marshall and Thomas Knight were the masons, and they received, between May and November 1670, £700 for their labours. The sculptor was John Bushnell, who executed the four figures in stone which decorated the building. He received, in all, for these, the sum of £480; £390 of which was paid, in six instalments, during the years 1670 and 1671, but the remaining £90 not till 1680.

Joshua Marshall was Master Mason to the Crown, and it was he who carved the base of Le Sœur's statue of Charles I. at Charing Cross. John Bushnell produced a considerable number of statues and memorials at this period; but he was a strange person, and gave himself up to inventions which proved, in the main, abortive. The statues he carved for Temple Bar are generally regarded as his most successful work.[1]

What the chief author of the new building received for his designs and superintendence, does not appear to be recorded, for not even among the Wren MSS. in the British Museum is there any mention of payments received by the architect in this respect. When completed, Temple Bar bore, on its east side, the following inscription:—

"Erected in the year 1670, Sir Samuel Starling, Mayor; continued in the year 1671, Sir Richard Ford, Lord Mayor; and finished in the year 1672, Sir George Waterman, Lord Mayor."

This inscription became, in process of time, illegible. In its pristine condition Temple Bar may be thus described. Its basement was rusticated. In the centre was a large flattened arch, spanning the carriage-way, and on each side a smaller semicircular arch over the footway. On each of the façades were four Corinthian pillars, an entablature, and an arched pediment. On the west side, in two niches, were statues of Charles I. and Charles II., habited as Romans; and on the east side, corresponding to them, were James I. and Anne of Denmark (who, by the bye, was often mistaken for Queen Elizabeth). Over the keystone on the east side were the City arms. The whole was constructed of Portland stone. A feature in the sculptured work was the profusion of fruit and foliage carved in the pediment; but this, together with the supporters of the royal arms and other ornaments, had disappeared long before the Bar was finally removed.

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[1] See account of him in the author's *Lives of British Sculptors.*

Before coming to this last stage in its career, one or two points in Temple Bar's later history must be alluded to. If, as an architectural feature, it failed to satisfy the critical, as a memorial of the City's power it had a significance which even now that it has gone, attaches to the spot it occupied. For it is at this point that the sovereigns on their visits to the City are obliged to halt, and cannot, according to civic etiquette, enter the area ruled over by the Corporation of London without first knocking and asking permission to pass through. The presentation to the monarch, by the Lord Mayor, of the City sword, and the returning it by the sovereign, form part of the picturesque ceremony which takes place on such occasions.

I do not think there has ever been an attempt to exclude the ruler; but at least once the gates were closed against the citizens themselves, the occasion being the notorious "Wilkes and Liberty

Riots," in 1769, when what was described as "The Battle of Temple Bar" took place. It appears that some 600 merchants, bankers, and others, set out from the City, to present an address, opposing Wilkes, to the King at St. James's. When, however, the cavalcade reached Temple Bar, the mob, which had assumed a threatening attitude along the route, closed the gates by force, and thus prevented the deputation from proceeding. However, by driving up Chancery Lane and other indirect routes, some of the more determined opponents of Wilkes, to the number of 150, managed to reach the palace, and duly presented their address, though not without difficulty and danger; for, at St. James's, it was found necessary to read the Riot Act and to call out the troops. An engraving of the "Battle" was published in the *London Magazine* for April 1769, with a companion plate entitled "Sequel to the Battle of Temple Bar," showing the vicinity of St. James's and the arrival there of the deputation.[1]

Just as, in earlier days, the entrances to London Bridge were decorated with the heads of malefactors, so, at a later period, was Temple Bar made hideous by the skulls and limbs of those who had been beheaded and quartered for high treason. It would seem that the first of these revolting displays took place after the detection of the Rye House Plot, when the limbs of Sir Thomas Armstrong were thus exhibited on the iron spikes specially fixed for this purpose above the pediment of the centre arch. At a later period the head and quarters of Sir William Perkins, and the quarters only of Sir John Friend, implicated in the plot to assassinate William III., were set up here. Evelyn, under date of April 10, 1696, records seeing what he calls "a dismal sight, which many pitied." "I think," he adds, "there never was such a Temple Bar till now, except once in the time of King Charles II., viz. of Sir Thomas Armstrong."

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[1] Noble.

The next head placed on Temple Bar was that of Colonel Henry Oxburg, who suffered death as an adherent of the Old Pretender.

"On the evening of this execution," writes Dr. Doran, "a man was seen, with a small bundle under his arm, ascending a ladder, to the top of Temple Bar. Arrived there he took the white cloth from off that which he had carried in it, and then the men and boys gathered below, saw that it was a human head. The man thrust it on to an upright iron rod, then descended to the cart which awaited him, and drove away towards Newgate. Next day, idlers were peering at the head through a glass, and pious 'Romans' secretly crossed themselves and prayed that Heaven would give rest to the soul of the colonel. 'And may God damn those who put his head up yonder!' cried a too zealous Jacobite, who got a month in the Compter for his outspokenness."[1]

Another who forfeited his life on behalf of the same "lost cause," was Christopher Layer. His head, set up in 1723, was allowed to remain on Temple Bar for a longer period than any other; indeed, it is said to have been thus exhibited for no less than thirty years, being at length blown down in a gale. So long had it remained that, as a writer once put it, "it seemed part of the arch itself."[2] This must have been the head which Rogers, the poet, remembered seeing, "a black, shapeless lump"

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[1] *London in Jacobite Times*, vol. i. pp. 216–17.

[2] *Temple Bar, the City Golgotha*. By a Barrister. 1853.

Timbs tells a story connected with this gruesome relic, thus: "One stormy night it was blown from off the Bar into the Strand, and there picked up by Mr. John Pearce, an attorney, who showed it to some persons at a public-house, under the floor of which it was stated to have been buried. Dr. Rawlinson, the antiquary, meanwhile, having made enquiries after the head, with a wish to purchase it, was imposed upon with another instead of Layer's head; the former the Doctor preserved as a valuable relic, and directed it to be buried in his right hand; which request is stated to have been complied with." [1]

The last victims whose remains were subjected to the degrading exhibition on Temple Bar, were those who suffered death for their complicity in the '45. Of these, Towneley and Fletcher were set up in 1746. A scarce print of the period shows the position they occupied, and gives, it is said, a very accurate representation of their features. Walpole, writing to George Montague on Aug. 16 of this year, remarks: "I have been this morning at the Tower, and passed under the new heads at Temple Bar, where people make a trade of letting spying glasses at a halfpenny a look." About the same time a more notable person than Walpole also passed beneath the gruesome relics—I mean Dr. Johnson. "I remember," he says, "once being with Goldsmith in Westminster Abbey. While he surveyed Poets' Corner, I said to him—

'Forsitan et nostrum nomen miscebitur istis.'

When we got to the Temple Bar, he stopped me, pointed to the heads upon it and slily whispered me—

'Forsitan et nostrum nomen miscebitur istis.'"

According to the report of a news-writer, on April 1,

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[1] *Romance of London.* See also Doran's *London in Jacobite Times.*

1772, one of the two remaining heads on Temple Bar fell down on the previous day, so that Johnson and Goldsmith must have seen them before then, although Johnson only related the story, at one of the Literary Club dinners, in April 1773.

Several people who lived well into the nineteenth century remember seeing the last head on Temple Bar.

Although Temple Bar survived till the year 1878, it had been often threatened with demolition. The first to condemn it openly—not so much as an architectural feature, but as hopelessly obstructing traffic at the narrowest part of London's most important street—was John Gwynn, the architect, who published his *London and Westminster Improved,* in which he voices his complaint, in 1766.

Nothing was, however, done at the time, and it was not till twenty-three years later that the fate of the structure seemed practically sealed. This was in connection with the drastic improvements instituted in the neighbourhood by Alderman Pickett, in 1787. Pickett lost his motion for the removal of the Bar by a single vote, but his representations as to its danger to traffic, caused the Court of Common Council to place a 'Warden' at this point, for the purpose of preventing obstructions. Some months later (in the February of 1788) Pickett returned to the charge, and asked that a "select committee" should be appointed "to make enquiries"; but this also was negatived—a fate that overtook still another attempt at reform on the part of persevering Mr. Pickett. The latter occasion gave rise to the following set of rhymes, written by John Williams, better known under his *nom de guerre* of Anthony Pasquin:—

THE METROPOLITAN PROPHECY

(*Written on the Report of removing Temple Bar in 1788*)

If the Gate is pulled down, 'twixt the Court and the City,
You'll blend in one mass, prudent, worthless, and witty.
If you league cit and lordling, as brother and brother,
You'll break order's chain, and they'll war with each other.
Like the Great Wall of China, it keeps out the Tartars
From making irruptions, where industry barters.
Like Samson's Wild Foxes, they'll fire your houses,
And madden your spinsters, and cousin your spouses.
They'll destroy in one sweep both the Mart and the Forum,
Which your Fathers held dear, and their Fathers before them.

Although Alderman Pickett still prosecuted his scheme for the removal of Temple Bar, which he suggested should be replaced by "a noble and ornamental pilaster on each side, with chains agreeable to the ancient bars," his attempted improvement, so far as the Bar was concerned, was never destined to emerge from its initial stages, notwithstanding the fact that, in 1793, another Committee had reported on his plans and, two years later, an Act of Parliament was passed sanctioning the necessary purchase of the adjoining houses. What was done was, however, a great and permanent improvement, being the removal of the notorious Butcher's Row, and the erection on its site of the new houses known as Pickett Place.[1]

The fact that Pickett's scheme for the removal of Temple Bar, as part of his projected improvements, never came to anything, did not prevent others from agitating towards the same end. One such attempt was made in 1868; one reason being that the Bar was supposed to be unsafe, which it was not; and another, that it formed a constant impediment to traffic, which it certainly did. Mr. Fricker, of Leadenhall Street, tried to bring about its demolition, but he found opposition to its removal too strong to be combated. At this juncture the project of building the New Law Courts at this point, began to be mooted, and it was suggested that it would be wise to await events before agitating further in the matter of Temple Bar.

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[1] For a further account of this, see *Annals of the Strand*.

In 1874, the foundations of the Law Courts were begun, and four years later the removal of the stones of Temple Bar, about a thousand in number, took place as the result of the determination, at last come to, to clear away the time-honoured structure. These stones were duly numbered, but were allowed to remain exposed to the weather for no less than ten years. At the end of this period they were purchased by Sir Henry Meux, who had the Bar re-erected at the entrance to the grounds of Theobald's Park, the work being completed in December 1888.

Two years after Temple Bar had been taken down, the 'Temple Bar Memorial,' vulgarly known as the 'Griffin,' was erected on its site, and was unveiled by Prince Leopold, Duke of Albany, on Sept. 8, 1880. This memorial was the work of various artists, C. B. Birch being responsible for the monster which surmounts it, Sir E. Boehm for the statues of Queen Victoria and the Prince of Wales, and Sir Horace Jones for the architectural part of the monument. The total cost was £10,600 odd, which included the medallion portraits and the four reliefs.

The thing was never popular, and much defacing of those portions that could easily be broken off took place. These were afterwards replaced in bronze, since when the memorial has had to endure merely the attacks of the pen. It is difficult to see what better monument could have been erected. Given that one was necessary,—which is, of course, a question,—it had, perforce, to take up as little space as possible, and the difficulty of producing anything adequate within exiguous limits should be remembered by those who criticise it. It was contended that it took up too much space as it was; but, on the other hand, it helps to divide the stream of traffic, which at such a point as this, with Chancery Lane adding its contribution to the main stream, is a matter of moment and even of necessity.

Before leaving the subject of Temple Bar, two items of interest must be noticed connected with it. The first is the interesting custom which prevailed from time immemorial when the sovereign had to pass through it. On such occasions, the gates were closed, a herald sounded a trumpet, another herald knocked for admittance, which after some parley was granted; the gates were thrown open, the Lord Mayor presented the City sword to the monarch, who immediately returned it, and the procession passed through into the City's boundaries. The other point of interest is connected with the structure itself. Over the principal archway was a small room. This apartment was for a long period used as a strong-room by Messrs. Child & Co., the bankers, from whose premises adjoining (on the site of the Devil Tavern)[1] an entrance had been formed direct into it.

On the opposite side of the way, adjoining Temple Bar, stood for many years a small penthouse of lath and plaster, which was occupied by Crockford—famous, later, as the establisher of the notorious gaming-house in St. James's Street—as a fish-shop.

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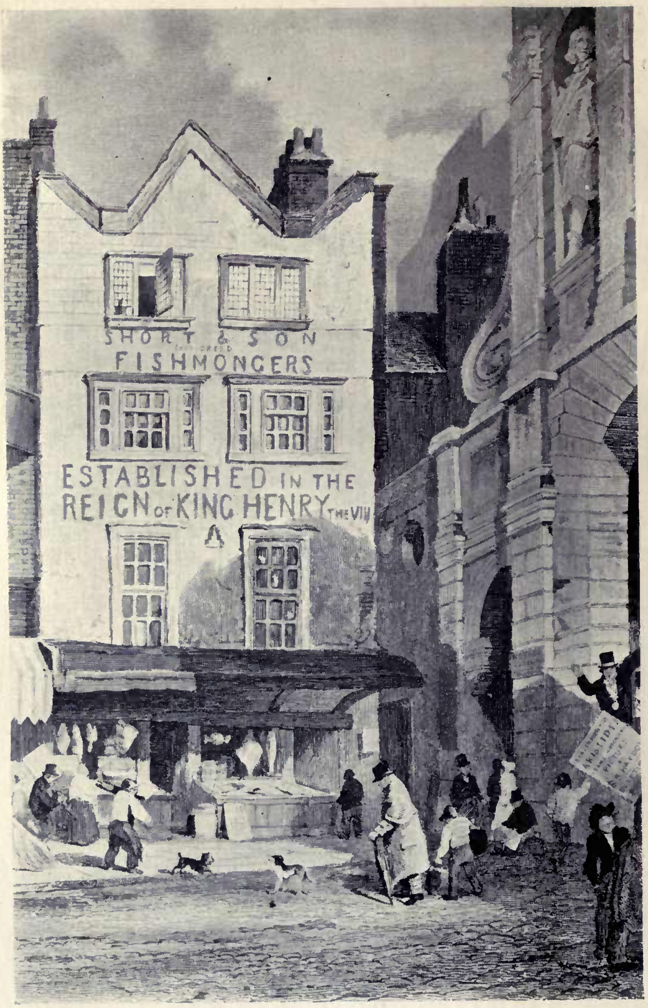
[1] See Chapter VII. There is a representation of the room in *Old and New London,* vol. i. p. 30.


SHORT & SON
ENLARGED
FISHMONGERS
ESTABLISHED IN THE
REIGN OF KING HENRY THE VIII

THE OLD BULK SHOP, TEMPLE BAR.

To face page 133.

The shop dated from James I.'s time, and during his life Crockford never permitted any alteration or improvements to the premises. At his death, however, it was removed and a brick building erected on its site (in 1846), a site now occupied by the Law Courts.[1] On its front were inscribed the words: "Short and Son, late Creed, Fishmonger, established in the reign of King Henry the VIII." It was the last so-called 'bulkhead' in London. There is a drawing of it in the Crowle Pennant, dated 1795, showing the old house with a single gable, although, when pulled down, it had two. When the house was rebuilt, it was occupied by Messrs. Reeves & Turner, booksellers, who removed hither from 114 Chancery Lane.

It was near Temple Bar that the Pillory used to stand, where Titus Oates underwent the ordeal of public indignation; and Defoe, a triumph seldom accorded to those who had to submit to this punishment.

Of the innumerable representations of Temple Bar, the most interesting was that painted by Michael Angelo Rooker and dated 1772, which belongs to Messrs. Child & Co., in whose first-floor front room it used to hang.

As I have referred to the use made of the room in Temple Bar by Messrs. Child & Co., and as their historic premises were for so long almost a part of the old structure, this will be an appropriate place to say something about their headquarters, the oldest banking-house in London.

Before the Childs came here, the premises, No. 1 Fleet Street, afterwards taken by them, were occupied by a public ordinary, bearing the sign of the 'Marygold,' as early as the reign of James I., and we find that in 1619, "Richard Crompton, keeping an ordinary at the Marygold in Fleet Street, was presented for disturbing the quiet of John Clarke, being next neighbours, late in the nights, from time to time, by ill disorder." [1]

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[1] There is a representation of it in Archer's *Vestiges of Old London.*

In 1676, Robert Blanchard, who was a goldsmith at Temple Bar from early in the seventeenth century, took a lease of the 'Marygold' for sixty-one years from John and Elizabeth Land, and it would seem that Francis Child was then in partnership with him, for in the *Little London Directory* of 1677, Messrs. Blanchard & Child are set down among the "Goldsmiths who keep Running Cashes" at this address.

It appears, however, that earlier than this, Edward Backwell or Bakewell, an alderman and a banker of eminence in the reign of Charles II., carried on business "in the same shop which was afterwards occupied by Mr. Child." A rare print of Backwell is in existence, and is recorded by Granger, from whom I quote the above information. Backwell was ruined, it will be remembered, by the shutting up of the Exchequer in 1672, having lent enormous sums to the Crown. Many references to him and his wife are to be found in the pages of Pepys's *Diary*.

In 1681, Blanchard died, and Child (who became Sir Francis) continued the lease till 1706, when the landlord, John Land, also died, leaving the premises to St. Dunstan's parish, from whom Child continued to rent them. Included in Land's property was a house bearing the sign of the 'Sugar Loaf and Green Lattice,' which was, apparently, immediately in the rear of the 'Marygold'; probably being entered, as was then frequently the case, by a passage through the latter. Evidently it was part and parcel of Child's

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[1] Note in Burn's *Tokens*.

Bank, for in 1707 Sir Francis records the cost of rebuilding the 'Sugar Loaf,' as being £350.

In 1687, the Devil Tavern adjoining was purchased by the Bank for £2800, and in the following year a row of houses known as Child's Place was erected on its site. In the meanwhile, on the death of Blanchard, Child had taken John Rogers, apparently his cousin, into partnership; and later, certainly by 1689, Mr. Jackson became a member of the firm.

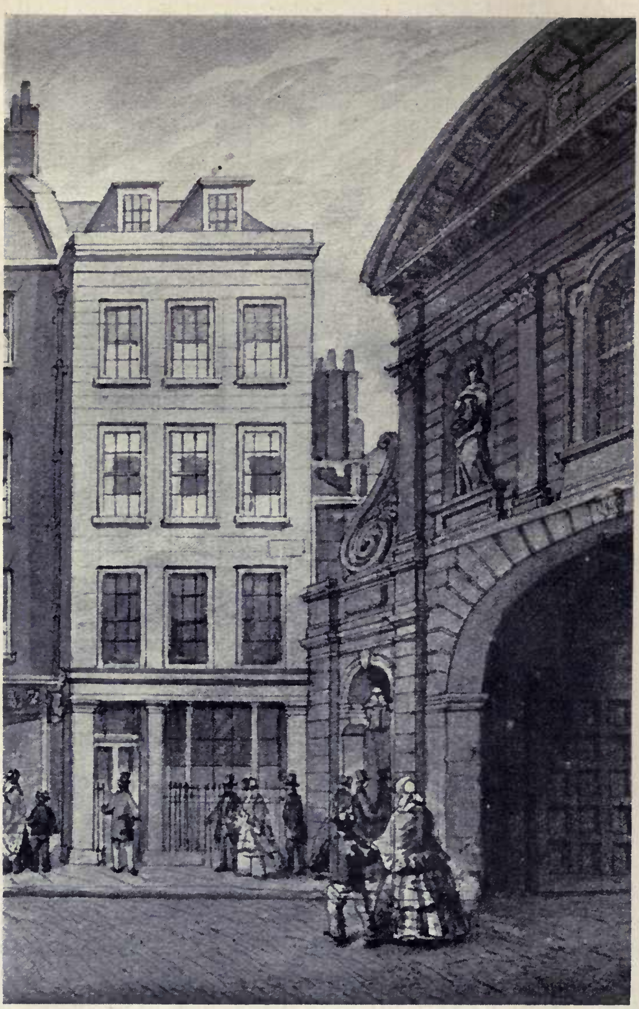
Sir Francis Child, who is one of Fleet Street's worthies, had been elected an alderman in this year, a sheriff in 1690, and Lord Mayor in 1699 (he was £4000 out of pocket by this). He was connected intimately with City life, and was a benefactor to Christ's Hospital, of which he was President in 1702. In Luttrell's *Diary* are a large number of references to his various activities: thus, in 1692, we find him, in conjunction with Sir Stephen Evans and Sir Joseph Herne, advancing £50,000 towards the charges of the government of Ireland; five years later, he is recorded as resigning his position as 'Jeweller' to the King (he was the first banker who gave up the goldsmith's business) and being succeeded by Sir Stephen Evance (*sic*).

In 1704, we have the following entry, the details of which are, however, lost: "Sir Francis Child is bound over by the Court of queen's bench for a year, one Mr. Chamberlain, his neighbour, having sworn the peace against him." In 1710, Child became Member of Parliament for Devizes, but three years later he died, being buried in a vault in Fulham Churchyard. His eldest son, Robert, who had been in partnership with him, and who was knighted in 1714, succeeded him, as did others of his numerous family, in his business. Osterley Park, the splendid seat of the family, came to the Earls of Jersey through the marriage of the fifth Earl with Lady Sarah Fane, daughter of the tenth Earl of Westmorland, whose mother was the daughter and heiress of Robert Child.

There is no need here to follow the history of the Child family, as it will be found set forth in Mr. Hilton Price's book on 'Ye Marygold.' Nor does it immediately concern us here.

But we must not omit to mention the names of the famous people who kept their accounts at the 'Marygold,' some of whom transferred their business to Child's after the failure of Backwell. Of these were Charles II. and his queen, and Henrietta Maria (as Queen Dowager); the Duke of York (afterwards James II.), Prince Rupert, Oliver and Henry Cromwell, the Dukes of Richmond and Monmouth (natural sons of Charles II.), Lady Castlemaine and Nell Gwyn, William III. and his queen, Lord Clarendon, Pepys, Tom Chiffinch, the Duchess of Orleans, Lady Fanshawe, the Earls of Bedford and Rutland, the Dukes of Devonshire and Bolton, Lord Keeper North, Bishop Stillingfleet, the executors of Sir Peter Lely, the Duke of Marlborough, Dryden, Horatio Walpole, Prince George of Denmark, and many more whose names bulk largely in the history of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

The records of the bank contain autographs of many of these, and portraits of various partners are also preserved there. Among these is one, by Lawrence, of the Lady Jersey who inherited her grandfather's immense property, and who married Lord Jersey in 1804 in the drawing-room of 38 Berkeley Square (now Lord Rosebery's), from which house her mother had eloped with Lord Westmorland in 1782. Apropos of this latter circumstance, the story is told



CHILD'S BANK.

To face page 137.

that once dining with Mr. Child at the 'Marygold,' Lord Westmorland asked him what he would do if he were in love with a girl, and could not obtain her parents' consent to their union. "Why, run away with her, to be sure!" was the reply—a reply on which Lord Westmorland soon after acted.

Before leaving the subject of Child's Bank, I must refer to a circumstance which is stated to have occurred in connection with it. It is said that in 1689, there being a threatened run on the bank, Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough (then Lady Churchill), collected all the ready money she could from friends, drove down to the 'Marygold,' and placed it at Child's disposal. Hogarth is said to have made two sketches of the incident: one showing the coach stopping at Temple Bar; the other depicting the redoubtable Sarah entering the premises, following porters bearing the gold.[1]

There appears to be no record of the incident among the bank's archives, and, parenthetically, it may be remembered that Hogarth was not born till 1697, and, if he ever did produce such sketches, must have based them on some tradition.

On the other hand, Ireland, in his *Illustrations to Hogarth* (1799), published an engraving entitled "Scene at a Banking-House in 1745."[2] Ireland thus describes this picture: "The figure in the chair was intended for Sarah, the celebrated Duchess of Marlborough. This circumstance is corroborated appear that it was taken into the bank for safety every night. Its existence had been lost sight of till 1858.

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[1] An entry in the Duchess's accounts reads: '1689, Jan. 4. To Sir Francis Childe, £1400"; but this could have had nothing to do with the reported incident. It seems merely to indicate the usual paying in of money.

[2] According to Mr. Austin Dobson, this picture belonged to Ireland, was bought at his sale by George Baker in 1801, sold at Baker's sale in 1825, and again sold, in the Forman Sale, in 1899.

The name of Gosling first appears in the firm in the time of Charles II., in an account of "Moneys received and paid for Secret Services of Charles II. and James II., 1679–88," where the following entry occurs: "To Richard Bokenham in full for several parcells of gold and silver lace bought of Wm. Gostling[1] and partners on May 2, 1674, by the Duchess of Cleaveland for the wedding cloaths of the Lady Sussex and Lichfield, £646, 8s. 6d."

William Gosling was afterwards knighted, and became an alderman and sheriff. His descendant, Sir Francis Gosling, was also a well-known civic dignitary. He was originally a bookseller, succeeding "R. Gosling" at the 'Mitre and Crown' opposite St. Dunstan's Church. He gave up this business in 1756, and died at Fulham in 1768. Gosling's Bank is now one of the few which have not been absorbed with others, and together with Coutts's, Child's, Drummond's, and Hoare's, remains practically as it was centuries back.

Hoare's Bank to-day occupies the sites of what were, at an earlier time, Nos. 34 to 39 Fleet Street, and therefore covers the ground where the famous Mitre Tavern once stood. In 1819, a member of this old family, Sir Richard Colt Hoare, known for his topographical works, published a privately printed volume on the *Pedigrees and Memoirs of the Hoares.* The early history of the family (supposed by Sir Richard to descend from a William Hore, of Rishford, in Devon, in the reign of Richard II.) need not concern us here.

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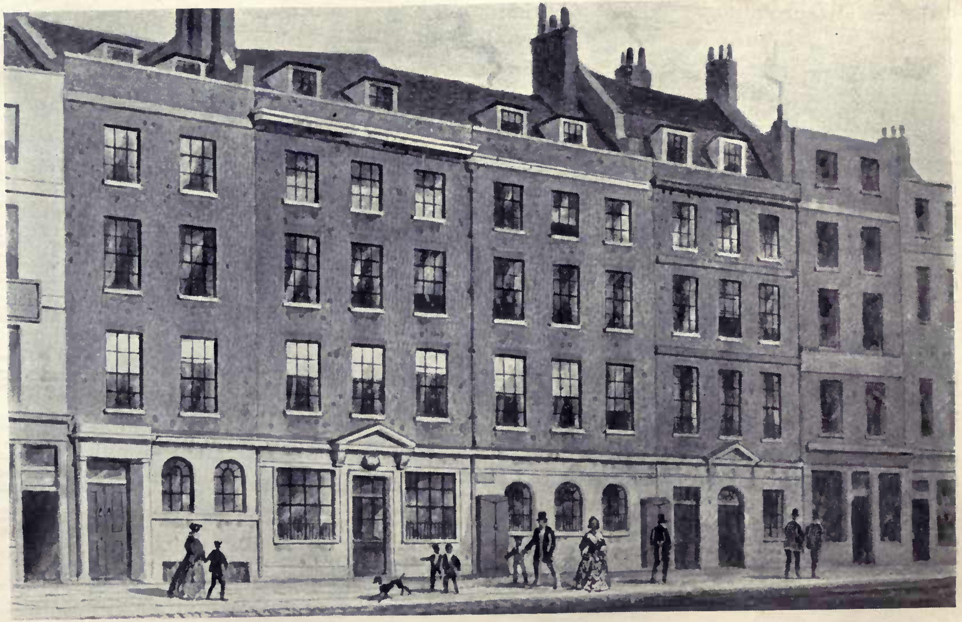
[1] In the *Little London Directory* of 1677 the name of Will Gostlin, Pancras Lane, appears among the list of merchants; but I imagine he was not identical with the Gostling mentioned above.



HOARE'S BANK.

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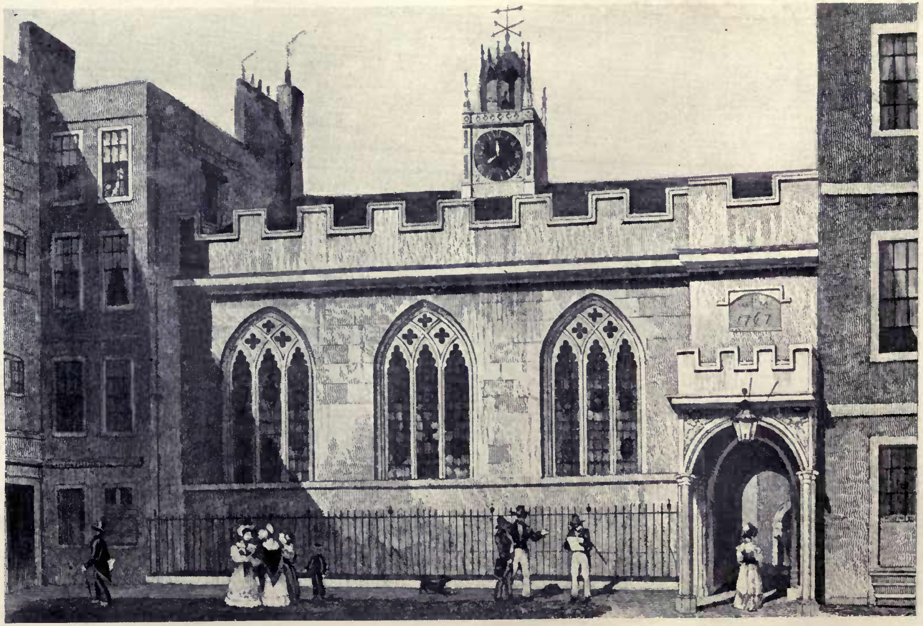
But, in the *Little Directory* of 1677, we find James Hore keeping a 'running cash' (as it was then called) at the 'Golden Bottle' in Cheapside; and among the Secret Service accounts is the following, dated 1686: "To Charles Duncombe and James Hore esqrs., two of the late Com^{rs} for executing the office of master worker of the Mint, in satisfac'ion of so much money by them expended and paid to several officers in passing warrants, and for fees paid to officers of the Exchequer on the receipt of 2000 li., being to each of them 1000 li. for their service in that Commn., £103, 14s. 6d." It appears that this James Hore, or Hoare, went into partnership with Richard Hoare, certainly before 1693, for in that year the books of the bank show that a debt of £2200 was due by Richard to his partner; while the removal of the business from Cheapside to the 'Golden Bottle,' in Fleet Street, is said to have taken place between the years 1687 and 1692.

James Hoare's name appears once or twice in contemporary records; for instance, in Luttrell's *Diary* we read that in September 1689 "a commsn is granted to Mr. Hoare, Mr. Godolphin, and Mr. Corbett, for coyneing of new tynn farthings"; and another entry, in the same place, notes his death in 1696. Richard Hoare is more frequently mentioned. In 1697, we find him, in conjunction with Sir Francis Child and others, agreeing to advance £60,000 "to pay ready money for such wrought plate as shall be brought into the Mint to be coyned"; in 1710 he, with others, is giving bills for £350,000 "for supplying our army in Flanders." Eight years earlier he had been knighted, "when her majestie dined in the citty." In 1703, he was chosen as Alderman for Bread Street Ward; in 1709, he became Sheriff; in the following year, he was made a colonel of one of the six City Regiments, well, whose mother was the second daughter of the second Sir Francis Child, in 1778, so that three Fleet Street banking firms were thus allied. William Praed died in 1833, aged eighty-four. His bank was situated on the north side of Fleet Street (at No. 189), in a house which had originally been occupied by Mrs. Salmon of 'Waxworks' fame. It was rebuilt in 1802, from the designs of Sir John Soane.

There are various modern banking-houses in Fleet Street, among them being a branch of the Bank of England, but interest (except, of course, for depositors in these) centres chiefly around those older institutions whose annals date back to the earlier days of Fleet Street's history.



CLIFFORD'S INN HALL.

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CHAPTER V

THE INNS OF COURT AND CHANCERY

Clifford's Inn

The Inns of Court and Chancery, which are situated within our present limits, are properly limited to two, namely, the Inner, and the Middle, Temple ; but the buildings, at any rate, of some others still exist, although the original functions of these Inns have been done away with : they are Clifford's Inn and the two Serjeants' Inns, one in Chancery Lane and one in Fleet Street. The former are Inns of Court ; the latter were Inns of Chancery—a distinction not always remembered.

Before dealing with the Temple it will be convenient to clear the ground by drawing attention to the three Inns which, to-day, remain merely as relics of their former importance. Of these I touch on Clifford's Inn first ; [1] and properly so, because it was the most ancient of the Inns of Chancery. It took its name from Robert de Clifford, fifth Baron Clifford, to whom Edward II. had granted, in 1310, " a messuage and appurtenances next to the Church of St. Dunstan's-in-the-West in the suburb of London," by the service of one penny paid to the Exchequer at Michaelmas. This property had once belonged to Malculine de

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[1] Clement's Inn and Lyon's Inn, which were little more than lodgings for law students, have been dealt with in *Annals of the Strand*.

Harley, Escheator to Edward I., but was taken over by the King, in consequence of certain debts owed by de Harley to the Crown; later it had been held by John of Brittany, Earl of Richmond, but had again reverted to the Crown. About thirty years after this, the widow of the sixth Baron Clifford let the property to students of law, at an annual rent of £10; and from that period onward the place was used as an Inn of Chancery, although still belonging to the Clifford family.[1]

According to Brayley,[2] the Inn, during this early period and down to the reign of Henry V., had as a sign the 'Black Lion'; and at this period it was self-governing and in no way connected with the Temple.

Stow speaks of the Inn in his day as being let to the students of law, at four pounds a year; at which time there appear to have been one hundred during term, and twenty out of term. In 1571 we find Sir Edward Coke, then fresh from the university, residing here, and in the following year, according to Fuller, he "entered as studient of Municipal Law in the Inner Temple," to which society Clifford's Inn had now become attached. Coke must have been subject to those quaint rules which obtained in his day in Clifford's Inn, and some of which Mr. Philip Norman has set down in his interesting account of the place.[3] For instance, should he have been guilty of ribaldry, he would have had to pay a farthing for each offensive word; should he have struck a fellow-member "without effusion of blood," a fine of twelve pence was extorted and he "shall make amends"; if blood were shed, then 6s. 8d. was claimed. He could not play at dice or cards "or any ridiculous amusements in metalls"; nor could he lend money on usury, or keep dogs, or break into the buttery, or go outside the gates after closing-time, or bring in and conceal any common woman within the sacred precincts of the Inn. In a word, he found in London very much the same sort of restraint as he had found at the University. These rules dated from the time of Edward IV., but were renewed in the reign of Henry VII. John Selden was also a member of Clifford's Inn, having come hither from Oxford in 1602; and here he remained till 1604, when he went to the Inner Temple, where he occupied rooms in an upper storey of Paper Buildings, looking towards the garden.

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[1] In 1469 it was forfeited to the Crown by John, Lord Clifford, and the King granted it to John Kendale, but it appears to have, later, reverted to the Clifford family.

[2] *Londiniana.*

[3] *London Vanished and Vanishing.*

Another interesting figure connected with the place was that of Harrison, the regicide, who was once clerk to an attorney here, and persuaded his fellow-clerk, John Bramston (cousin of Sir John Bramston), to take up arms.[1]

In the year 1618 the members of the Society of Clifford's Inn bought the property, in which they had been tenants for so long, from the fourth Earl of Cumberland and his son, Lord Clifford, for the sum of £600, subject to a rent charge of £4 a year, the reservation of a small piece of land adjoining Serjeants' Inn, and a set of chambers to be kept for the use of the Clifford family. The rent charge was eventually purchased by the Society in 1880.

In *Notes and Queries* (2nd series) the following notice of a curious custom which obtained in this Inn, is given:—

"A very peculiar dinner-custom is observed in the Hall, which is believed to be unique. The Society consists of two distinct bodies—'The Principal and

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[1] See Sir John Bramston's *Autobiography*.

Rules,' and the junior members, or 'Kentish Mess.' Each body has its own table: at the conclusion of dinner, the chairman of the Kentish Mess, first bowing to the principal of the Inn, takes from the hands of the servitor four small rolls, or loaves of bread, and, without saying a word, he dashes them several times on the table; he then discharges them to the other end of the table, from whence the bread is removed by a servant in attendance. Solemn silence—broken only by three impressive thumps on the table—prevails during this strange ceremony, which takes the place of grace after meat in Clifford's Inn Hall, and concerning which not even the oldest member of the Society is able to give any explanation."

The Hall referred to here, appears originally to have had a hearth in its centre, and it was here that Sir Matthew Hale and other judges sat to settle disputes arising about property after the Great Fire. The portraits of Hale and his coadjutors were ordered to be painted, as a memorial of the efficient manner in which they carried out their difficult and arduous task, and these are now to be seen in the Guildhall Art Gallery.

In 1766 a new Hall was found to be necessary, and this was erected and completed in the following year (the date 1767 and the initials $\overset{\text{P.}}{\text{W. M.}}$, Principal William Monk, can be seen outside), from the designs of Mr. Clarke, bricklayer to the Society, at a cost of £600; the porch and cupola, as existing, were afterthoughts. It would seem that some of the original brickwork was incorporated in this Gothic building, and it therefore has an interest which its architectural features would hardly justify. The chapel attached to the Inn was anciently called St. Katherine's. It was on the north side of St. Dunstan's Church, and in 1624 was ordered to be fitted with pews, and a doorkeeper kept to prevent the gentlemen of the Inn being annoyed at their devotions.[1]

The precincts of Clifford's Inn, entered by Clifford's Inn Passage in Fleet Street, over which may be seen the arms of the Cliffords, and having access from Fetter Lane, through an old iron gateway, and Chancery Lane, are most picturesque. No. 12 is said by Mr. Norman to be, in part at least, the most ancient, dating from 1624, and was originally known as Fetherstone's building. When this was repaired, the date 1719 and the initials $\overset{\text{P.}}{\text{J. F.}}$, Principal James Foster, were set up, and may still be seen. Other old buildings here date from 1663 to 1690, and are all of a character to arrest attention, particularly as being relics of an earlier day remaining in the midst of a practically rebuilt part of the city. Some years ago the whole of this property was purchased, and it was feared would meet a fate similar to that which has overtaken so much of older London. Recently, however, this has been prevented by the generosity of the Society of Knights Bachelor, which has come forward and saved the threatened vandalism; one of the chief movers in this splendid act, and the largest subscriber to the fund, being Sir Henry Pellatt, Colonel of the Canadian Royal Rifles, who visited this country on the occasion of the Coronation.

In latter days the chambers in this quiet, unnoticed little corner have been occupied by some notable people. At No. 13 once lived George Dyer, the friend of Lamb, who fell into the New River on a famous occasion, which gave rise to Elia's delightful paper on his *Amicus Redivivus.* Here Dyer lived from 1792 to remote old age, dying in 1841, aged eighty-five. Lamb likens him to " a dove in an asp's nest " here, but he loved the place, and, when a female companion was necessary, married his laundress—the lady who could neither read nor write, and whom her husband termed 'not literate.' One hopes that when Leigh Hunt breakfasted with Dyer here, and found " no butter, no knife . . . and the teapot without a spout," that it was in his host's unregenerate bachelor days ; although even under marital conditions, things must have been not quite as they should be, if one can gather anything from Crabb Robinson's description of the lady in later years (1860), when he called on her in Clifford's Inn, " an apartment at the top . . . small and seemingly full of inhabitants." " If cleanliness be next to godliness," adds the diarist, " it must be acknowledged that she is far off from being a good woman."

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[1] Noble.

Another resident here was Robert Paltock, the author of *Peter Wilkins* ; but a far more notable man is connected with the place, namely, Samuel Butler, who for many years lived in No. 15, one of the houses dating from 1663. Butler's *Erewhon* and *Erewhon Revisited* are famous books, but he wrote, here, one that I venture not only to think finer, but also to class as one of the greatest novels (within its limits) of the century—*The Way of All Flesh*—which is surely not known in anything like the way it merits. It is a remarkable book, and, if only because of its being written in Clifford's Inn—Clifford's Inn deserves to be preserved.[1]

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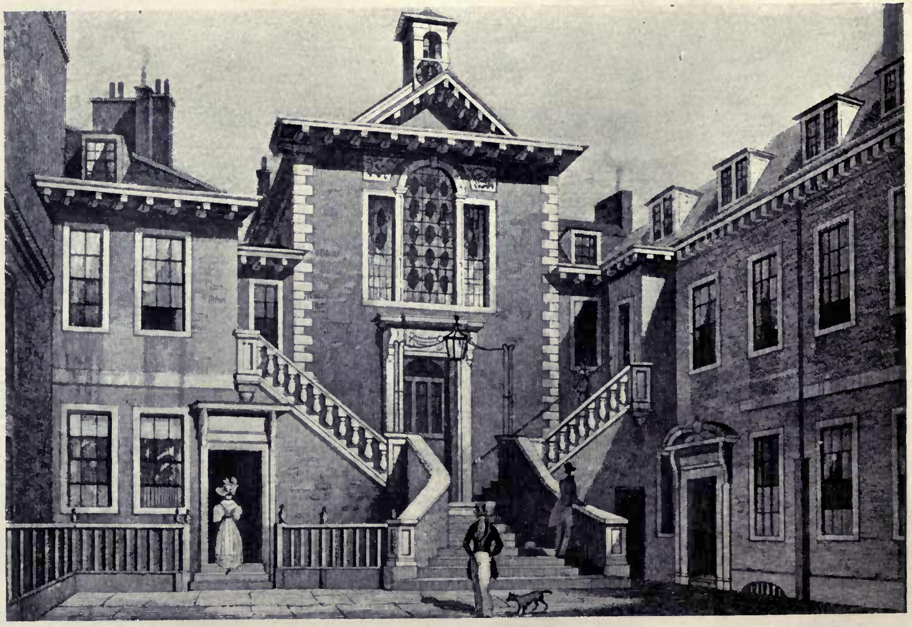
[1] T. Hosmer Shepherd produced a picture of Clifford's Inn Hall which was engraved by J. Hinchcliff in 1830, and recently Mr. Percival J. S. Perceval has brought out a book on Clifford's Inn, illustrated by a number of his own drawings of its interesting features.



OLD SERJEANT'S INN HALL.

To face page 151.

SERJEANTS' INN, CHANCERY LANE

This is not, and never has been, properly, an Inn of Court or Chancery, like the similar institution in Fleet Street. It was, to use Stow's words, "so called, for that divers judges and serjeants at the law keep a commons, and are lodged there in term time." It adjoins Clifford's Inn on the west, and once the property appertained to the See of Ely. In 1393–94, it was, however, described as "Tenementum domini Johannis Skarle," and subsequently demised to the Clerks in Chancery. It was originally called Faryngdon Inn ("Hospicium nuper Faryndon's in Chancellor's Lane"), after that Farringdon who gave his name to the Ward; but in 1508 it is called Serjeants' Inn. It seems to have been selected by the Serjeants as their headquarters, after their earlier Inn in Holborn (Scroop's Inn, it was called) had been sold, and their other home in Fleet Street, which, however, according to Dugdale, was a more recent one, had become dilapidated.

In the year 1416 Serjeants' Inn was given over wholly to the Law (it is called Hospicium Justiciariorum, in 1430), as before this date we are told that the Serjeants merely had lodgings there. Subsequently the freehold passed to the Ashleys in the person of Sir Anthony Ashley, knight, and from them the lawyers continued to rent. At a later date it appears to have reverted to the Bishops of Ely, as it was from that See that the place was eventually purchased by the Serjeants.

The original hall was erected by Lord Keeper North,[1] whose residence in Chancery Lane communicated by a door into the gardens of the Inn. In 1837–38, however, much rebuilding took place here, under the direction of Sir Robert Smirke; but the hall was left untouched, and was then fitted up as a Court for Exchequer Equity sittings. Later it was used as a kind of state dining-room for the Serjeants and the Common Law Judges who, in those days, were always Serjeants. Another apartment used as a private dining-room contained, we are told by Timbs,[1] one of the finest collections of legal portraits in London, including a specially notable one, by Cornelius Jansen, of Sir Edward Coke, who was living in Serjeants' Inn at the time of the inquiries into the murder of Overbury.

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[1] North's *Life of Lord North.*

The Judicature Act of 1873 did away with the necessity for a judge to have been a Serjeant-at-Law, and about four years later the body which had by now a very small claim to existence, sold their Inn for £57,100 and divided the proceeds among themselves—a circumstance which, as may be supposed, did not pass without adverse criticism.

In May 1909, what was left of Serjeants' Inn was offered for sale, it being put up at the instance of the executors of Serjeant Cox. It was submitted as a building lease for ninety-nine years, a sum not less than £40,000 to be expended on the erection of new buildings. The area of the property was 16,600 feet, and it was secured by a bid of £3200 as an annual rent, representing at twenty-six years' purchase a capital sum of £83,200. From an account of this sale we learn that there was a net charge of £180 per annum to the Bishop of Ely; so that, through all the long course of years, the See retained at least a small hold on the property.

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[1] *Curiosities of London.*

Serjeants' Inn, Fleet Street

This property was, apparently so early as the reign of Henry iv., granted, in reversion, to the Dean and Chapter of York, by Henry Maupas and Thomas Maxey, clerks, for pious uses; and Brayley[1] states that in the Inquisition, and also in the licence of alienation, it is described as "one messuage, and five shops, with sollers built over them, and their appurtenances, in the Parish of St. Dunstan in the West, in the suburb of London."

There is some uncertainty as to when the Serjeants first occupied this Inn. Timbs, in his *Curiosities of London*, remarks that it was "about the beginning of the reign of Henry vi., and not before, that they resorted to the Fleet-street inn, which had a very fine chapel and hall, and a stately court of tall brick buildings." On the other hand, a later authority[2] says that "the Fleet Street Inn appears to have been a private dwelling in the reign of Henry viii.," and Noble asserts that between 1442 and 1474 the place had private residents.

This latter statement is, I suppose, based on the fact that, in 1442, the Dean and Chapter of York leased the place for a term of eighty years, and at a rent of ten marks per annum, to William Antrous, or Antrobus, citizen and tailor, the property being then described as "unam messuagium cum gardino in parochia Sti. Dunstani in Fleet Street . . . quod nuper fuit Johannis Rote, and in quo Johanne Ellerker et alii servientes ad legem nuper inhabitarunt."[3] But this last passage would alone be sufficient to prove in the first place, it forms a parish in itself, making its own assessments and contributing to the city rates ;[1] again, its pavement was formed out of some of the stonework of old St. Paul's ; and, lastly, it was one of the old-fashioned places which, unmoved by the progress of science, kept to its lamps, long after gas had superseded them elsewhere.

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[1] *Londiniana.*

[2] *London Past and Present.*

[3] Dugdale's *Origines Juridiciales.*

Beyond the famous men I have mentioned, I do not know of any one of importance as having resided in the Fleet Street Serjeants' Inn, except the great John Delane, of the *Times*, who lived at No. 16 from 1847 to the autumn of 1878. Here he received his innumerable friends at his hospitable round table ; and here much of his remarkable editorial work was done. Mr. Dasent, in his *Life of Delane*, thus refers to the residence in Serjeants' Inn ; it was, he says, " an old house which had a certain quiet dignity of its own from its good panelled woodwork and well-designed staircase. . . . The house has been much altered in recent years, and some of the rooms, amongst them the dining-room, which has seen so many gatherings of wit and intellect, have been subdivided, but the seventeenth-century woodwork is for the most part still (1908) intact." The London County Council has placed one of its memorial tablets on the building. Before leaving Serjeants' Inn we must not forget that Thomas Coventry, the old crusted lawyer, to whom Lamb, in part, owed his first employment, lived " in a gloomy house opposite the pump " here.

THE TEMPLE

Before saying anything about the two Inns of Court which are situated within the precincts of the

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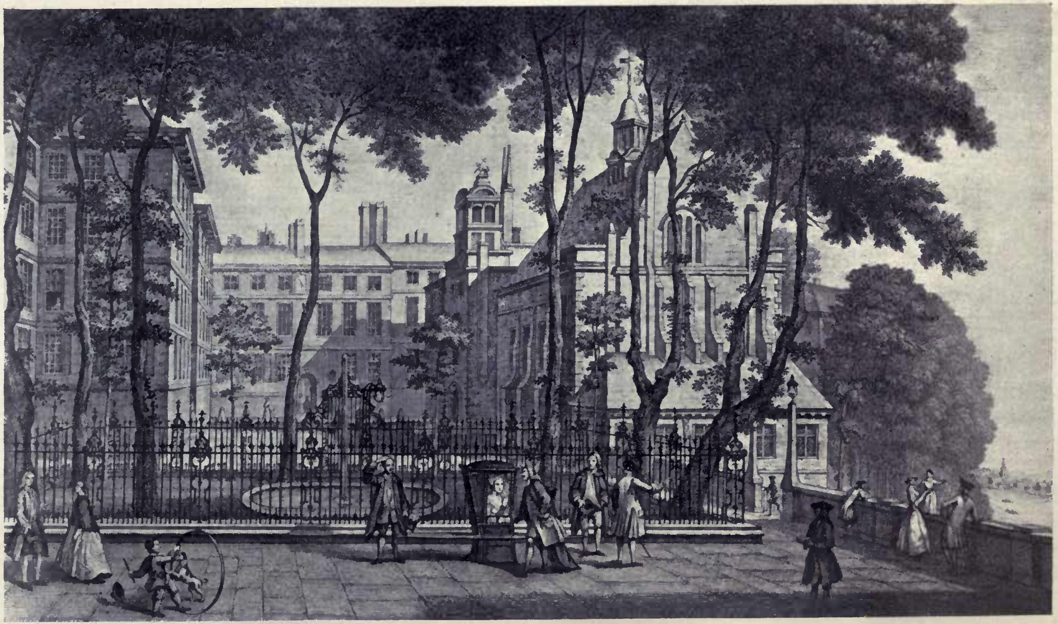
[1] Noble.



THE FOUNTAIN IN THE TEMPLE.

To face page 157.

Temple, a short account of that historic and supremely interesting spot itself must be attempted. So often, however, has the Temple been dealt with, not only in innumerable histories of London, but also in such specific works as those on the Inns of Court, by Herbert (in 1804) and Pearce (in 1848), that this large subject need, here, necessarily, be only treated in a more or less cursory way.

The area under notice first became the home of the Knights Templars in 1184, when they removed hither from outside Holborn Bars, where they had been established just sixty-six years earlier. In 1185 the Temple Church was dedicated,[1] and the place became known as the New Temple. The causes of the dissolution of this great and powerful body need not detain us, for its annals can be read in Addison's *History of the Knights Templars* and in other works; but there seems little doubt that, like many rich and wealthy corporations, it rose to a pitch of overbearing arrogance, little in keeping with its original intention, and when Spenser, in a well-known passage in his *Prothalamion*, says that the Templars "decay'd through pride," he asserts a now pretty-well-recognised fact. It is known that, from whatever cause it arose, the Templars fell from their once high estate, an inquiry into their conduct having been held in St. Dunstan's Church, in 1308, by the Pope, resulting in their dissolution about 1310, and that three years after this, Edward II. bestowed their property, in Fleet Street, on Aymer de Valence, Earl of Pembroke.

On his death in 1324 it passed to Thomas, Earl of Lancaster, but soon after reverted to the Crown, and was thereupon bestowed on the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem. By the deed incorporating this

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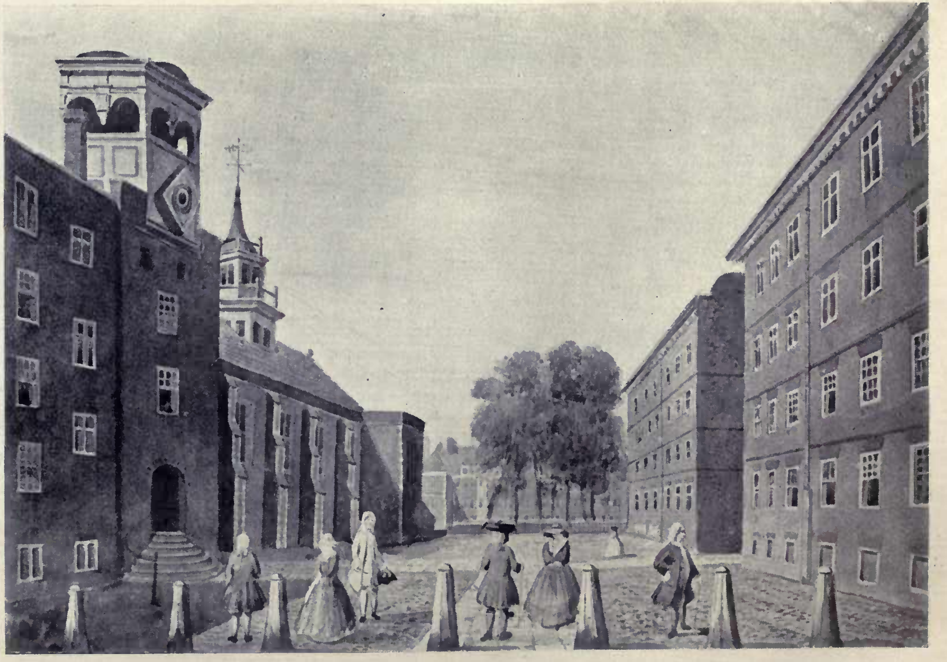
[1] See chapter on 'Churches.'

The Middle Temple

For the sake of convenience, and to avoid confusion as much as possible, I will deal separately with the two Societies who hold the Temple jointly, and will begin with that of the Middle Temple.

The entrance to this portion of the Temple is, to-day, by the stone-fronted gatehouse which Sir Christopher Wren erected in 1684, and which Ralph, in his *Critical Review of the Publick Buildings in London*, describes as "in the style of Inigo Jones, and very far from inelegant." At an earlier period, however, there stood here that building forming an entrance, which Sir Amias Paulet, while a prisoner in the Inner Temple gatehouse, had caused to be built and adorned with arms and cardinals' hats, in order to appease the anger of Wolsey, whose prisoner he then was. Wren's gateway, which is an excellent piece of work, and an admirable example of the few buildings he erected to stand flush with the street, is too little regarded by those who pass by it; it was set up after a fire, at the expense of the Benchers.

The glory of the Middle Temple, however, is the Hall, built between the years 1562 and 1572, during the period that Edmund Plowden was treasurer of the Society. Measurements go for little in the case of anything which chiefly relies for its attraction, as does this room, on the beauty of its carvings, but its excellent proportions can be judged from the fact that it is 100 feet in length, 40 feet wide, and nearly 50 feet in height; while its splendid open timber roof with its innumerable pendants and soffits, its remote corners in which the echoes of so many eminent voices linger in mysterious obscurity, is one of those things



OLD MIDDLE TEMPLE HALL.

To face page 161.

of beauty, to which distance lends an added enchantment.

But it is, above all, the perfect Renaissance carved screen and music gallery which touches, or should touch, the nascent artistry in our composition. When the sun glints through the stained-glass windows on which are emblazoned the arms of notable members of the Society, and splashes the oak, softened and mellowed by age, with the remote hues of the rainbow, then, in this quiet haven of rest, the mind flies back to the days when the place was alive with the pomp and circumstance of great feasts; when illustrious auditories listened to Shakespeare's plays, perhaps directed by the bard himself; when men and women whose names electrify the dullest mind to alertness, sat and talked beneath that historic 'open timber roof.'

Above all is this Hall notable, because here we know that *Twelfth Night* was performed, on February 1602, as recorded by Manningham, in a much-quoted passage in his *Diary*. This incident naturally stands out alone. But at the time it was but one among the usual Christmas revels which took place here, when plays, and masques, and feasts, at which royal and illustrious guests were generally present, were matters of course.

The mention of Shakespeare reminds me that, at least once, he specifically mentions the Hall, in one of his plays; for in *Henry IV.*[1] we find Prince Henry remarking to Falstaff, "Jack, meet me to-morrow in the Temple Hall."

Some early references to the well-known theatrical tendencies of the members of the Temple are extant. Thus Machyn, writing in 1561, records how on "The xxvij day of December cam rydyng thrugh London a lord of mysrull . . . unto the Tempull, for ther was grett cher all Cryustynmas . . . and grett revels as ever was for the gentyllmen of the Tempull evere day, for mony of the conselle was there."

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[1] Part I. Act iii. Sc. 3.

Again, in 1635, we find from another source that "On Wensday, the 23 of Febru... the Prince d'Amours gave a masque to the Prince Elector and his brother in the Middle Temple, wher the Quene was pleas'd to grace the entertaynment, by putting off majesty to putt on a citizen's habitt, and to sett upon the scaffold on the right hand amongst her subjects."

A later entry, from Wycherley's *Plain Dealer*, where Freeman remarks, "Methinks 'tis like one of their halls in Christmas time, whither from all parts fools bring their money to try by the dice (not the worst judges) whether it shall be their own or no," received a striking commentary when the floor of the Hall was taken up, about 1764; for beneath it was then found a large number of dice which had evidently dropped between the chinks of the boards.[1]

In these early days the members of the Temple appear to have been very much inclined to the free-and-easy manners associated chiefly with youth, for which the Universities were noted, and which produced those rules, still in force, which appear to our more sober days too puerile to be taken seriously. They were addicted so greatly, it seems, to the game of "shove and slip-groats," played with copper coins which were jerked with the palm of the hand from the edge of a table towards certain numbers marked on it,[2] that this had at last to be forbidden. They were interdicted, too, from carrying any weapon into Hall, and for good reason, as one of them, Sir John Davies (afterwards Lord Chief-Justice), 'bastinadoed' a fellow-student, at dinner, for which the assailant was expelled. And we know that the broils between the students and the citizens, chiefly those turbulent dwellers in Alsatia, were frequent and often anything but bloodless.

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[1] Quoted in *London Past and Present.* Evelyn was made Comptroller of the Revels, in 1641; and he speaks of going to see "the old riotous custom," in 1668.

[2] See Strutt's *Sports and Pastimes.*

But these matters are more to do with the social history of London than with its topography; and it is more pertinent to return to the buildings which form the Middle Temple than to pursue the record of the life of those who inhabited them.

The present library is modern, having been erected from the designs of Mr. H. R. Abraham, in the Gothic style, the roof being a diminished copy of that of Westminster Hall. This library is 86 feet long, 42 feet wide, and 63 feet high, and is lighted at the south end by an oriel window looking out on the famous Temple Gardens, with the barge-laden Thames beyond. There were, in addition to the oriel, seven high windows on each side and a large window on the north. The building was opened by the late King (then Prince of Wales), himself a Bencher of the Middle Temple, on Oct. 31, 1861.

The earlier library is referred to by Hatton (1708) thus: "Here is a good Library near the back steps of the Hall, to which Sir Bartholomew Shore and several others have contributed books; it is open for all persons about 6 hours in a day. . . . Here is this inscription over the door:—

'ANNO DOMINI 1697
BIBLIOTHECA ORNATA & AUCTA
FRANCIS . MORGAN . THESAURARIO.'"

The Temple Gardens to which I have incidentally referred are, in one sense at least, the most notable part of the precincts, for if the rival champions of the Houses of York and Lancaster never did actually pluck their respective emblems from the bushes growing there, Shakespeare, in a noble and notable passage, has made them do so, and this is better than history, for it has touched the imagination for all time, and has established the fact better than any chronicler could have done. No one can pace that beautiful oasis to-day without immediately calling to mind the scene with which Genius has immortalised the spot.

There is, I think, no necessity for me to repeat the well-known passage here. Rather will I take the opportunity, before proceeding, of saying a word about the Temple Bridge or Stairs which gave access from the river to the Temple grounds. This bridge was formed by two stone arches into the Thames, and, as we have seen, was considered as the common property of the citizens. Indeed, when the question arose in 1360, as we have seen it did, the petitioners, of whom one John de Hydyngham was the leader, affirmed on oath that "time out of mind the commonalty of the city have been wont to have free ingress and egress with horses and carts, from sunrise to sunset, for carrying and carting all manner of victuals and wares therefrom to the water of Thames, and from the said water of Thames to the city aforesaid, through the great gate of the Templars, situate within Temple Bar in the suburb of London, and that the possessors of the Temple were wont, and by right ought, to maintain a bridge at the water aforesaid." [1]

The Temple Stairs have long ceased to have any practical sense, for the Embankment has swept away all that foreshore which was once part and parcel of the Temple Gardens, and now, although there is, between certain hours, a right of way up and down Middle Temple Lane, the idea of victuals and wares being carried to and from the Thames by it would be as surprising as if we met a megalosaurus dragging its slimy length towards Fleet Street by this *via sacra.*

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[1] Riley.

Before saying anything about the Inner Temple, let me set down the names of some of the more illustrious ones who have been connected with the Middle Temple. Foremost of these was the learned Plowden, whose memory is perpetuated in the Hall and in the Buildings named after him, and Sir Walter Raleigh, certainly one of the Society's most illustrious members ; Sir John Davies, whom we have seen expelled, and to whom Jonson dedicated his *Poetaster* ; Sir Thomas Overbury, whose death in the Tower is still something of a mystery ; John Ford, the dramatist, Manningham, the diarist, and John Payne, the patriot ; Lord Clarendon, whose uncle, Sir Nicholas Hyde, was once treasurer ; Bulstrode Whitelocke, the ambassador ; and, as Walpole said of Richard Cambridge, Evelyn 'the Everything.' Ireton, the Parliamentary leader, and Aubrey and Ashmole, the well-known antiquaries, were also members, as were the dramatists Shadwell and Congreve and Wycherley and Southerne. Later notabilities comprise Edmund Burke and Richard Brinsley Sheridan, and Tom Moore, and Havelock, the hero of the Mutiny. To name the legal luminaries whose earlier studies have been prosecuted under the ægis of the Middle Temple would be to write pages of names, many of now forgotten worthies ; but it is well to remember that Blackstone and Eldon, Stowell and Dunning, Lord Keeper Guildford and Lord Chancellor Somers were of them ; and that

Talfourd, to whom *Pickwick* is dedicated (this alone gives him immortality), and who is generally supposed to be the original of Traddles, was once a pupil with Havelock, in Chitty's chambers.

Noble mentions a curious circumstance connected with the Middle Temple, not, I think, generally known, which may, therefore, find a place here. In the seventeenth century a member of the Society conveyed to the Benchers several houses in the City, the rents of which were to be used for paying the fees of two referees who were to meet twice a week during term time, in the Hall or elsewhere, to settle, if possible, such disputes as might be brought before them. Although these referees were duly appointed, there appears to be no record of any case being submitted to their judgment; and it is known that two of them, finding the place a sinecure, allocated the fees they received towards making additions to the library. Noble pertinently asks whether this arrangement was ever made publicly known, as he could not but think that, had it been so, the referees would hardly have found their office a sinecure.

The Inner Temple

This portion of the Temple possesses a gateway, but it is so shorn of whatever importance it may once have possessed that it can to-day merely be regarded as an interesting and not unpicturesque fragment.[1] As the larger part of the Inner Temple was destroyed in the Great Fire, there is little left anterior to that period. It is due to this disaster that, unlike the

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[1] See elsewhere in this volume for a notice of No. 17 Fleet Street, which was, and is, part and parcel of this entrance.

Middle Temple, the Inner Temple only possesses a modern Hall. This building stands on the terrace overlooking the garden (known, nowadays, to so many who would otherwise seldom, if ever, penetrate its shy retreat, on account of the annual Flower Shows held here), and is close to the Library and the Parliament Chamber. Erected from the designs of Smirke, and completed in 1835, it is said to stand on the exact site of its predecessor which dated from the time of Edward III.

We have seen how the Middle Temple disported itself in masques and revels of all kinds, and we find that the Inner Temple was in no way behindhand in this respect. Indeed, its reputation for stage-plays was, if anything, the greater of the two, and the Hall that is no more, must have witnessed some notable performances.

One of the earliest recorded of these was when *Tancred and Gismund*, written by Sir Christopher Hatton, in collaboration with four other students, was given before Queen Elizabeth, in 1568.[1] In a Christmas masque, held seven years earlier, Sir Christopher had been "Master of the Game," and Roger Manwood impersonated a fictitious Chief Baron of the Exchequer, to which actual office he was, curiously enough, appointed in 1578. It was on the occasion of these revels, held on December 27, as recorded by Machyn, that the first English tragedy, *Gorboduc*, was performed.

As is well known, Ben Jonson was a great writer of masques, and some of these were performed by the Templars; as was the one, founded on the story of Circe and Ulysses, by William Browne, the disciple of Spenser, and better known by his *Pastorals*; and another produced by Francis Beaumont, and entitled *Masque of the Inner Temple and Gray's Inn.*

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[1] Not infrequently the members of the Temple performed plays before the Sovereign elsewhere than in their own precincts, as they did at Westminster in 1561.

According to Timbs the last revel in any of the Inns of Court, was that held on February 2, 1733, in the Inner Temple Hall, in honour of Mr. Talbot, a Bencher, having the Great Seal delivered to him. A large gallery built over the screen was filled with ladies, and music in the little gallery at the upper end of the Hall played all dinner-time. After dinner began the play, *Love for Love*, and the farce of *The Devil to Pay*, by actors from the Haymarket. After the play the Lord Chancellor, the Masters, Judges, and Benchers retired into their Parliament Chamber; in half an hour they returned to the Hall, and, led by the Master of the Revels, formed a ring and danced, or rather walked, round the fireplace, according to the old ceremony, three times; the ancient song, accompanied with music, being sung by one Tony Aston dressed in a Bar-gown. This was followed by dancing, in which the ladies from the gallery joined; then a collation was served and the company returned to dancing. The Prince of Wales was present.[1]

In early days there is little doubt that the amicable relations of the City and the Temple were, if not exactly strained, at least liable to be interfered with on very slight pretexts. Such an occasion arose, in 1555, when, at a dinner given by John Prideaux, Reader of the Inner Temple, the members took umbrage at Sir John Lyon, then Lord Mayor, coming into the Hall with the civic sword of state borne before him, as an emblem of his authority, and we read that "when he was goynge, the sworde was willed to be bourne downe in the closter."[2]

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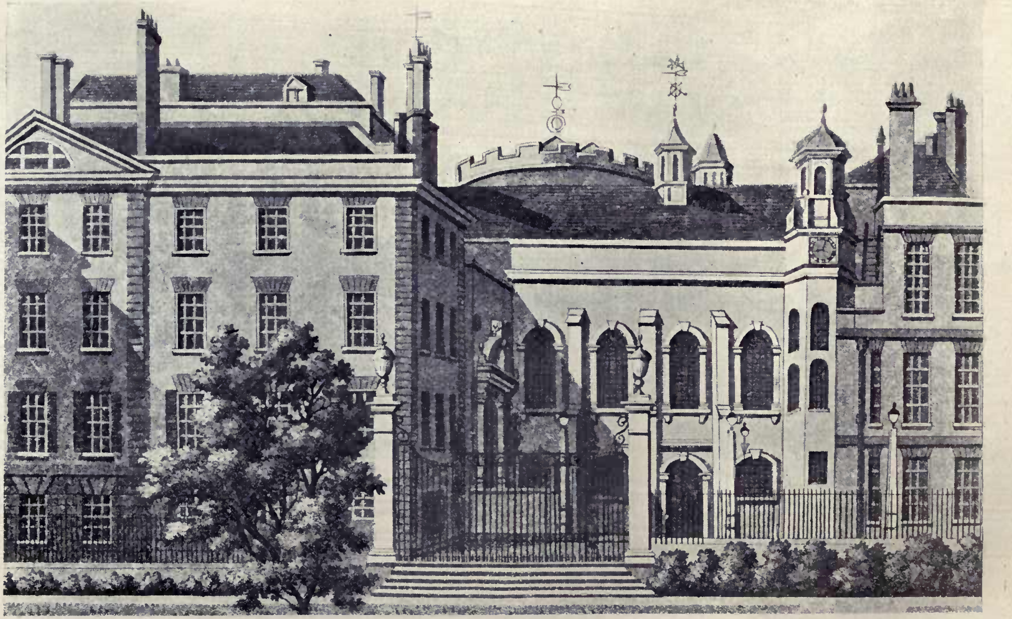
[1] *Curiosities of London.*

[2] *Chronicle of the Grey Friars.*



THE INNER TEMPLE HALL.

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Apparently there was a recognised opposition to this exhibition of civic jurisdiction on the part of the members of the Temple, for a somewhat similar incident is recorded by Pepys, who heard from a Mr. Bellwood, at the New Exchange, " how my Lord Mayor (Sir William Peake), being invited this day to dinner at the Readers' of the Temple, and endeavouring to carry his sword up, the students did pull it down, and forced him to go and stay all day in a private Councillor's chamber, until the Reader himself could get the young gentlemen to dinner; and then my Lord Mayor did retreat out of the Temple by stealth, with his sword up. This did make great heat among the students; and my Lord Mayor did send to the King, and also I hear that Sir Richard Browne did cause the drums to beat for the Train-bands; but all is over, only I hear that the students do resolve to try the Charter of the City."[1] On the following 7th of April the case was brought before His Majesty in Council, and Pepys, who was present, tells us that no result was come to, it being determined first to await a legal decision as to the City's jurisdiction over the Temple; a question that has apparently remained undecided to the present day, the result being that the Temple is "extra parochial," closing its gates at ten o'clock every night, in defiance of the City's pretensions.

In 1691, another disturbance of a more serious character, although one not having the possibility of such far-reaching results, occurred when the Benchers of the Inner Temple closed a door which communicated from their precincts to Whitefriars. The lawless denizens of 'Alsatia' chose to regard this as an interference with their 'privileges,' and as soon as the entrance was bricked up, unbricked it. Needless to say, this action led to a pitched battle between the Alsatians and the students, and resulted in at least two deaths. The leader of the former was a certain Captain Francis Winter. It was not till 1693 that Winter was brought to trial, but he was found guilty of murder, reprieved for a time, but eventually executed in Fleet Street, "opposite to White Fryers," says Luttrell, adding that "he died very penitently; and after he was cut downe from the gibbet, he was put into a coffin, and interr'd this evening."

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[1] *Diary*, under date March 3, 1668–69. See, too, Pearce's *History of the Inns of Court and Chancery*.

Luttrell gives the following account of the original circumstance: "The benchers of the Inner Temple, having given orders for bricking up their little gate leading into Whitefryers, and their workmen being at work thereon, the Alsatians came and pull'd it down as they built it up; whereupon the sherifs were desired to keep the peace, and accordingly came, the 4th, with their officers; but the Alsatians fell upon them, and knockt several of them down, and shott many guns amongst them, wounded several, two of which are since dead; a Dutch soldier passing by was shott thro' the neck, and a woman into the mouth; Sir Francis Child himself, one of the sherifs, was knockt down, and part of his gold chain taken away. The fray lasted several hours, but at last the Alsatians were reduced by the help of a body of the King's guards; divers of the Alsatians were seized and sent to prison." [1]

Among the famous men who have been connected with the Inner Temple was, as we have seen, Sir Christopher Hatton; the Lord High Treasurer Buckhurst; John Bradford, who was admitted a student in 1547 and who died at the stake at Smithfield, in 1555, having been, three years earlier, chaplain to Edward VI.; Coke and Littleton, the great lawyers; the learned Selden, who came hither from Clifford's Inn, in 1604;[1] Heneage Finch, Solicitor-General in 1660, and Lord Chancellor fourteen years later, being created Earl of Nottingham in 1681, with whom Charles II. once dined in Hall, an honour then unprecedented; the notorious Judge Jeffries; and at least three poets: Francis Beaumont, who entered in 1600, and in 1613 produced his *Masque of the Inner Temple*; William Browne, who wrote, *inter alia*, *Britannia's Pastorals*; and William Cowper, who once meditated suicide in his chambers, whither he came, in 1755, from the Middle Temple.

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[1] Luttrell's *Relation*, July 1691 and May 1693.

In order to deal with the various buildings contained in the Temple, other than the Halls about which I have already had something to say, I propose to take them alphabetically; and I have left what references it seemed needful to make, to notable residents, to this portion of my subject, as by so doing we shall see better what parts of the Temple are hallowed by particular memories, than if I simply set the names down in the lists I have already given.

BRICK COURT

This court, appertaining to the Middle Temple, leads from Middle Temple Lane to Essex Street. It was one of the first buildings constructed of brick within the Temple precincts — hence its name — it having been erected at the charges of Thomas Daniel, the then treasurer, in 1569. The north side has been rebuilt in recent times. Various notable people have had chambers here, but it is No. 2 which will always be chiefly memorable, for here Goldsmith lived and died; here Blackstone preceded him; here Thackeray once had chambers; and here Mackworth Praed died in 1839.

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[1] He died in 1654, and his executors wished to present his library to the Inner Temple, but after being neglected in rooms in King's Bench Walk for five years, it was eventually bestowed on the Bodleian (*London Past and Present*).

Much might be written of Goldsmith's sojourn here, indeed, much has been written by Forster, for instance, in his life of the poet. His rooms were on the right hand, "up two pair of stairs," and were once thus described by Thackeray: "I was in his chambers in Brick Court the other day," says the novelist. "The bedroom is a closet without any light in it. It quite pains one to think of the dear old fellow dying off there. There is some good carved work in the rooms." Hither Filby sent home that wonderful coat of which Goldsmith was so proud; here his friends, Beauclerk and Oglethorpe, Johnson and Boswell, Langton and Percy and Reynolds and Bickerstaff, used to come and dine with him and admire the new furniture with which, in the flush of his success over *The Good-Natured Man,* the poet had crowded the rooms he had taken on a lease purchased for £400. Blackstone, engaged on his *Commentaries,* was used to complain of the noise made above him by his noisy neighbour and his cronies.

From his windows Goldsmith was wont to watch the rooks in the Temple Gardens, and he speaks of this "colony in the midst of the city," in his *Animated Nature.*

It was in these chambers that he died in 1774, and his books and furniture, removed from here, were sold by Mr. Good of 121 Fleet Street, in the July of that year.[1]

One of Shakespeare's innumerable editors, Edward Capell, died also in Brick Court, in 1781; while Thackeray took rooms at No. 2 in 1855. As we shall see, he had occupied chambers in other parts of the Temple, at an earlier date, where he had experienced, no doubt, many of the incidents which he narrates so vividly in *Pendennis.* At his death, the Middle Temple desired to bury him within its precincts.

The old sundial, with its motto "Time and tide tarry for no man," still remains in Brick Court.

Crown Office Row

Just as Brick Court is indissolubly connected with Goldsmith, so is Crown Office Row with Charles Lamb, for here the latter was born on Feb. 10, 1775. The Row has been, in part at least, rebuilt, but, with its outlook to the Thames across the grass and trees of the garden, can still lay claim to be the "Cheerful Crown Office Row," which Elia calls it. His reference to the place is classic. "I was born," he says, "and passed the first seven years of my life in the Temple. Its church, its halls, its gardens, its fountain—its river, I had almost said, for in those young years what was this king of rivers to me but a stream that watered our pleasant places?—these are of my oldest recollections."

Crown Office Row was not quite forty years old when Charles Lamb first saw the light there, and so immortalised it, for it was erected in 1737.

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[1] William Hawes wrote a well-known *Account of the Late Dr. Goldsmith's Illness,* in 1774.

The subsequent rebuilding was based on designs by Sydney Smirke, and was undertaken in 1863, being completed, at a cost of £16,500, in the following year.

Among other worthies who have lived in chambers here was Sir James Scarlett, at No. 1, in 1809; Lord Lyndhurst who came hither on leaving Cambridge; and Thackeray who, with Tom Taylor, occupied rooms in No. 10, after he had been called to the Bar, in 1834.

Elm Court

This portion of the Middle Temple abuts on the east side of Middle Temple Lane, was originally erected in 1630, and perpetuates the one-time presence of elm trees here.[1] It has been rebuilt, and much of the original material was sold in 1879. It was in chambers, on the first floor, in Elm Court, that Lord Keeper Guildford first began to practise at the Bar, by which stepping-stone he arrived so quickly to such marked success. I cannot find record of any other very notable people having been connected with Elm Court, so we may pass on to

Essex Court

This is situated, close to Brick Court, on the west side of Middle Temple Lane, and, of course, takes its name from the once neighbouring Essex House. It was here that Evelyn came to reside when he took up his residence in the Middle Temple (he had been admitted when yet at school, on Feb. 13, 1637) on April 27, 1640. "I repaired with my brother," he writes in his *Diary*, "to the Tearme to goe into the new lodgings that were formerly in Essex Court, being a very handsome apartment just over against the Hall Court, but four payre of stayres high, w'ch gave us the advantage of the faire prospect."

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[1] Vine, Fig-Tree, and Green Arbour Courts are similar cases where such natural objects are perpetuated.

A portion, at least, of Essex Court seems to have been rebuilt in 1677, for that date appears on a tablet between Nos. 2 and 3.

When Porson, the great Greek scholar, came to London from Cambridge, in 1791 or 1792, he took rooms in No. 5 Essex Court, and here he remained for a number of years, pursuing the frequently uneven tenour of his way. Here it was, indeed, that once putting out his candle, in the midst of one of his Homeric debauches, he is described as staggering downstairs to relight it, and after many vain attempts, uttering his famous curse against "the nature of things."[1]

Lord Lyndhurst, whom we have met with in Crown Office Row, also had chambers at No. 3 Essex Court, in the year 1803.

FIG-TREE COURT

The presence of fig trees is not unusual even in such urban surroundings as those of Fleet Street. We know they grew "in some close places" near Bridewell, and that they produced fruit in the Rolls Garden;[2] while the court we are now dealing with, takes its name from the same cause. It is a very old part of the Inner Temple, situated on the east side of Inner Temple Lane, having been partially erected in 1617, with additions some ten or twelve years later.

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[1] *Literary Landmarks of London*, by Laurence Hutton.

[2] *The City Gardener*, by Thomas Fairchild, 1722. There was a Fig-Tree Alley in the Barbican.

There are not many interesting associations with Fig-Tree Court, except such as are inseparably connected with the Temple as a whole, and its older remaining buildings in particular. Lord Thurlow once occupied chambers here, as did the ubiquitous Lord Lyndhurst, and there once apparently resided here that shadowy Mr. John Mackenzie to whom Macpherson left £1000 to pay for the publication of *Ossian.*[1]

Fountain Court

The Middle Temple possesses a fountain, the successor to an older one whose spouting powers have been recorded by Sir Christopher Hatton, and whose "low singing" inspired some of Letitia Landon's verses. It stood, as the present one stands, in Fountain Court, which is so named in consequence. It is by reason of this adjunct that Fountain Court is one of the pleasantest spots in the Temple; but it also has another cause for being dear to us, for here Tom Pinch used to meet his sister Ruth, "because, of course, when she had to wait a minute or two, it would have been very awkward for her to have to wait in any but a quiet spot; and that was as quiet a spot, everything considered, as they could choose." Dickens gives us another peep into the court, still in the company of Ruth Pinch, and under even happier circumstances for her, when she came there under the escort of John Westlock, and we are told how "brilliantly the Temple fountain sparkled in the sun, and merrily the idle drops of water danced and danced; and, peeping out in sport among the trees, plunged lightly down to hide themselves." This is surely a better memory

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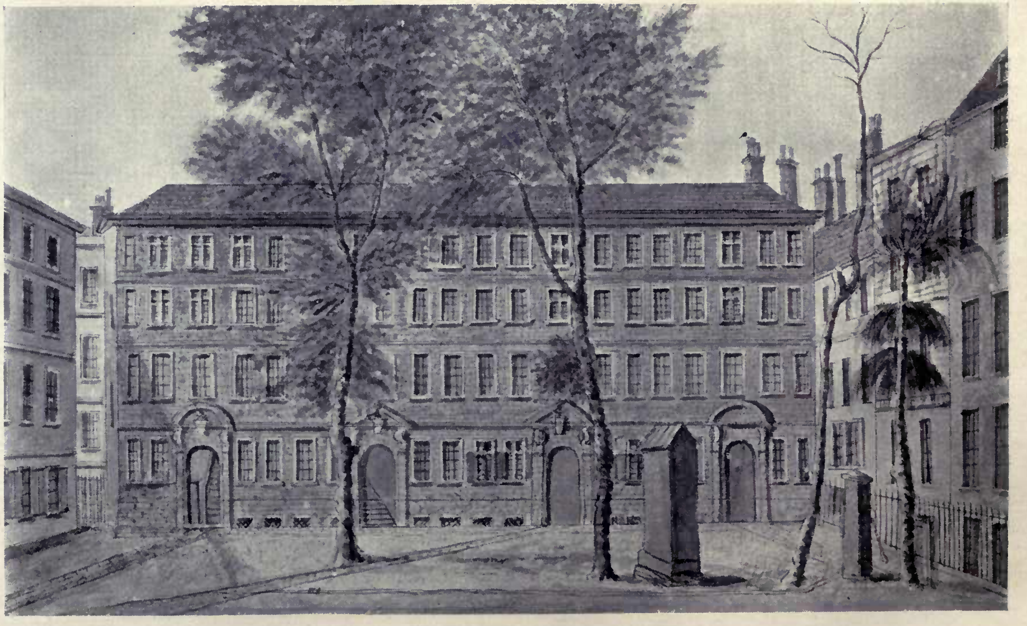
[1] *London Past and Present.*



HARE COURT, TEMPLE.

To face page 177.

than the one-time residence of legal dignitaries, or, as Lamb would have said, " old crusted lawyers " !

Garden Court

is another part of the Temple which Dickens has annexed to his all-embracing domain of London topography, for in it Pip and his friend Herbert Pocket had their joint rooms. " Our chambers," says Pip, " were in Garden Court, down by the river. We lived at the top of the last house." Here Pip was visited on a memorable occasion by Magwitch, it will be remembered.

Besides such associations, Garden Court has been the residence of more corporeal, if not more real, personages. Goldsmith lived here, in two separate sets of rooms successively, from 1764 to 1768. The first of these chambers was on the library staircase —for the Inner Temple Library was situated here, having been originally erected in 1641, and rebuilt in 1824 by Sir Robert Smirke.

It is interesting to remember that the son of Boswell who must often have visited Goldsmith [1] here, had chambers in No. 3 Garden Court at a later day, and that Francis Horner, the political economist, occupied rooms in the next set (No. 4) from 1807 to 1809.

The gate leading from the court into the garden dates from 1730.

Hare Court

Hare Court, between Middle Temple and Inner Temple Lanes, takes its name from Nicholas Hare, who was Master of the Rolls in the time of Queen Mary, and who died in 1557, although the east portion was not erected till a hundred years after that event.

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[1] The modern Goldsmith's Buildings are, of course, named after the poet.

Here stands the famous pump, referred to by Garth in his "Dispensary," and immortalised by Lamb in a notable passage in one of his letters to Manning: "Our place of final destination—I don't mean the grave, but No. 4 Inner Temple Lane," he writes—"looks out upon a gloomy, churchyard-like court, called Hare Court, with three trees and a pump in it. Do you know it? I was born near it, and used to drink at that pump when I was a Rechabite of six years old;" and he tells Coleridge, in a letter dated June 7, 1809, that his new rooms look into Hare Court, "where there is a pump always going. Just now it is dry. Hare Court's trees come in at the window, so that it's like living in a garden."[1] If we are to take the delightful 'Distant Correspondents' *au pied de la lettre*, then Barron Field, to whom Lamb addresses that most amusing of epistles, once had chambers close to those of Elia; for the latter remarks: "I am insensibly chatting to you as familiarly as when we used to exchange good-morrows out of our old contiguous windows in pump-famed Hare Court in the Temple. Why did you ever leave that quiet corner? Why did I?—with its complement of four poor elms, from whose smoke-dyed barks, the theme of jesting ruralists, I picked my first lady-birds!"

Thackeray, whom we have met with in Crown Office Row, appears to have occupied chambers in Hare Court while a student of the Temple, in 1831.

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[1] I find I have quoted this before; but Lamb bears repetition.

INNER TEMPLE LANE

The rooms which Lamb occupied, whose back windows looked into Hare Court, were situated in Inner Temple Lane. But this thoroughfare had become notable before Elia's time, from the fact of Dr. Johnson having once lived there. The portion of the lane containing both Johnson's and Lamb's former dwellings has been rebuilt, and is now known as JOHNSON'S BUILDINGS—the old portion having been pulled down in 1857, although Johnson's staircase was, very properly, preserved.[1] The Doctor's rooms were in No. 1, and from his garret, which was very airy, Boswell records getting " a view of St. Paul's and many a brick roof." This garret was over Johnson's chambers, and served as his, apparently, very disorderly book-room.

Boswell tells us of his first visit here : " His chambers were on the first floor of No. 1 Inner Temple Lane. . . . He received me very courteously ; but, it must be confessed, his apartment and furniture, and morning dress, were sufficiently uncouth . . . but all these slovenly particulars were forgotten the moment he began to talk."

It would be impossible, in the space at my command, to say anything about Johnson's life here, or of his many notable visitors ; nor is this necessary, as most people know their ' Boswell ' ; but one incident must be recorded, as one can hardly ever walk down Inner Temple Lane without thinking of it, and it has woven itself into the very stones of the street. Here is Boswell's description of the circumstance :—

" When Madame de Boufflers was first in England [said Beauclerk], she was desirous to see Johnson. I accordingly went with her to his chambers in the Temple, where she was entertained with his conversation for some time. When our visit was over, she and I left him, and were got into Inner Temple Lane, when all at once I heard a voice like thunder. This was occasioned by Johnson, who, it seems, upon a little recollection, had taken it into his head that he ought to have done the honours of his literary residence to a foreign lady of quality, and, eager to show himself a man of gallantry, was hurrying down the staircase in violent agitation. He overtook us before we reached the Temple gate, and, brushing in between me and Madame de Boufflers, seized her hand, and conducted her to her coach. His dress was a rusty brown morning suit, a pair of old shoes by way of slippers, a little shrivelled wig sticking on the top of his head, and the sleeves of his shirt and the knees of his breeches hanging loose. A considerable crowd of people gathered round, and were not a little struck by this singular appearance."

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[1] It was presented to the Crystal Palace in that year.

Johnson lived here from 1760 to 1765, and Boswell, in order to be near him, took chambers in Farrer's Buildings.[1]

Another notable resident in Inner Temple Lane, was William Cowper who came here from the Middle Temple in 1754 or 1755, and here attempted to put an end to his life, in consequence of an unprosperous love-affair. Here, too, at No. 5, once lived the future Lord Chief Justice Campbell; but, after Johnson's, the chief association of the place is with Charles Lamb, who came to No. 4 in 1809 and left it in the autumn of 1817. I have before incidentally referred to his residence here, so I will content myself with giving a whimsical extract from one of his letters to Manning, written the year after he had come into residence, which describes his rooms like a vignette:—

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[1] The original buildings were pulled down in 1875, and have been rebuilt.

"I have," he writes, "two sitting-rooms: I call them so *par excellence*, for you may stand, or loll, or lean, or try any posture in them, but they are best for sitting; not squatting down Japanese fashion, but the more decorous mode which European usage has consecrated. I have two of these rooms on the third floor, and five sleeping, cooking, etc., rooms on the fourth floor. In my best room is a choice collection of the works of Hogarth, an English painter of some humour. In my next best are shelves containing a small but well-chosen library. My best room commands a court in which there are trees and a pump, the water of which is excellent cold with brandy, and not very insipid without."

It was while here that Lamb produced his unsuccessful farce of *Mr. H.* at Drury Lane; collaborated with Mary Lamb in the *Tales from Shakespeare*; and made a name as a critic by the publication of his *Specimens of English Dramatic Poets*.

In *London Past and Present*, I find the fact recorded that barometers were first sold in London, by Jones, a clock-maker, in Inner Temple Lane, Jones being induced to do so on the advice of Lord Keeper Guilford.

King's Bench Walk

The picturesque row of houses standing at the east end of the Temple, at right angles with the river and facing Paper Buildings, is of considerable age—so far, at least, as Nos. 4, 5, and 6 are concerned, these dating from 1678. When it is remembered that Wren was responsible for these, little further need be said, although attention should certainly be drawn to the excellently proportioned doorway of No. 5 and its masterly design in rubbed brick relieved by delicately wrought Corinthian capitals in stone. No. 8 dates from about a hundred years later; while some of the houses are as relatively recent as 1814, and a new range of stone buildings, designed by Smirke, was erected here in 1838.

Shadwell, in his *Squire of Alsatia*, published in 1688, refers to the lawyers' chambers here, and the names of one or two later notable occupants have been preserved. Thus we know that one of Goldsmith's numerous residences within the Temple precincts was at No. 3, I imagine between his sojourn in Garden Court and his final abode in Brick Court. Certainly he was here in 1765, as in the July of that year Sir Joshua Reynolds notes an engagement to dine with him here.

At No. 5, the set with the beautiful doorway, Lord Mansfield, when plain Mr. Murray, had chambers, and was here visited by Pope. Rogers, who liked to trace the footsteps of distinguished men, once told Dr. Mackay that he used as a boy to make pilgrimages to No. 5, in order "to tread over the very steps where the feet of Pope had passed." Another notable person who sometimes called on the rising barrister, was the redoubtable Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough. She seems to have made it a habit to come in the evening, to consult Murray to whom she had given a general retainer in her many legal actions. One night, returning from a merry-making with some of the wits of the day, he found his client impatiently awaiting him, and had to listen to a lecture from a past mistress in that art: "Young man, if you mean to rise in the world, you must not sup out," she told him. Another time she sat till midnight for him, and then left in a rage because he had not returned. His servant informed him that she would not give her name, "but swore so dreadfully" that he was sure she was a lady of quality![1] Lysons, the well-known topographical writer, and Jekyll,[2] the inveterate wit, both had chambers next door, at No. 6, a house in which Daines Barrington, familiar to readers of Lamb's essay on the "Old Benchers of the Inner Temple," died in 1800; and George Colman, junr., also occupied rooms somewhere in the row.

Barrington was some time Treasurer. He walked "burly and square," Lamb tells us, and "did pretty well, upon the strength of being a tolerable antiquarian, and having a brother a bishop." But he could hardly have been a kindly creature, for an item in his annual accounts reads: "Disbursed Mr. Allen, the gardener, twenty shillings, for stuff to poison the sparrows, by my orders," a charge which the Benchers, to their credit, disallowed.

Mitre Court Buildings

connects King's Bench Walk with Mitre Court. This was another of Charles Lamb's Temple residences, for he came to No. 16 in 1800. As in the case of the Inner Temple Lane lodging, we have Elia's own description of his rooms and their situation:—

"I live," he writes to Manning, "at No. 16 Mitre Court Buildings, a pistol-shot off Baron Maseres. You must introduce me to the Baron. I think we should suit one another mainly. He lives on the ground floor for convenience of the gout; I prefer the attic story for the air. . . . *N.B.* — When you come to see me, mount up to the top of the stairs. I hope you are not asthmatical—and come in flannel, for it is pure airy up there. And bring your glass, and I will show you the Surrey Hills. My bed faces the river, so by perking upon my haunches, and supporting my carcass with my elbows, without much wrying my neck I can see the white sails glide by the bottom of the King's Bench Walk as I lie in my bed."

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[1] Lord Campbell's *Lives of the Chief Justices.*

[2] "The roguish eye of Jekyll, ever ready to be delivered of a jest, almost invites the stranger to vie a repartee with it" (Lamb).

A neighbour of Lamb's, and apparently a frequent evening caller, was Southey's friend Rickman, "the finest fellow to drop in o' nights . . . thoroughly penetrated into the ridiculous wherever found, understands the *first* time." [1]

The buildings have been rebuilt, but the pleasant memory hangs about the spot of Charles and Mary Lamb's joint establishment here; of Coleridge's visit here—marred, however, by one of Mary's periodical attacks; of that noble, self-sacrificing life which made the intervals between these attacks periods of quiet happiness; of those famous Wednesday evenings, which began in 1806, until the removal in 1809 to Southampton Buildings and the later return to Inner Temple Lane.

PAPER BUILDINGS

Paper Buildings, although now hardly to be termed picturesque, occupy an unrivalled position, for on one side they are 'over against' the warm, red-bricked King's Bench Walk, and on the other enjoy the pleasant prospect of the Temple Gardens and the incomparable vista of what in the distance still looks like the silver Thames. Being rebuilt in a purely

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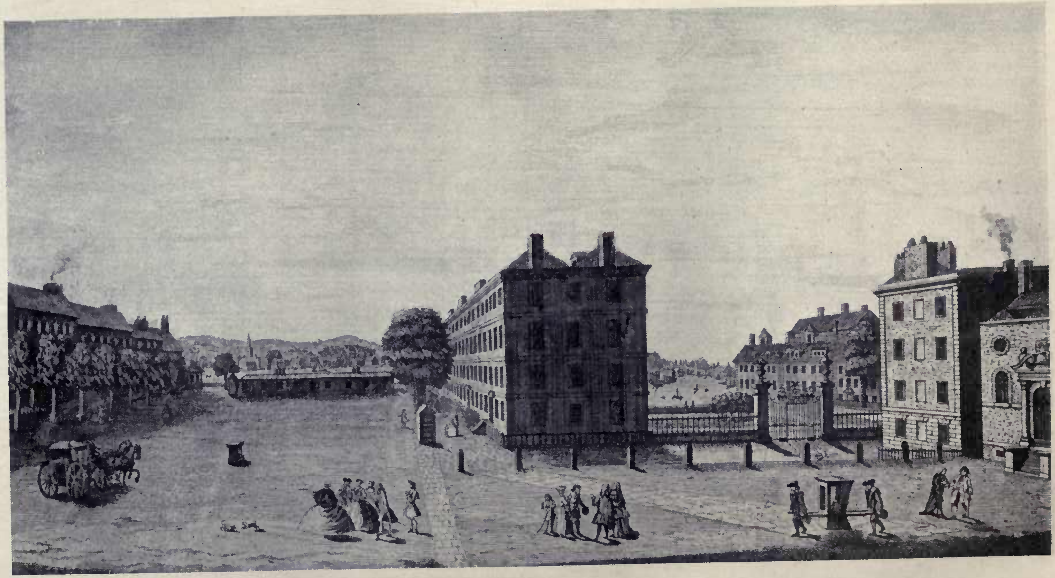
[1] Lamb to Manning.



THE TEMPLE, SHOWING PAPER BUILDINGS.

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utilitarian style,[1] with unornamented exterior and staircases suitable rather to a prison than a nucleus of chambers, it requires some effort of the imagination to people the present erection with the ghosts of those who inhabited its predecessor; but this is so much the case with many other buildings in London that there ought to be little difficulty in doing so here.

The original Paper Buildings dated from 1609, and are said to have been erected by Mr. Heyward to whom Selden, who shared chambers with him, dedicated his *Titles of Honour*, and others. They were, according to Dugdale, 88 feet in length and 20 feet broad, and consisted of four storeys. The Great Fire consumed them, but they were rebuilt in 1685. Fate was against them, however, for the rebuilt portion also fell a victim to the flames in 1838, and the present structure dates from about that period, although the red-brick portion fronting the Embankment, and irreverently termed 'Blotting-Paper Buildings,' was not built till 1848, having been designed by Sydney Smirke.

In the original pile Selden had chambers in conjunction, as I have said, with his friend Heyward, and Aubrey tells us that here "he had a little gallery to walke in" looking over the gardens. It was here, too, that he was visited by a friend who told him he was possessed of two devils, and he informs us how he cured him, in the article on 'Devils' in his *Table-Talk.*

The fire of 1838 broke out in the chambers of Mr. Maule (afterwards Justice), noted for his irony and straw-splitting, at No. 14; and Lord Campbell, whose rooms here were just over Maule's, was burnt out, nothing of his possessions being saved. The fire is

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[1] "That goodly pile of building, strong, albeit of Paper height, confronting with mossy contrast the lighter, older, more fantastically shrouded one, named of Harcourt" (Lamb, "Old Benchers").

Two notable men had chambers in Pump Court: Lord Chancellor Hardwicke, as a student in 1710, and again, in a different set, when he began to practise, in 1715; and Fielding, when called to the Bar, in 1740.[1]

Tanfield Court

Originally this block of chambers was known as Bradshaw's Buildings, having been erected by Henry Bradshaw, who was Treasurer of the Inner Temple in the reign of Henry VIII. At a later date, notably in the time of Elizabeth and James I., it had an important resident in the person of Sir Laurence Tanfield, who was Reader in 1595, Serjeant-at-Law in 1603,[2] a Justice of the King's Bench in 1606, and Lord Chief Baron in the following year, and who died on April 30, 1625. It was after him that the court was renamed.

Beyond the fact of Tanfield's residence here, the place has no particular memories except one, which gave it an anything but enviable notoriety; for it was at one of its houses that, in 1732, Sarah Malcolm, a laundress, murdered Mrs. Duncombe and her two servants. Retribution followed on this ghastly crime, and Sarah Malcolm was executed, opposite Mitre Court, in Fleet Street, in March 1733. For some unexplained reason, she was buried in St. Sepulchre's Churchyard, but her body was subsequently exhumed, and her skeleton is now preserved (though why, it is difficult to say) at Cambridge. Hogarth painted her (three-quarter length) portrait for Horace Walpole, who paid the artist five guineas for it; and he also produced a full-length of the murderess, which once belonged to

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[1] Lawrence's *Life of Fielding*.

[2] Manningham notes his creation, in his *Diary*.

Alderman Boydell. Sarah was a good-looking girl of twenty, and she elected to be represented in a red dress as likely to be becoming. Nothing, however, could hide from Hogarth her criminal expression, and he is said to have remarked that he could judge from her face that she was capable of any wickedness.

With regard to certain other 'courts' and 'buildings' in the Temple, little need be said: some of them are of quite modern date, like Plowden Buildings and Goldsmith Buildings, which perpetuate in their names, however, once famous residents; Harcourt Buildings, named, I presume, after Lord Chancellor Harcourt (1661–1727), is known to have once contained the chambers of Pope's friend and legal adviser, William Fortescue, because the poet addresses a letter to him there; Lamb Buildings, so called because of the sign of the 'Holy Lamb' (the badge of the Templars) which may be seen over its doorway, and not after Charles Lamb, as might, perhaps, be supposed, was once the residence of Sir William Jones, from 1776 to 1783; while Vine Court also possesses but a single item of interest, in the fact that Sir John Finett's "Philoxenis" was sold, in 1561, "by H. Twyford and G. Bedell . . . at their shops in Vine Court, Middle Temple, and the Middle Temple Gate."[1]

Before leaving the Temple, I must not overlook the MASTER'S HOUSE which was erected for William Sherlock, who was Master at the end of the seventeenth century. It is a picturesque red-brick Queen Anne building, with a small garden in front, close to the Temple Church, and when creeper-clad, in summer-time, makes a pleasant spot of greenery amid its less rural surroundings. Here have resided the various masters since the days of William Sherlock. Of these were Thomas Sherlock, the son and successor of William, afterwards Bishop of London; Samuel Nicholls; Gregory Sharpe; George Watts; Thomas Thurlow (Lord Thurlow's brother); William Pearce; Thomas Rennell; Christopher Benson; Thomas Robinson; Charles John Vaughan; Alfred Ainger (dear to all lovers of Lamb); and the Rev. H. G. Wood, D.D., the present Master, who was presented in 1904.

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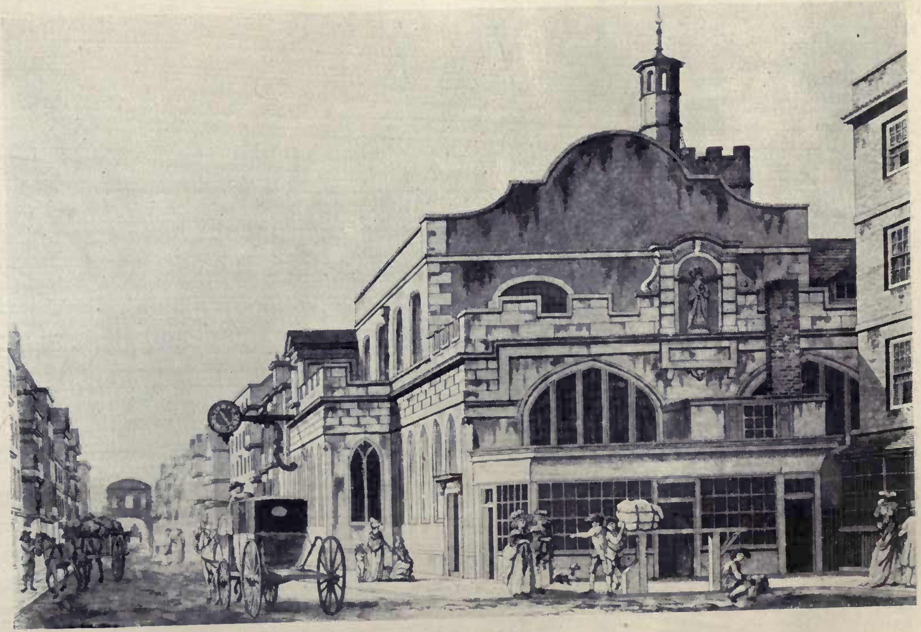
[1] *London Past and Present.*

As will be seen, I have only been able to touch lightly on the history of the Temple, a history fraught with so much that is notable and interesting. Even what I have said about the structure itself seems, on re-reading it, slight and inadequate; but had I done more, I should have found myself embarked on such a sea of data as would have kept me sailing through an ocean of print before I sighted land.



ST. DUNSTAN'S CHURCH.

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CHAPTER VI

CHURCHES OF FLEET STREET

ST. DUNSTAN'S

THE three churches of Fleet Street are St. Dunstan's, the Temple Church, and St. Bride's. Of these, the first I propose to notice is St. Dunstan's. The present church of that name is, of course, relatively a modern one, having been consecrated in 1833, but its predecessor dated from a time certainly anterior to the middle of the thirteenth century, at which period (1237) it was presented to Henry III. by Richard de Barking, Abbot of Westminster.[1] It was, and is, described as St. Dunstan's in the West, to distinguish it from the church dedicated to the same saint between Tower Street and Lower Thames Street. Stow's meagre reference to the church is yet interesting as naming certain persons who were buried here before his day :—

"The Church of St. Dunstan called in the West, for difference from St. Dunstan in the East, where lieth buried T. Duke, skinner, in St. Katherine's Chapel, by him built, 1421 ; Nicholas Conningstone, John Knape, and others founded Chantries there ; Ralph

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[1] It was assigned, with all its profits, towards the maintenance of a house, established by the King, for the reception of converted Jews (now called "The Rolls"), retaining for the Crown the right of advowson (Britten).

Bane, Bishop of Coventry and Lichfield 1559, and others."

In the year 1362, the church seems to have been in the possession of the Bishop of London, for it is known to have been presented by that prelate to the Abbot and Convent of Præmonstratenses, at Alnwick, in consequence of a petition from the fraternity, complaining that their monastery had been destroyed during the Scotch wars, and that they were too poor to rebuild it. A member of their body was deputed to officiate at St. Dunstan's, but the Bishop reserved the right to remove him, if he thought desirable. In 1437, a perpetual vicar was instituted here.

At the Dissolution the church became the property of the Crown, but not many years after—notably in 1544—it was granted to Lord Dudley, and subsequently to the Dorset family. From 1662 to 1820 it was in the hands of laymen, but in the latter year, the parishioners, by a special Act, purchased it, and constituted it a rectory.[1]

The earlier church stood farther into the roadway, than does the present exiguous structure which has become so built round that it might almost escape observation. We can see what the original building looked like from various prints of it which are extant, particularly from the one drawn by West and engraved by Toms in 1737. This shows that it then faced east and west; that it had a tower and a battlemented pediment over the lower windows; while the famous clock is indicated as projecting over the street, and the two figures which struck the hours, and were such a source of attraction, can be seen plying their business within an elaborate kind of alcove. The old shops which once clustered around the building are also to be observed in this print.[1]

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[1] Noble.

It is impossible to tell what, if any, portion of the original structure survived to the eighteenth century; although that part immediately abutting on Fleet Street, and known as St. Katherine's Chapel, was, as we have seen from Stow, built by Thomas Duke about 1421. What seems probable is that a succession of alterations and additions gradually changed and enlarged the earlier church, rather than that it was entirely rebuilt.[2] "The building," says Britten, "had been originally in the pointed style of architecture; but all the modern repairs having been executed in the Italian style, the whole presented, previous to its removal, a most heterogeneous appearance—a tower and turret with Roman doorways, pointed and circular-headed windows, rusticated stone-work, and embattled parapets."

It was only by chance, however, that the church survived as long as it did, for it narrowly escaped destruction during the Great Fire which stopped only three houses east of it.

Michael Drayton, the author of the *Polyolbion*, is said to have lived "at the baye window house next the east end of St. Dunstan's Church." This house has been supposed to coincide with No. 180 Fleet Street, and if this was so, then the Great Fire must have ceased immediately to the east of the poet's residence.

The church was notable for the number of shops which clung barnacle-like to its south side and east front. These shops harboured all sorts of trades, but that of bookselling predominated, and the title pages of many a volume show that John Helme, Richard Moore, John Busbie, Richard Marriot, Matthias Walker, John Smethwick, and others, sold books " in St. Dunstan's Churchyard," as it was called. It would appear from the full address of the last named, on a work published in 1611—namely, " in St. Dunstan's Churchyard, in Fleet Street, *under the* Diall "—that there was a clock here previous to the famous striking one erected in 1671 ; indeed, Brayley, in his *Londiniana*, has fallen into the error of supposing the ' Diall ' to refer to the later clock which, in reality, was not set up till sixty years after.

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[1] Maurer produced a perspective view in 1752, and Malton two of the church in 1789 and 1797.

[2] Britten states that, in 1701, the old arched roof being much decayed, was taken down, and a new one, with a flat ceiling containing enriched sunk panels, set up in its place.

A still earlier reference to bookselling at this spot occurs on the title page of *The Pylgrimage of Perfection*, which states that its printer's (Pynson) press was " in Flete Strete *besyde* Saynt Dunstan's Churche." [1]

Two notable ornaments decorated the exterior of St. Dunstan's, the more noticeable being the clock overhanging Fleet Street, and the two life-size figures (representing savages, and known as the ' Giants of St. Dunstan's ') carved in wood which stood in a kind of alcove above it. Each figure was armed with a club with which it struck the quarters upon two bells suspended between them, and moved its head at the same time. This ingenious contrivance was made by one Thomas Harrys of Water Lane, who received for his work £35 and the old clock. Among the innumerable people who were wont to gaze at this marvel was the little boy who later became Marquis of Hertford, and when the old church was pulled down, in 1830, the Marquis secured for £210 what he had coveted as a child, and set it up at St. Dunstan's

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[1] See chapter on ' Printers and Publishers of Fleet Street.'

Villa, Regent's Park, where it still remains. Lamb shed tears at the removal of this landmark.

The other ornament was the figure of Queen Elizabeth, which stood at the east end of the church, above a cutler's shop. This figure, set up in 1766, bore the following inscription: "This statue of Queen Elizabeth stood on the west side of Lud-gate That gate being taken down in 1760, to open the streets, it was given by the City to Sir Francis Gosling, knight and alderman of this ward, who caused it to be placed here." On the demolition of the church, the figure was sold for £16, 10s., and apparently lay neglected for some time, as we read in the *Times* for April 25, 1839, the following reference to it: "The workmen engaged some time since in taking down an old public house adjoining St. Dunstan's Church, in Fleet Street, discovered in one of the cellars the ancient stone statue of Queen Elizabeth, which formerly stood in the nave of the old church. The parochial authorities have resolved to place it on the south end of the church, fronting Fleet Street." Here it may now be seen.

The old public-house referred to remained standing till 1859. It had been in the occupation of the Buttons for forty years. In 1750, it was known as the 'Haunch of Venison,' and later as the Clifford's Inn Coffee-House. An insurance office now occupies its site.

So much for the exterior of the old church. The interior, according to Strype, contained a large number of monuments dating from the early years of the fifteenth century, many of which were preserved and set up in the new church. Among these were memorials to the following: John Horsepoole, Rector of Averham; Roger Horton, one of the Justices of the King's Bench, who died on April 30, 1423; William Chap-man, died July 10, 1446, and Alicia his wife; Richard Nordon, died March 23, 1460; Laurence Bartlot, died in October 1470; Sir William Portman, died Feb. 5, 1556; Sir Roger Cholmeley, died April 28, 1538, and Ranulphus Cholmeley, died April 25, 1563; Laurence Dalton, Norrey king-at-arms, died 1561; Edward Cordell; Thomas Powley, one of the six Clerks of Chancery, who died on June 26, 1601; Thomas Valentis, died Sept. 23, 1601; William Crouch (a benefactor to the parish), died April 16, 1606; Mary Davies, daughter of Thomas Croft, and wife of John Davies of Hereford, who died on Jan. 1, 1612; and Margaret Talbot, who died on March 31, 1620, over whose remains these lines were inscribed:—

"By this small Statue Reader is but shown,
That she was bury'd here, but had'st thou known
The Piety and Virtues of her Mind,
Thou would'st have said, Why was she not Enshrin'd.
Both Vere's and Windsor's best blood fill'd her veins,
She matcht with Talbot, yet their noble strains
Were far below her Vertue, in whose Breast
God had infus'd his Graces above the rest
Of all her sex whose sacred course of Life
Both in the state of Widow, Maid and Wife!
(For each she had been, tho' her latter days
Chast Widow-hood crown'd, to her immortal praise)
Was so immaculate, she deserves to be
The Crystal Mirror to Posterity;
More Honour hast thou by her burial here
Dunstan, than to thee chanc'd this many a year.
Earth from her Coffin heave thy ponderous stone,
And for thy sacred'st Relict keep her Bones;
Since spight of Envy 't cannot be deny'd,
Saint like she liv'd, and like a Saint she dy'd."

There were also monumental inscriptions to Nicholas Hare, who died in 1621; to John Harvey; to Robert Houghton, one of the Knights Justices, who died

Feb. 16, 1623; to Richard Hutton,[1] died Feb. 26, 1638; to Albertus Otho Faber, who died on Aug. 15, 1685; Elizabeth, wife of Roger North, one of the daughters and co-heirs of Sir John Gilbert, who died at the early age of 22, on Nov. 29, 1612; Mary Colclough, daughter of Colonel Blagge, whose mother was daughter of Sir Roger North; William Morecroft, who died Aug. 31, 1657; Mrs. Damaris Turner, of whom it is recorded that

"In Youth, she liv'd betimes the best of Lives,
For eighteen years, five months the best of Wives";

Anthony Low, who died Aug. 10, 1684; Edward Marshall, Master Mason to Charles II., who died on Dec. 10, 1675, and is buried near his wife, Anne, in the middle of the church near the chancel; and Joshua Marshall, his son, also Master Mason to the Crown, who died at the age of 48, on April 6, 1678; Cuthbert Featherstone, who died on Dec. 10, 1615; Henry Jones, of the Inner Temple, 'clockmaker,' son of William Jones, heretofore Vicar of Boulder, in Hampshire, who died on Nov. 26, 1695; and others, including the well-known one to Hobson Judkins, the 'Honest Solicitor,' who died on June 30, 1812.

The following verses on one Jane Watson deserve to be recorded if only for the beauty of the first line:—

"In this Fair Fragrant Maiden Month of May
When Earth her Flowre Embroydery doth display,
Jane Watson, one of Vertue's Flowers most Faire,
For Beauty, Wit and Worth, a Primrose rare,
Adorn'd this Earth, changing Earth's marriage Bed,
To joyne her Virgin Soule to Christ her Head."

Machyn mentions the burials, in St. Dunstan's, of various people, some of whom are recorded in the list of monuments. Those given in the *Diary* are as follows: Judge Hynde, on Oct. 18, 1550, whose funeral was attended by some of his fellow-judges; Sir Thomas Speke, knight, "of Chanseler [Chancery] Lane," July 12, 1551; Sir William Portman, Chief Justice of England, Feb. 10, 1557; Serjeant Wallpole, "a Northfolke man," Nov. 3, 1557; Dr. Owen Oglethorpe (spelt by Machyn, Hobbellthorpe), Bishop of Carlisle, Jan. 4, 1560;[1] Dr. Ralph Bayne, Bishop of Lichfield (Machyn gives no date of month, but according to the Registers, where the name is spelt Banes, it was on Nov. 24, 1559); Master Cottgrave, a relation of Anthony Toto, serjeant-painter to Henry VIII., Sept. 13, 1561; Master Laurence Dalton, Norrey king-at-arms, Dec. 15, 1561; Mistress Chamley, wife of the Recorder, in 1562; and Mr. Reynolf Chamley himself, on April 30, 1563, on which occasion there was an elaborate procession from the City, among the mourners being Sir Thomas Lee, Sir William Garrett, Sir Thomas Offley, and the Lord Mayor; while we are told that "Master Goodman made the sermon."

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[1] His monument was executed by Nicholas Stone, who received £40 for it.

The Registers of St. Dunstan's are of particular interest because they contain the names of many who have become notable in a variety of ways. They begin on Nov. 29, 1558, and are unbroken from that day. Noble gives long extracts from them, from which we see that there were a number of foundlings baptized here (one was christened Charity Dunstone). Many "slained and buried" appear in the unruly sixteenth century, and a number of soldiers killed in the Civil troubles found a grave here. It is unnecessary to record all the names mentioned by Noble, because many of the more notable are to be found elsewhere in this volume, as residents, well-known early booksellers, etc. But one or two deserve special notice for other reasons. Thus, among the Baptisms, we find the name of a " son of Dr. William Bates," then (1654) minister of this parish, whose wife was buried " from the Vicaradge House, on Dec. 3, 1661."

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[1] In the Registers the date is given as Jan. 2, and the name spelt Eglethorpe. He was the bishop who crowned Queen Elizabeth.

In 1567, Anne, daughter of John Bright, was christened at St. Clement's, and she is supposed to be identical with the young girl of that name buried in St. Dunstan's in 1589. In 1588 (Jan. 21), Gilbert, son of William Cavendish, Esq., was baptized here—he became first Earl of Devonshire; five years later (April 22), we read: "Thomas, the sonn of William Wentworth Esq., baptised" (this was none other than the future great Earl of Strafford, who had been born in Chancery Lane, in the house of his maternal grandfather, Sir Robert Atkins, on the previous 13th of the month); and Bulstrode Whitelocke, the author of the *Memorials*, in 1605. On March 26, 1613, " Frederick Somersett, sonne to Henry, Lord Herbert, was baptised in the house of the Lady Morison, in the Fryars (Whitefriars)." Lord Herbert became notable as Marquis of Worcester, of 'Inventions' fame. On April 13, 1618, we come across the name of Henry, son of Adam Newton, afterwards Sir Adam Newton, tutor to Henry, Prince of Wales; and on Jan. 14, 1620, that of Elizabeth Deborah, daughter of Sir Balthazar Gerbier the art-agent of Charles I. and the Duke of Buckingham.

Among other notable names to be found are those of Tottill, the great printer, whose daughter Jane was baptized here on Dec. 18, 1558; Jaggard, several of whose children's names occur during the earlier part of the seventeenth century; Simon Wadlow, whose son John was baptized on Feb. 8, 1623; and

Harbottle Grimston, whose children were also baptized in St. Dunstan's; while in the eighteenth century is that of John Samuel, son of John and Hester Murray, born Nov. 27 in Fleet Street, and baptized on Dec. 26, 1778—this child being, in time, the second John Murray of the famous publishing firm.

Turning to the Marriage Registers, only a few entries of any special interest will be found. Thus on May 28, 1571, Edward Bulstrode was married here to Cecily Crooke, the daughter of one Crooke who lived at the sign of the 'Chariot' in Fleet Street; both her brothers becoming knights. Edward Bulstrode was Sheriff of Bucks in 1585. In 1573 is the following curious entry: "July 16. Edward Borram and Elizabeth, w^{ch} had like to have killed herself." In 1591 (Nov. 21), Robb Bassett was married to Elizabeth Periam, who was daughter of Sir William Periam, one of the Justices of the Common Pleas. In Henley Church is a mural monument to Lady Periam. Robert Bassett was knighted in 1599.[1]

We also find that Jane Tottill, the daughter of Richard, was married here to Andrew Colthwaite on Nov. 24, 1578; that John Jaggard was married to Elizabeth Mabbe on June 5, 1597; and such entries as "1608, Sept. 20. Symon Wadlow and Margaret Blott were married by license faculté"; "1629, April 16. Mr. Harbottle Grimston and Mrs. Mary Crookes by licence of the Faculties maryed"; and the following, referring to the famous engraver: "In May 1654 was published the banns of marriage in

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[1] Noble quotes Prince's *Worthies of Devon* thus, with regard to him: "Being, by his grandfather, descended from the Plantagenets, and of the Blood Royal, in the beginning of King James I.'s reign he made some pretensions to the Crown of England; but not being able to make them good, he was forced to fly into France to save his head." His son became Colonel Arthur Bassett.

Newgate Markett, uppon three several markett dayes, between William Faythorne of the parish of St. Dunstan in the West, Lond., Stationer, and Judith Grant, daughter of Henry Grant of Michael's, Cornhill, aged 24," are of special interest.

An early eighteenth-century entry records that on Oct. 25, 1706, the marriage took place, by licence, of "John Wilkes of St. Andrews, Holborn, and Margaret Raine"; while ten years later, on Sept. 10, Gabriel Beckford of Whit Parish, Wiltshire, was married here, to Hannah Barnard "of Ffinchley"; and, perhaps more interesting still, on May 3, 1824, Lamb's friend, George Dyer, was wedded to Honour Mather here.[1]

Besides those already incidentally mentioned as having been interred here, the Burial Registers furnish us with some more notable names. For instance, on Jan. 6, 1567, "Lady Margaret Neville," one of the Fetter Lane family which gave its name to Neville's Court, was buried here; on Jan. 16, 1616, Arthur Quarles, a relative of Francis Quarles of *Emblems* fame, was laid to rest; and on April 22, 1633, "Anne Quarles daughter of Francis Quarles was buryed"; and another poet, Thomas Campion, described as a "Doctor of Physicke," on March 1, 1620. In the same year (April 1) we find an entry recording the burial of "Margaret Talbot, widow," to whose monumental inscription I have already referred; and on March 30, 1627, Simon Wadlow, Vintner, was buried here "out of Fleet Street," he being the well-known proprietor of the Devil Tavern.[2] There are a number of entries in the Registers referring to Izaak Walton and his family; his son Henry being buried on March 21, 1634, and his wife on Aug. 25, 1640; while Thomas Grinsell, to whom Izaak Walton was apprenticed, is recorded as being buried here, on March 5, 1645, and Mrs. Grinsell, "in the body of the church out of Chancery Lane," two years later. Among other entries we find: "1632, April 16. The Rt. Hon'ble George Lord Baltimore, from the back of the Bell"; a number referring to the Marshall family, the most important being: "1675. Edward Marshall buried in the church from Whtfryers"; and "1678, April 12. Joshua Marshall buried in ye church from Bridewell halle"; "1681, May 3. James Farr, buried in St. Anne's Chapel from Fleet Street"—this being the famous proprietor of the 'Rainbow'; "1622, April 30. Mary the wife of Mr. Thomas Johnson was buried," being one of the family from whom Johnson's Court was named, and whose husband, "citizen and merchant taylor," was a benefactor to St. Dunstan's; "1690, Sept. 9. Jonathan Swift a child owte of Whitefryers"—not the great man, however, who was twenty-three at this time; "1732, Nov. 21. Christopher Pinchbeck from Fleet Street," the inventor of the metal which goes by his name; "1782, Feb. 14. Benjamin Martin from Fleet Street, East Vault," a well-known optician and writer on scientific subjects, who lived at 172 Fleet Street; "1793, Nov. 9. John Murray, from Fleet Street, North Vault," founder of the great publishing house of Murray; and, "1856, Nov. 4. Edward West from 29 Fleet Street, in the Catacombs;" he being the last person buried in St. Dunstan's.

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[1] In this connection (Lamb's, I mean), it will be remembered that the toy-shop mentioned in *Mrs. Leicester's School* was situated near St. Dunstan's.

[2] See chapter on 'Fleet Street Taverns.'

The Registers prove what havoc the various plagues made in this quarter of London. Some of the entries are marked with a P. after the names; others simply consist of the word "Stranger," or more significantly, " Died in the Street," or " Out of the fields." The P. appears against no fewer than 568 entries during three months in 1665 !

Apart from the regular registers, the archives of St. Dunstan's contain a certain *Register of the Presentments of the Enquest of Wardmote*, a folio volume in which are duly set down, from the year 1558, when it was given by one William Forest, till 1824, the shortcomings of the disorderly and unneighbourly portion of the parish. Some of the presentments recorded have been alluded to in the chapter on 'Taverns.' Another point of interest in the entries, is that relating to the various charities in which St. Dunstan's was rather well off, among the benefactors being found Thomas Grinsell and Joshua Marshall. These charities included fifteen money trusts, six in bread, and four in coal.[1]

In connection with them must be mentioned the Free Grammar School, which was founded[2] by Queen Elizabeth, at the instance of Sir Nicholas Bacon and Sir William Cecil, in 1561. Although in the original deed this school was intended " for ever to continue," it seems to have come to an abrupt and somewhat mysterious end about the middle of the seventeenth century, the last appointment to it being dated, we are told, in 1632. Noble did his best to find out the reason for this, but without success. There was, however, subsequently an Infant and Charity School attached to the church, which benefited under the provisions of the 'Mathematical Charity' founded by Joseph Neale in 1705.

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[1] Noble.

[2] Perhaps 'refounded' would be a better word, if the tradition that the school was originally founded by Henry VI., in the twenty-fourth year of his reign, can be substantiated.

One of the most interesting facts connected with St. Dunstan's is the number of notable men who have been connected with the ministrations here. Thus William Tyndale did duty here from 1528 to 1536; Dr. Thomas White,[1] noted for his charities and for his foundation of Sion College, was vicar from 1575 to 1623; Dr. Donne was connected with the church from 1624 to 1631; and Dr. Bates, known, on account of his eloquence, as the 'silver-tongued,' was vicar from 1652 to 1661, but at the Restoration had to leave, and thereupon set up his 'Conventicle' at "Mr. Munday's, a Coffee-House *over* Temple Bar Gate," I suppose in the room afterwards used by Messrs. Child's Bank.[2] However, he was here again later, for we find Pepys going to hear him on Aug. 10 and 17, 1662, on both of which occasions the Diarist was struck by the eloquence of the sermon and the vast crowds that flocked to hear the preacher; indeed, on his second visit Pepys had to squeeze in at a back door; and when he again went, later in the same day, to hear the remainder of Bates's discourse, he was similarly incommoded. Five years later, he paid another visit to St. Dunstan's, when the Rev. John Thompson was vicar. On this occasion, however, his attention was so largely occupied by two "pretty modest maids," whose hands he tried to squeeze (in the second instance, successfully), that he could hardly have paid very much attention to the "able sermon" he professes to have heard.

Richard Baxter was preacher at St. Dunstan's from 1652 to 1661, and, according to Roger North, "He (Lord Keeper Guilford) once heard (Titus) Oates preach at St. Dunstan's, and much admired his theatrical behaviour in the pulpit."

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[1] There is a memorial to him in the church, set up late in the nineteenth century.

[2] See chapter on 'Temple Bar.'

Dr. Sherlock was a lecturer here in 1691, and from 1749 to 1795 the famous William Romaine, in spite of strenuous opposition, drew crowded congregations. Romaine was one of the most popular men of the day, but a disagreement between him and the then Vicar of St. Dunstan's resulted in all kinds of impediments being put in the way of his preaching; so that, it is said, the lights having been cut off, he was obliged more than once to preach by a single candle, which he held in his hand! The crowds which flocked to hear him caused disturbances in the street, and the pew-opener reaped a large harvest, his emoluments from showing people into seats, and perhaps keeping places for favoured ones, amounting to no less than £50 a year.[1] The Rev. A. B. Suter, afterwards a Colonial bishop, who was a subsequent vicar, should also be remembered, if only for his interesting pamphlet on *The Worthies of St. Dunstan's*. He was followed by the Rev. Edward Auriol, a Canon of St. Paul's.

The present church was begun in 1831, and consecrated on July 31, 1833; a portion of the old building being allowed to remain, as a sort of screen,[2] till August 1832, when it was removed. The tower of the new church, with the graceful open lantern surmounting it, is one of the most successful works of its architect, James Shaw (who, by the bye, built the Great Hall of Christ's Hospital), and is not unworthy to stand in proximity to Wren's incomparable steeple at St. Bride's. It is built of yellow freestone, and was copied from that of St. Helen, at York; it is 130 feet high. The church is octagonal in plan, is built of brick, and is in the Perpendicular Style. The altar is at the north end, and the window over it contains stained glass by Thomas Willemont. One of his earliest productions, it was placed there in memory of the Rev. E. Auriol.

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[1] Malcolm

[2] Britten.

Among the monuments which may be seen in the present church, having been removed from the old building, is one in the south-west recess dated 1563 and inscribed: "Gerardi Legh, generosi et clari viri interioris Templi socii Tumulus," with a long Latin 'conversation' following. There is also a memorial to Matthew, tenth son of George, Lord Carew, which was for long illegible. It begins with the words: "Qui es? Unde venis? Quo vadis?" and states that the said Matthew, who was a doctor of law, "lived under four kings and two queens, and attended the Court of Chancery 33 years, under five Chancellors and Keepers of the Great Seal." It concludes thus: "Oh! how many, and how strange things have I seen! I have lived long enough for myself, if sufficiently for God. Thoroughly tired of the levity, vanity, and inconstancy of this life, I seek an eternal one, that I may enjoy God, and rest in peace. Amen." In the same part of the church there is also an interesting brass, luckily preserved, consisting of two kneeling figures, and bearing this inscription on a plate beneath them: "Here lyeth buryed the body of Henry Dacres, Cetezen and Marchant Taylor and sumtyme Alderman of London; and Elizabeth his wyffe, the whych Henry deceased the —— day of —— the yere of our Lord God, MD^{c}.—— and the said Elisabeth deceased the xxiiird day of Apryll, the yere of our Lord God, MD^{c}. and xxx."

There are also several memorials to the Hoare family, particularly noticeable being that to Sir Richard Hoare, Lord Mayor of London in 1745.[1]

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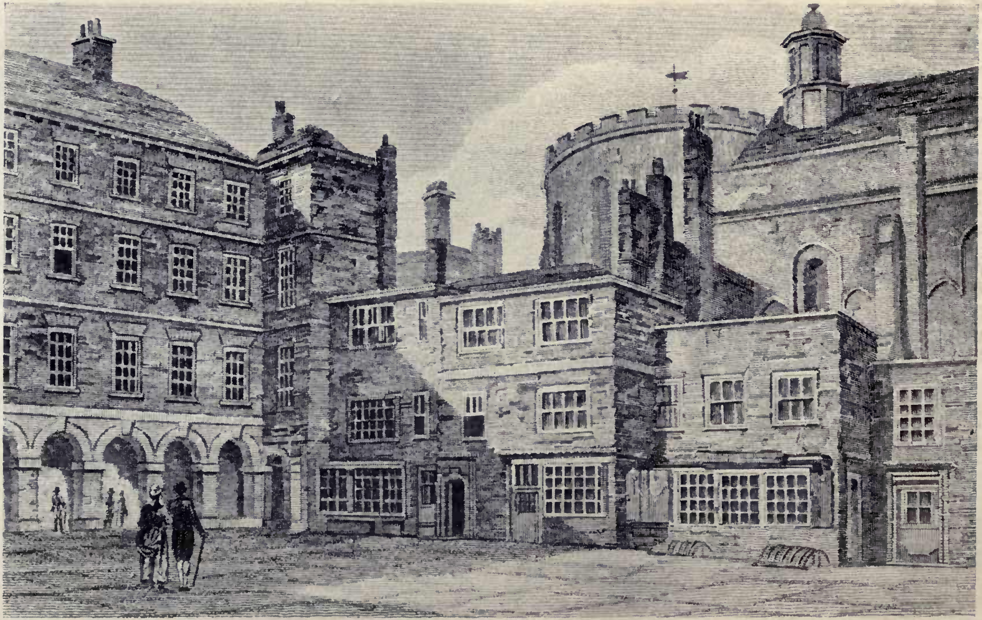
[1] A good architectural account of the church is given in Godwin and Britten's *Churches of London.*



THE TEMPLE CHURCH, WITH OLD BUILDINGS.

To face page 207.

In early days there was a rectory or parsonage house attached to St. Dunstan's, for in 1347 Clifford's Inn and its appurtenances being granted to David de Wollane (Commissioner for the Great Seal in 1354), he, in 1363, conveyed to John de Brampton, then parson of the church, " one messuage with the appurtenances in the parish of St. Dunstan's-in-the-West, for the residence of the rector of the church aforesaid for ever." For over three hundred years this was attached to the church, but in 1691, Noble tells us, " the impropriate rectory was devised with the advowson to Mr. Samuel Grant, brother of the vicar, and he, about two years later, consented to the sale of the rectory house to a vintner." The site of this house was where No. 183 Fleet Street now is.

We cannot leave St. Dunstan's without remembering that this was the church which Trotty Veck visited, as readers of the *Chimes*, who remember Stanfield's vignette on page 88 of that book, will hardly need reminding ; and it was about its bells that Maclise's weird sprites (see the frontispiece and page 92) swarmed and clustered.

The Temple Church

Although the Temple Church (properly the church of St. Mary, London), as an integral part of the Temple, might have been dealt with together with the Inn of Court in whose precincts it stands, it seemed more convenient to notice it in the chapter devoted to Fleet Street churches, of which it is the oldest and in some respects the most notable. Its special interest lies in the fact that it was the place of worship of that famous fraternity the Knights Templars, before they fell from the great position they once held ; and also because it is the largest and best-known of the five round churches remaining in this country.[1]

The circular portion of the building was consecrated on Feb. 10, 1185, by Heraclius, Patriarch of Jerusalem, who had come to this country, with the Grand Master of the Templars, to try and interest Henry II. in the Crusades. Fabian, who records the circumstance, tells us that, failing in his object, Heraclius's rage became ungovernable; but, to quote the chronicler, "The kynge . . . kepte his pacience and sayd, 'I maye not wend out of my londe, for myn owne sonnes wyll aryse agayne me when I were absent.' 'No wonder,' sayde the patryarke, 'for of the devyll they come, and to the devyll they shall go,' and so departed from the kynge in great ire."[2]

It seems probable that Heraclius had dedicated the new church before his interview with Henry.

There was once the following inscription, in a half-circle, in Saxon characters, set up on the building, commemorative of its foundation :—

+ ANNO · AB · INCARNA
TIONE · DOMINI · $\overset{\circ}{\mathrm{M}}$.C.L.X.X.X.$\overset{\circ}{\mathrm{V}}$
DEDICATA ÷ HEC · ECCLESIA · IN · HONO
RE · BEATE · MARIE · A · $\overline{\mathrm{DNO}}$ · ERACILO · DEI · $\overline{\mathrm{GRA}}$
$\overline{\mathrm{SHE}}$ · RESVRECTIONIS · ECCELESIE · PATRI
ARCHA · IIII · IDUS · FEBRVARII · $\overset{\mathrm{I}}{\mathrm{Q}}$ · $\overline{\mathrm{EA}}$ · ANNATIM .
PE$\overline{\mathrm{TE}}$TIB · DE · IIVNTA · $\overset{\mathrm{I}}{\mathrm{S}}$ · PENI$\overline{\mathrm{TET}}$IA · LX · DIES ·
INDVLSIT.

---

[1] The other four are those at Cambridge, Northampton, Ludlow, and Little Maplestead, Essex. These churches, with the round portion at the west end of the oblong, were copied from the Holy Sepulchre.

[2] Stow, in his *Annales*, however, tells us that the King promised the Patriarch 50,000 marks of silver towards the expenses of the Crusade.

A copy of this inscription was made in 1811, and inscribed inside the church, over the west door. Pegge, in his *Sylloge of Inscriptions*, records the interesting fact that the indulgence mentioned is the earliest example of the kind he had met with.[1]

The circular portion of the church is now only used as a kind of vestibule to the oblong addition forming the choir, which was completed in 1240, and is a fine and pure example of Early English architecture—so fine, indeed, that it has been said of it that " no building in existence so completely develops the gradual and delicate advance of the Pointed Style over the Norman, being commenced in the latter and finished in the highest of the former. The choir, or oblong part, is decidedly the most exquisite specimen of Early Pointed architecture existing." [2] There is a question as to whether there was originally an extension of the church to the eastward, particularly as Stow speaks of the edifice as being " again dedicated and belike also *re*-edified " in the year 1240 ; but, however this may be, the present choir is considerably later than the round part of the church.

The building is entered by a very fine and noticeable semicircular arched doorway, supported by columns with enriched capitals ; and this entrance, together with the ' Round Church ' to which it gives immediate access, is a mixture of the Anglo-Norman Circular with the Early Pointed Style,[3] known as the ' intermediate.'

As this part of the building is of great architectural importance, I will set down a few technical remarks made about it by Godwin and Britten in their *Churches of London*: "An aisle is formed within the area by six clusters of columns, each consisting of four insulated shafts banded together near the centre for support, and bearing pointed arches, the soffits of which are divided into several mouldings. Above these arches, and on the same face (thus making the upper diameter of the building withinside less than the lower by the whole width of the aisle on each side), is a triforium, or gallery passing round the whole circumference, and adorned by a series of interlaced arches; while in the clerestory above occurs, over each archway, a semicircular window. From the abacus of each of the clustered columns (which is peculiar in its plan) rises a single shaft on the face of the triforium and clerestory to the top of the building, and from this spring ribs which support a flat ceiling, apparently, however, not original. The groining over the aisle, which is simple, is formed by cross-springers from the clustered columns to single columns attached to the external wall of the building, and has enriched bosses at the intersections. Upon the wall of the aisle there is a continued arcade adorned by a billet-moulding, and short columns with enriched capitals; and in the spandrels occurs a series of sculptured heads which are of masterly design, and display astonishing variety of character."

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[1] Weever supposed that a much earlier church stood here ; but if that was so, we have no certain record of the fact.

[2] Quoted by Bumpus in his *London Churches*, where he gives a most interesting account of the Temple Church and its architecture.

[3] Britten.

These heads were sculptured in Caen stone, but those now in existence are copies in Portland stone,[1] put there when this portion of the church was restored in 1827, under the direction of Sir Robert Smirke; a restoration commemorated by an inscription in the most easterly window of the aisle. In 1839, further alterations were begun, and these lasted till 1842, costing in all some £70,000. As a result, the present appearance of the building, especially in the choir, is that of a modern replica of old work. It was during this restoration that many of the monuments were moved from their original positions.

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[1] Those on the north are supposed to represent Henry II. presenting the charter of a foundation to three Templars; and on the south, Heraclius with three attendants.

There is a turret to the north, at the juncture of the circular portion and the choir, in which is a tiny room, 4 ft. 6 in. long by 2 ft. 6 in. wide, approached by a small well-staircase. The object of this apartment is not exactly known, but as from it the altar may be seen through a 'squint,' it is suggested that it was appropriated to the ringer of the Sanctus Bell,[1] or more probably as a penitential cell, for it was here that Walter le Bacheler, Grand Preceptor of Ireland, is said to have been starved to death for disobeying the orders of the Master of the Templars.[2] Before the restoration of 1824, two small rooms existed on the south side of the circular portion of the church, reached by a doorway from the aisle; but these were removed, much to the external improvement of the building.

Apart from the beauty and interest of the 'Round Church,' and its importance as an architectural expression, its most noticeable features are the two groups of sepulchral effigies which, mutilated as they are, are of the greatest importance. These are placed on each side of the aisle, and are carved in freestone. They represent 'associates' of the Temple, and are probably identical with the "eight images of armed knights" mentioned by Stow, although there are really nine of them. Like the other monuments which suffered, as did the whole building, from so-called restoration, they do not mark the place where those commemorated were buried; and besides, they have been greatly spoilt, not only by the defacements of the ignorant, but by the attentions of those who ought to have known better.[1] The knights are represented in chain armour with surcoats, and bear shields of varying length: with one exception, they lie on cushions, their feet resting on a recumbent lion or other animal. Six of them are cross-legged, which proves them to represent knights who either went to Palestine and laid their swords on the Holy Sepulchre, or even contributed money to the Crusades, or perhaps those who actually fought in the Holy Wars, although this particular attitude is not, as was once thought, peculiar to the latter.[2] One of them has a monk's cowl on his head, and one is bareheaded, but the rest are covered with mail-hoods.

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[1] Mr. Worley, in his interesting little book on the church, reminds us that Roger de Hoveden in his *Chronicle* refers to the bells here, and their being stopped, as objectionable to Geoffrey, Archbishop of York, when he was lodging in the Temple in 1192.

[2] His body was removed at daybreak and buried by Brother John de Stoke and Brother Radulph de Barton, in the middle of the court between the church and the hall. See Addison's *Temple Church*, p. 75.

Those on the north side, *i.e.* our left as we enter the 'Round' from the street, are supposed to represent (1) Geoffrey de Magnaville, Earl of Essex, described as "Homo audacissimus et magnarum virium," and "Vir ferocissimus,"[3] who was killed on Sept. 14, 1144, while besieging Burwell Castle, Cambridgeshire, in an insurrection against Stephen. He died excommunicated, and it is said that his body remained hanging in the Templars' orchard till, it having been proved that he had repented during his last moments, it was buried in the Temple Church. Weever does not mention his monument, but Gough states that the earliest instance of arms on a shield which he had met with was on this very tomb.

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[1] In 1840, Mr. Edward Richardson restored them, in the main carefully; but he covered them with a coating of bronze paint, and thus effaced the gold and colour distinctions which could be faintly traced before he began his work.

[2] Instances are known of female effigies in this position. See Miles's *History of the Crusades*, vol. ii. p. 9.

[3] Will. de Novoburgo, *Hist. Anglicana*, vol. i. p. 35.

The effigy lying next, carved in Purbeck marble, and said to be the oldest in the church, cannot be identified. There is no cushion beneath the head, which is enveloped in a hood; the legs are uncrossed, and the shield is a perfectly plain one. All we can say is that the figure represents a Knight Templar, although the fact that he has no sword is curious. It may be that the presence of a shield alone indicates that the person represented was ready to defend the cause of Christianity with monetary or other help, but that he took no active part in the Crusades.

We can attribute no more certain identity to the two other effigies forming this group, one of which only has crossed legs. One of them has his sword on the right side, supposed by some to indicate a Crusader, and his helmet covers his mouth; the other has his hands joined in prayer, and his feet rest on two small heads, probably intended to represent Saracens.

The group on the south side contains (1) the figure said to represent William Mareschall, Earl of Pembroke, the great and powerful noble who held so many high offices, and under whose ægis Henry III. reissued the Great Charter. He died on May 14, 1219. This monument is carved in Sussex marble, and the Earl's sword is shown thrust through a lion's head. Camden speaks of reading on the upper part of the tomb the words:—

> "Comes Pembrochiæ,"

and on one side:—

> " . . . Miles eram Martis,
> Mars multos vicerat armis."

Next him lies his son, William Mareschall, Earl of Pembroke, who married, *en second noces*, Eleanor, daughter of King John, and who died on April 24, 1231. He is described by Roger de Wendover as "In militia vir strenuus." His effigy is a larger one than that of his father, and is distinguishable from the fact that the sword attached to it hangs on the left side of the figure, and is being drawn or sheathed by the right hand. Below the figure of William Mareschall the elder is an effigy supposed to represent his third son, Gilbert Mareschall, the fourth Earl of Pembroke, who was killed in a tournament at Ware on June 27, 1242.[1] He also is shown drawing his sword or returning it to its scabbard, and his left leg is twisted over the right, the foot being planted on a dragon. His body was brought to the Temple for burial, although its internal portion was interred in St. Mary's Church at Hertford.

The figure beside him has not been identified, and may therefore simply be called a knight Crusader. It is carved in Purbeck marble; the legs are crossed, the shield plain, and the sword worn on the left side, the right hand resting on the breast. A much smaller figure lying apart by the south wall of the 'Round' represents a youthful knight having a cowl about his head, although his hands are mailed. Pennant conjectures that he was represented thus, "as if, according to a common superstition, he had desired to be buried in the dress of a monk, lest the evil spirit should take possession of his body." There is some uncertainty as to whom this figure represents. Weever, on the authority of an MS. in the Cottonian Library, thought it was Robert de Ros, a Templar, who gave the manor of Ribston to the fraternity, and who died in 1245; on the other hand Gough, following Bishop Tanner, assigns it to the second Lord Ros, as the actual donor of Ribston, who died in 1227. It certainly bears the arms of the Ros family. Opposite this figure is a stone coffin which Gough conjectures to have contained the body of William Plantagenet, the fifth son of Henry III., who died in 1256, and who was certainly buried somewhere in the church; although one would hardly have thought that a child would have required so large a coffin.[1]

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[1] Doyle's *Baronage*.

Had Henry II.'s wishes been fulfilled, that monarch would have been laid to rest in the Temple Church instead of at Fontevrault, and the Purbeck marble sarcophagus which still remains is by some said to have been intended for his queen, Eleanor of Aquitaine, but her effigy is also at Fontevrault.

During one of the restorations of the 'Round Church' (in 1841) certain sarcophagi were discovered, and the coffins they contained were temporarily removed, but were subsequently reinterred beneath the pavement of the dome. The remains of those who were buried in these coffins crumbled to dust on being removed; none of them were buried in armour; and the coffin ornaments dated not earlier than the beginning of the thirteenth century.[2]

In the triforium, a passage ten feet wide, encircling the 'Round,' and reached by a staircase in the wall, are several tombs, which seemed to Lamb's childish eyes "replete with devout meaning," removed from the space below. One of these is a coloured kneeling figure of Richard Martin, Recorder of London, and

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[1] The description given of these tombs in Hare's *Walks in London* is misleading; that in Godwin's and Britten's *Churches of London* bristles with inaccuracies. Those in Addison's *The Temple Church*, and Burge's book on the same subject, are safer guides, but best of all is that in Mr. Worley's book.

[2] Bumpus.

Reader of the Middle Temple, 1615, bearing the following inscription :—

> " Salve Lector
> Martinus jacet hîc ; si nescis cetera, quare
> Interea tumuli : sis memor ipse tui.
> Vale, Jurisconsulti.
> Accedit totum precibus quacunque recedit,
> Litibus eternum sic tibi tempus erit."

Martin is shown kneeling with an open book held by his right hand on a desk before him. He wears a large ruff, and the drapery of his gown is cleverly carved.

Another, also coloured,[1] is an effigy resting under a canopy, and commemorating the learned jurist, Edmund Plowden, who died in 1584, and whom Fuller praises for his combination of learning and honesty.[2] Close by, too, is the tablet to the memory of James Howell, who died in 1666, and whose letters—*Epistolæ Ho-Elianæ*, abound, as Warton says, with so much entertaining and useful information concerning the reigns of James I. and his successor.

Among other tablets in this part of the church, many of which are of elaborate design, and some coloured, may be mentioned those to the memory of Edward Turner, 1623, and his son Arthur, 1651 ; to Clement Coke, son of the great Lord Chief Justice, dated 1629 ; to Roland Jewkes, one of Selden's executors, 1665 ; to John Morton, 1668 ; to Miss Mary Gandy, who died at the early age of twenty-two (with a long poetical inscription), 1671 ; to Sir Thomas Robinson, 1683 ; to George Treby, 1700 ; William Freman, 1701 ; William Petyt, Treasurer of the Inner Temple, and keeper of the Records of the Tower, 1707 ;

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[1] Brayley, in his *Londiniana*, says, " recently repainted in the style of former ages."

[2] His name is perpetuated in Plowden Buildings.

and particularly noticeable is that to Mrs. Anne Littleton, wife of Edward Littleton of the Inner Temple, and daughter of John Littleton of Franklyn, Worcestershire, who died in 1623, which bears an elaborate coat of arms supporting an hour-glass flanked by wings.

There are also memorials here to Peter Pierson; Daines Barrington, known to readers of Lamb's *Essays* as an 'oddity' who "walked burly and square"; to Lord Thurlow, who died in 1806, and is commemorated by a bust; to W. Moore (1814), whose monument, representing a woman mourning over an urn, was the work of Flaxman; and to others. The marble slab erected to the memory of Goldsmith was set up in 1837, and a tablet commemorating the renovation of the church bears the date of 1736.

Manningham, in his *Diary*, gives the following epitaphs, as being in the Temple Church in 1602:—

> "Hic jacet corpus Bellingham, Westmorlandiensis, generosi et nuper Socij Medii Templi, cuius relligionis synceritas, vitæ probitas, morumque integritas, eum maxime, commendabant: obijt 10 Decembr, 1586, ætatis suæ 22°."

And on the south side of a pillar this:—

> D. O. M.
>
> "Rogerio Bisshopio, illustris interioris Templi Societatis quondam studioso, in florentis ætatis limine morte immatura prærepto, qui ob fœlicissimam indolem, moresque suavissimos, magnum sui apud omnes desiderium relinquens, corpus humo, amorem amicis, cœlo animum dicavit.
>
> "Monumentum hoc amoris et mœroris perpetuum testem charissimi posuere parentes.
>
> "Obijt 7° Sept. 1597: ætatis suæ 23."

Nothing that finds a place in Gibbon's *Autobiography* can be considered uninteresting, and one passage, which refers to one of his ancestor's tombs in the Temple Church, has a special right to be given here. The ancestor referred to was Edmund Gibbon. After describing his family arms, containing the three scallop shells, the historian of the *Decline and Fall* thus proceeds: "I should not, however, have been tempted to blazon my coat of arms were it not connected with a whimsical anecdote. About the reign of James I., the three harmless scallop shells were changed by Edmund Gibbon, Esq., into three ogresses, or female cannibals, with a design of stigmatising three ladies his kinswomen, who had provoked him by an unjust lawsuit. But this singular mode of revenge, for which he obtained the sanction of Sir William Seager, King-at-arms, soon expired with its author, and on his own monument in the Temple Church the monsters vanish, and the three scallop shells resume their proper and hereditary place."

Before turning to the other parts of the Temple Church, I would remind the reader that the 'Round' portion was, in the days of James I., frequented by the more questionable inhabitants of the neighbouring Alsatia, as well as by those who gained a livelihood or amused themselves by strolling here and elsewhere within the Temple precincts. These 'Knights of the Posts,' as they were called, are specially mentioned by Ben Jonson in *The Alchemist*, as making appointments at, or walking in, the 'Round.' Middleton also speaks of a client meeting his lawyer in the Temple Church;[1] and both Butler (*Hudibras*) and Otway (in *The Soldier's Fortune*) refer to the habit, and show that it existed down to the end of the seventeenth century.

The choir of the Temple Church was originally completed, as I have mentioned, in 1240, it being

[1] *Father Hubburd's Tales*, 1604.

consecrated on Ascension Day in that year. Mr. Bumpus calls it "a magnificent transcript of the eastern chapels of Southwark Cathedral, being, like them, vaulted throughout upon pillars of equal height," and he adds that it is "probably about the most perfect specimen in England of this beautiful mode of construction." Like the 'Round Church,' it has been much restored—restored away, many think, by Smirke. The ornamentation of the ceiling is, of course, wholly modern, but the black and white banner of the Templars is frequently introduced, and their war-cry, 'Beauséant,' can be read there.

In the south aisle is the monument of Sylvester de Everdon, Bishop of Carlisle from 1246 to 1255, in which year he died. It is hidden behind the stalls in front of it, and might therefore easily be overlooked. At one time this effigy—reclining, with crosier in one hand, the other raised in benediction—was supposed to represent the Patriarch Heraclius, and it was Gough who first made the more probable suggestion that it commemorated Bishop Sylvester de Everdon. On Dec. 7, 1810,[1] according to Godwin and Britten, the tomb was opened, and within was found the entire skeleton of a man wrapped in lead, with a portion of the crosier by his side. Signs were present that the tomb had been previously tampered with, and the absence of the episcopal ring gives some point to the suggestion that it was probably rifled by the followers of Wat Tyler when they made havoc of so much property in Fleet Street. A more difficult point for solution is the fact that within the tomb were also found portions of the skeleton of a child. There is no possibility of ascertaining whose body this was; but it has been suggested that it was no other than that of the William Plantagenet whose burial here has already been referred to as taking place in 1256; though it is not clear why a king's son should have been made to share a bishop's resting-place. Perhaps it was found, at some subsequent time, and placed here as a convenient receptacle. On the other hand, it may have been some less exalted personage — a young kinsman of Sylvester, perhaps.

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[1] Brayley (*Londiniana*) and Allen (*History of London*) say 1811, but it is of no moment.

Another noticeable monument, although a modern one, is the bust of Richard Hooker, which is on the west wall of the south choir-aisle. The bust rests on two volumes of the *Ecclesiastical Polity.* On the head is a square collegiate cap; and the face, adorned by moustache and pointed beard, represents appropriately a youngish man—for Hooker was but thirty-three when he was appointed Master of the Temple by Queen Elizabeth in 1585. He held the appointment only six years—years marked by those constant controversies between him and Walter Travers, the Reader, which caused Fuller to remark that "the pulpit spake pure Canterbury in the morning, and Geneva in the afternoon."

On the north side of the same wall is the tablet—black marble with a gilded inscription—to one of the most famous men connected with the Temple, the grave and learned Selden. Selden's memorial is now close to the spot where he was buried, "near the steps where the Saints Bell hangeth," but at one time it was removed to the north-east corner of the church.[1] Selden, who died in Whitefriars on Nov. 30, 1654, was laid to rest on the following 14th of December. The inscription on the tablet (in Latin and English) gives the outlines of his life, but properly leaves the record of his purity and scholarship to speak for itself.

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[1] Worley.

In the *Diary* of John Manningham of the Middle Temple, for the years 1602–3, there are, as might be expected, several references to the Temple Church. The diarist was a constant attendant at various City churches, and has left notes of the sermons he heard. Among these, I find him at the Temple Church, sitting under Dr. Montague, afterwards Bishop of Winchester, on May 9, 1602; on the following 13th of the month he heard " one Moore of Baliol Colledge " there; on June 20, in the previous year, he listened to a discourse by Dr. Buckridge, later Bishop of Ely; and on Oct. 31, 1602, to " one Mr. Irland—a student of the Middle Temple." On another occasion he gives the points of a sermon preached here by " a good plaine fellow "; and on Feb. 6 he heard Dr. Abbot (he spells the name Abbottes), who was then Dean of Winchester, and in 1611 became Archbishop of Canterbury.

Pepys, too, has several references to the Temple Church, in his *Diary*. Thus, on Nov. 25, 1660, we find him attending service there and hearing Dr. Wilkins, Cromwell's brother-in-law, and afterwards Bishop of Chester, preach; again, on April 14, in the following year, he was there when Dr. Griffith, preacher at the Temple, gave a discourse; and on April 13, 1662, he was present when " a boy being asleep fell down a high seat to the ground, ready to break his neck, but got no hurt." Later, on Oct. 22, 1666, a Monday, we find the Diarist visiting the church and " looking with pleasure on the monuments and epitaphs," a pleasure he repeated on Nov. 22, 1667, when he " walked a good while in the Temple Church, observing the plainness of Selden's tomb, and how much better one of his executors hath, who is buried by him."[1]

Before Smirke's restoration, the organ, placed over a screen, entirely blocked up the central arch between the 'Round Church' and the choir; and even the other arches were filled up with plaster above, and with doors having glass panels beneath. These obstructions were properly removed; but when one is apt to scoff at the vandalism that placed them there, one must remember that in the days when the 'Round' was a loitering-ground for the idle or a place of meeting for the busy, it was necessary to screen off the main body of the church from such secular interruptions.[2]

Outside the church, on the north side, may be seen some heavy tombs, while the pavement is formed of flat gravestones removed from the floor of the church at the time of the restoration of the building; among them being those of Selden and Petyt. What attracts visitors, however, to this part of the ground is the unpretentious tomb of Oliver Goldsmith, with merely his name and the dates of his birth and death upon it. There is sufficient reason for this simple wording: first, because Goldsmith's fame has long since outsoared the necessity for a precise epitaph; and second, because, as a matter of fact, the exact position of the grave in which the poet was laid on the evening of Saturday, April 9, 1774, has never been identified. Search has been made by such as John Forster (whose *Life of Goldsmith* is the standard work on the subject), Sir

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[1] Selden's executors were Matthew Hale, John Vaughan, and Rowland Jewkes, to whom allusion is made, and who was buried here in 1665. Vaughan was also buried here in 1674.

[2] The font is a clever modern reproduction of the one in Alphington Church, near Exeter.

Frederick Pollock, Canon Ainger, and others, but without success; and in the Register can only be read the simple statement: "Buried, 9th April, Oliver Goldsmith, M.B., late of Brick Court, Middle Temple."

On the south side of the church is the churchyard proper, and here may be seen eight stone coffins of ancient date, which were discovered when the old vestry and its adjacent buildings were removed in 1861.

The conical top to the 'Round Church' was added in 1840, in place of the turrets on the tower which were formerly there, as may be seen in eighteenth-century views of the church, and which were removed as probably having been added long after the original structure was completed, during Tudor times; although at least one 'Round Church' is known with them dating from the period of its erection. The addition enables the building, otherwise securely hidden, to be seen from certain points (from Waterloo Bridge, for instance), but hardly adds to its beauty.

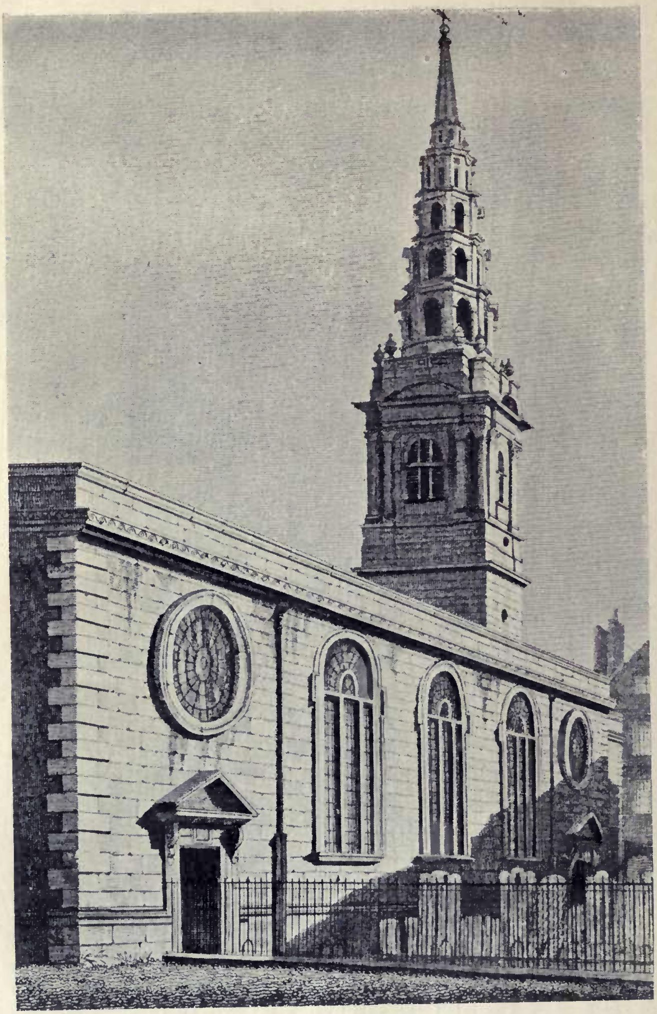
In earlier days, vandalism permitted a dwelling-house to be erected over the porch itself; but, curiously enough, we ought to be thankful for this, as it helped to preserve the old stone-work, which was merely encased, and which, when the addition was removed, appeared with a freshness seldom to be found in work dating from the twelfth century.

A word must be said about the organ, which is one of Father Smith's, having been purchased, in June 1688, for £1000. Mr. Worley tells us that there was a long 'Battle of the Organs,' as it was called, lasting over a year; the question being whether an instrument by Father Smith or Renatus Harris should be chosen. Dr. Blow and Purcell played on Smith's instrument; while that of Harris was manipulated by Baptist Braghi, organist to Queen Catherine at Somerset House. Judge

Jeffreys, as Lord Chancellor, finally gave the decision in favour of Smith.

As is generally known, a Master and a Reader are the two chief clergymen at the Temple Church—where, by the bye, it is customary to use the curious and interesting Bidding Prayer before the sermon, the congregation standing while it is repeated. Among the more notable of the Masters, who date from 1540, have been William Emsted, the first to be appointed Richard Hooker, 1585; John Gauden (who claimed to have written *Eikon Basilike*), 1660; William Sherlock, the theological pamphleteer and author of the *Discourse concerning Death*, 1684, and his son Thomas, Bishop of London, 1704; and Alfred Ainger, the biographer of Lamb, and the pleasant wit remembered by so many of us.

In 1869, Charles John Vaughan was appointed, and a friend tells me of a curious episode during his incumbency. It is not usual to have an offertory at the Temple Church, and an innovation of this kind is resented by the Benchers. Vaughan, however, determined to have one, and announced the fact. But he had reckoned without the powers exercised by the authorities of the Temple, who can, at their pleasure, on Sundays close the gates of the precincts to the outside world. The Sunday on which the offertory was to be instituted arrived. But lo! there was not a single attendant at the service. The members of the two Inns of Court made common cause, and refused to be present; while the outsiders were unable to get in. Dr. Vaughan, recognising that he was in the hands of a mightier power than his own, gave up his point with the best grace he could. No threepenny-bits need therefore be hoarded by those who desire to take part in one of the most beautiful



ST. BRIDE'S CHURCH.

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of services, or wish to hear some of the very finest church music and singing in London. What, however, they must be prepared for is the separation of the men from the women, which is too like the distinction between the sheep and the goats to be wholly pleasing to the male portion of the congregation, one thinks.

St. Bride's Church

The present church, dedicated to St. Bridget (or St. Bride, as it is now called), dates only from a year or two after the Great Fire. It was the work of Wren, and its famous spire, which Henley felicitously called a "madrigal in stone," is, with the exception of that of Bow Church, certainly the great architect's masterpiece in this direction.[1] There existed a church at this spot, however, at a far earlier period than the seventeenth century; although, unfortunately, very little is known of its history. It seems that this former church was but a small one, for Stow thus speaks of it :—

"Then is the parish church of St. Bridges, or Bride, of old time a small thing, which now remaineth to be the choir, but since increased with a large body and side aisles towards the west, at the charges of William Venor, esquire, warden of the Fleet, about the year 1480, all which he caused to be wrought about in the stone in the figure of a vine with grapes and leaves."

These architectural adornments were meant as a rebus on the name of the benefactor, which should probably have been more rightly spelt Viner.[2]

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[1] Flaxman did not appreciate it, and called it "an ugly thing, and better hid."

[2] Prior Bolton and his Bolt-in-Tun at St. Bartholomew's, Smithfield, will occur to the reader as a parallel instance. Sir Robert Viner's munificence to St. Mary Woolnoth was similarly perpetuated.

One of the earliest references we have to the original church occurs in the *Liber Albus*, where we read, under date of 1235, that "On Sunday, 25th April, a stranger named Henry de Battle slew Thomas de Hall on the King's highway, and fled for sanctuary to St. Bride's. Here he was guarded by the aldermen and sheriffs, till examined in the church before the constable of the Tower, the sheriffs, and others; when, upon confessing his crime, he abjured the realm." We know, too, on the authority of Strype, Maitland, and others, that St. Bride's had at least three Rectors before the year 1362, and that the advowson of the church belonged to the Abbot and Convent of Westminster, till they were dispossessed by Henry VIII. in 1539; while Riley[1] records that, in 1413, two priests connected with the church were charged with criminal offences and suffered imprisonment for their misdeeds.

Two other pieces of information about the church's history, prior to the Dissolution, may be mentioned. They are in the form of Patents preserved in the Record Office, the first of which bears date Oct. 9, 1509, and is directed to "Thomas Wolsey, King's Chaplain, Dean of Lincoln," granting to him the parsonage of St. Bride's, leased by the Abbot and Convent of Westminster to Sir Richard Empson, then attainted of high treason.[2] The second, dated Jan. 30, 1509–10, also grants to Wolsey, together with the messuage and garden (which had been demised to Empson for ninety-nine years on Nov. 26, 1508), the orchard, and no fewer than twelve gardens in the parish, between the said parsonage garden and the

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[1] *Memorials of London.*

[2] He was executed, together with Dudley, it will be remembered, in this, the first, year of Henry VIII.'s reign.

Thames, which had been demised to Empson by Thomas Docwra, Prior of St. John's.

After the Dissolution, Henry, having formed Westminster into a bishopric, bestowed St. Bride's upon the new See. When, however, Mary came to the throne, she restored the Abbot, and with him St. Bride's, to the resuscitated Convent. In the following reign this was again reversed, and the church has since then appertained to the Dean and Chapter of Westminster.

What the old building looked like can only be approximately arrived at from a study of ancient plans, which, although giving a sort of bird's-eye view of London, can hardly be said to do more than roughly indicate the outlines of its buildings. From Wyngaerde's "View" (1543) we can see, however, that the original church had a square tower with pinnacles at the corners, and that this tower rose rather to the west end (although not quite at the end) of the structure, bearing a not remote resemblance, but on a smaller scale, to that of Southwark Cathedral. On the south side was a large entrance, and the north then immediately abutted on Fleet Street. By the time Agas produced his "Map" (*circa* 1560), a dwelling-house appears to have been erected between the church and the thoroughfare; while in Faithorne and Newcourt's "Plan" of 1658 the edifice is shown as being quite surrounded by houses, with two narrow passages (the westerly one since enlarged into St. Bride's Avenue) leading to its extreme west and east ends.

Although William Venor or Viner added the body and west aisles to the church in 1480, as we have seen, no screen divided the two portions of the building till the year 1557; then, however, Stow tells us, "the partition betwixt the old work and the new, sometime prepared as a screen to be set up in the hall of the Duke of Somerset's house in the Strand, was bought for eightscore pounds, and set up." Just on forty years later, the same authority records: "One wilful body began to spoil and break the same; . . . but was by the high commissioners forced to make it up again." [1]

In the same year when this incident occurred (1596), Stow, in his *Annales*, records that "The 15th August, between the hours of eight and nine o'clock at night, a house of timber, lately set up very high, and not fully finished near to St. Bride's Church in Fleetstreete, suddenly fell down, and with it one old house adjoining, by the fall whereof the goodman named Cox with a man servant and a child were killed."

From Machyn's *Diary* [2] we glean some interesting information about burials in the old church. The first of these entries leaves the name of the church blank, but from a contemporary note in the Harleian MSS. recording the circumstance, we know that St. Bride's is indicated: "The xxv day of November (1558) was bered in sant . . . Flettstrett master Skynner sqwyre, on of the vj clarkes of the Chansere, with a harold of armes beyryng ys cote armur, and ys pennon of armes, and ij dosen skochyons of armes, and ij grett whyt branchys and xvj torchys and iiij great tapers; and mony morners, and all they of the Chanserey."

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[1] According to Stow, chantries were founded at St. Bride's by John Ulsthorpe, William Evesham, and John Wigan; but he gives us no further particulars.

[2] From the same source I take this entry: "1559. The xxj day of August dyd the veseturs sat at sant Brydes, doctur Horne and ij more, for ij churche-wardens and ij more wher sworne to bryng a truw envetore of the chyrche."

In the following year an unfinished entry tells us that "The x day of October was bered Bluw-mantyll the harold (John Hollingworth) the wyche latt was Rysbanke, in sant Brydes in Fletstrett."

Again, in 1562, we read: "The furst day of September was bered in the parryche of sant Brydes, in Fletstrett, master Hulsun skrevener of London and master Heyword's depute, and on of the masturs of Brydwell; and ther wher all the masturs of Brydwell with gren stayffes in ther handes, and the children of the hospetall, at ys berehyng; and ther was mony mornars in blake, and master Crowley dyd pryche; and there was grett ryngyng as ever was hard."

Later in the same year is this record: "The ij day of Desember was bered mastores Welles the . . . of master Clarenshux kyng of armes (William Harvey) with a palle of blake velvet . . . and master Clarenshux and the . . . wher the mornars, and browtt to the chyrche of sant Brydes; and master Phylpott made the sermon."

The last of these entries is in the beginning of the year 1563, and runs thus: "The xx day of Feybruary was bered at sant Brydes in Fletestrett master Denham sqwyre, and the chyrche ther was mad rayled and hangyd with blake and armes, and he was cared to the chyrche, a-for him a mornar bayryng a pennon of armes, and after cam a harold of armes bayryng ys cott armur, and then cam the corse with a palle of blake velvett with armes on yt, and iiij of ys men bare hym; and then the mornars, the cheyffe was ser Recherd Sakfeld,[1] and a xx mo mornars; and the dene of Westmynster mad the sermon."

Machyn has one record of a christening in St. Bride's, and it is interesting as being that of the daughter of the William Harvey referred to above. It took place in July 1562, the godfather being "Cordall[1] master of the rolles knyght," and the godmothers "my lade Bacon my lord keper's wyff, and my lade Sysselle[2] wyff of Sir Wylliam Sysselle."

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[1] Sackville, father of the first Earl of Dorset, of the Sackville line.

In addition to the burials mentioned by Machyn, a few others deserve to be recorded. Of these by far the most interesting was that of Wynkyn de Worde, the follower of Caxton, of whom I have something to say in another chapter. This great printer died about the year 1534 (his will was proved in January 1535), and he left directions that he should be buried before the high altar of St. Katherine, in St. Bride's. He bequeathed £36 to the parish for the purchase of land, for the purpose of providing, out of the rents of the property, a funeral service on the anniversary of his death, for ever. Yet is this day forgotten, and strangers to his kin must be enjoying the fruits of his bequest.

Others interred here were Richard Heywood, prothonotary of the King's Bench in 1570; the viscera of Thomas Sackville, first Earl of Dorset, who died on April 19, 1608, and whom Naunton, in his *Fragmenta Regalia,* describes as "a very fine gentleman of person and endowments"; Edward Semer, Lord Breeham, 1618; Sir Henry Lellow, Warden of the Fleet, 1630; Sir Henry Baker, the author of the well-known *Chronicles,* who died a prisoner in the Fleet in 1644; Henry Hopkins, Warden of the Fleet, 1655; and, more interesting, Richard Lovelace, the poet of the two imperishable lyrics, who died in 1658.

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[1] Sir William Cordell, Speaker in the fifth Parliament of Queen Mary, and knighted and made Master of the Rolls by that Queen. He founded a hospital at Long Melford. See the *Egerton Papers.*

[2] Cecil.

Six years later, Thomas Pepys, brother of the Diarist, died, and was buried in St. Bride's. In the *Diary* is the following reference to the circumstance :—

"March 18, 1663–64. . . . To church, and, with the grave-maker, chose a place for my brother to lie in, just under my mother's pew. But to see how a man's tombes are at the mercy of such a fellow, that for sixpence he would, as his own words were, 'I will justle them together but I will make room for him' ; speaking of the fulness of the middle aisle, where he was to lie."

After entertaining the mourners, Pepys, with his friends, followed the body to St. Bride's. "Anon to church," he says, "walking out into the street to the conduit, and so across the street : [1] and had a very good company along with the corps. And, being come to the grave as above, Dr. Pierson, the minister of the parish, did read the service for buriall : and so I saw my poor brother laid into the grave."

I may mention here that Pepys had previously visited the church on at least two occasions : once, on Feb. 16, 1661–62, when he heard Dr. Jacomb preach "a pretty good sermon, though not extraordinary" ; and again, on the following 10th of August, on which occasion he heard "one Carpenter, an old man, who, they say, hath been a Jesuite priest, and is come over to us ; but he preached very well."

The original burial-ground of the church was on its south side, almost abutting on the grounds of Dorset House. As this proximity was distasteful to the occupants of that mansion,[2] the second Earl of Dorset, who had only recently succeeded to the title, gave to the Parish, in 1610, a large piece of ground on the west side of Farringdon Street for a cemetery, on condition that the old ground should be disused. This arrangement was agreed to; but when, in 1666, Dorset House was burned down, the parishioners obtained an annulment of the restriction.[1] It seems probable that the new ground, large as it was, may have been quickly filled up during the Plague, and thus the Parish was glad to have additional room for its dead.

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[1] Thomas Pepys, therefore, probably lived on the north side of Fleet Street, in his father's house. Samuel speaks of going to this house on Jan. 1, 1660, and observing on the way "the great posts set up at the Conduit in Fleet Street."

[2] See Chapter II. for some further notice of it.

The Great Fire, which caused the destruction of Dorset House, burnt down St. Bride's Church, and practically nothing of the original seems to have escaped but the marble font which had been presented to the church by Henry Hothersall, in 1615, and the entrance to the vault of the Holden family, erected in 1657 on the north side of the building.

For a number of years the parishioners appear to have done without a church, probably attending at St. Dunstan's and other places of worship in the locality, for it was not till 1678 that Wren began the plans of the new edifice, and not till two years later that it was made ready for use. Even then it was not by any means complete, for, in 1699, it was further embellished, and it was not till Oct. 4, 1701, that the first stone of the tower and spire was laid, the whole being completed, even to the weathercock, in September 1703.[2]

Originally, the spire and tower were together 234 ft. 6 in. in height "from the surface of ye earth to ye top of ye cross,"[3] but in 1764, the steeple having been struck by lightning, it was lowered 85 feet. Noble tells us that the upper portion remained for many years in the yard of a stone-mason in Old

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[1] Godwin and Britten. [2] The Parochial Records. [3] *Ibid.*

Street, St. Luke's. Great damage was done both to the church and surrounding houses by the falling masonry on this occasion; and it was determined, in rebuilding the spire, to lower it permanently by eight feet, the work being entrusted to the City pavior and stone-mason and Mr. Staines (afterwards Sir William Staines), "so little taste unfortunately was then to be found in the parish." [1] The present height of the tower and steeple is therefore 226 feet. William Dickenson was the superintending surveyor under Wren in the building of St. Bride's; the cost of the whole being given as £11,430; while the damage done by the storm of 1764 was estimated at £3000.

There is no necessity to give here a detailed or technical description of either the exterior or the interior of St. Bride's, as, owing chiefly to the beauty of its spire, it is probably one of the best-known churches in London; and it has been fully dealt with in the large number of books devoted to the architectural masterpieces of the City. The repetition of design in the steeple has been, it is true, pointed at by the hypercritical as an example of want of inventiveness; but Wren's fame need fear nothing from such a charge. He has too clearly proved, in numberless instances, that when he chose he could be inventive to the top of his bent. His greatness here is precisely shown in the using of a repeated design in such a masterly way as to strip it of any appearance of monotony. The more one studies St. Bride's steeple the greater will be one's appreciation for the supreme architect who conceived it.

If the interior cannot rank with such masterpieces as those of St. Mary, Aldermary, or St. Stephen's, Walbrook, it has, nevertheless, the merit which is never absent from Wren's work: that of classical dignity and appropriateness. As in many of his interiors, one feels that a giant has here, perforce, cramped his ideas into little, and has applied to a relatively small building what would have been more suitable to a much larger structure. But, at the same time, the detail is so excellent, the parts so cleverly subordinated to the whole scheme, every point appears to have been so well thought out and adapted to the requirements of the church,[1] that St. Bride's may properly take its place among Wren's most successful ecclesiastical works.[2]

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[1] Allen, *History of London*. The spire was again struck in 1803, after which the authorities thought of putting up a conductor!

The east window, containing a stained-glass copy of Rubens's " Descent from the Cross," was executed by Mr. Muss in 1825. As has been well said: had Rembrandt treated the subject instead of Rubens, the darkness of much of this copy would have been appropriate; as it is, it does not give a very accurate idea of the original work.

Among those who have been buried in the churchyard or the church since the rebuilding, may be mentioned John Ogilby, who, besides various poems and translations (of Horace in particular), wrote *America: being the most accurate Description of the New World,* in 1671, and who died in 1676—he was thus buried here when no church stood on the spot; Thomas

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[1] Wren is even said to have chosen the brass alms-boxes, so that everything should be in character.

[2] As an example of Wren's attention to every detail, the following letter, hanging in the present eighteenth-century vestry of the church, and addressed to " Mr. Dove at his house in Salisbury Court," is interesting:—

" Sir,—I send you the rates corrected upon Mr. Kinnaird's paper according to the best of my judgement, which will serve you to make a bargain upon, and I believe it may be performed for the money in good materialls and good worke.—Your faithfull servant,

" Christopher Wren."

Flatman, the poet and miniature painter, who, dying on Dec. 8, 1688, was laid to rest " near to the rails of the Communion Table " in the church where his eldest son had been buried earlier; Francis Sandford, noted for his *Genealogical History of the Kings of England* and his *Account of the Coronation of James II.*, who died in the Fleet in 1693; Sir Edward Lutwich, knight, 1709; the Countess of Orrery, who lies in the chancel, 1710; Dr. Charles Davenant, M.P. for St. Ives, and son of Sir Charles Davenant (whose widow was also buried here), who died in 1710; Elizabeth Thomas (who, under the name of 'Corinna,' is known to readers of Pope's private letters), who was buried in the 'Fleet Market Ground' (given to the parish, in 1610, by Lord Dorset, as we have already seen) on Feb. 5, 1731, she being interred at the expense of Lady Delawar; and Robert Lloyd, the friend of Charles Churchill,[1] who died in the Fleet in 1764. Three years earlier (July 1761), there was laid to rest, under a flat stone, about the middle of the centre aisle, the man who is almost as much connected with this church and its neighbourhood as was Dr. Johnson with St. Clement's—Samuel Richardson, whose now well-nigh forgotten works once rivalled those of his so much greater contemporary, Fielding, and the names of whose novels, *Grandison*, *Clarissa*, *Pamela*, and the rest, roll glibly from the tongues of those who have never read a word written by their creator. There are also tablets here to the memory of James Molins, the surgeon, 1686; William Charles Wells, another doctor, a F.R.S. and author of the *Essay on Dew*, 1817; Alderman Waithman (who is commemorated by the column at Ludgate Circus), 1833; the Rev. John Pridden, curate of the parish for twenty-five years, 1825; to the wife and children of John Nichols, the historian of Leicestershire, 1776; to Isaac Romilly, F.R.S., 1759; and to Mrs. Dove, wife of the Rev. William Dove, once vicar of the parish.

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[1] *London Past and Present.*

The last burial here took place in February 1849, after which date they were disallowed.

The clergy connected with St. Bride's have numbered several notable men. There was, for instance, that John Cardmaker who was burnt at Smithfield for heresy in 1555; Thomas Fuller, the author of the *Holy State* and the *Worthies of England*, was once Lecturer here; Dr. Isaac Madox, who began life as an apprentice to a pastry-cook, and finally became Bishop of Winchester, 1759, was a curate here; while the vicars include Dr. John Thomas, who died Bishop of Rochester (one of the two John Thomases who reached this dignity, both of whom were, at the same time, chaplains to the King, were good preachers, and—squinted !), and Dr. John Blair, who was mathematical tutor to the Duke of York (1757), and wrote his *Chronological History of the World* three years earlier;[1] while that Mr. Palmer who was complained of in 1637 for omitting the Prayer for the Bishops and rest of the Clergy, and who was accustomed to sleep in St. Bride's tower in order to save money for the poor (he died in 1659—after being sequestrated in 1642) should by no means be forgotten.[2]

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[1] Noble tells us that St. Bride's was long noted for its tithe rate contests. A long lawsuit in 1645 was followed by others, until, in 1705–6, a final settlement was arrived at. The details need not detain us; but it appears that 'forgetting' to pay was very frequent. Even so early as 1523, John Rooper of Eltham left "To the Vycar of Saincte Brydes in London, for any tithes forgotten, xs"—a kind of conscience money, which may or may not have represented the whole of the deceased's indebtedness to the church !

[2] We learn that one Alexander Legh was presented to the living, in 1471, by the Abbot and Convent of Westminster.

No notice of St. Bride's would be quite complete without some reference being made to the bells, for which the church has long been noted. In 1710, Abraham Rudhall of Gloucester cast a set of ten for the church (two of them being recast in 1736), and on these (Jan. 11, 1717) the London Scholars rang the first complete peal of what is known as 5040 'grandsire caters' ever given. In the following year, two treble bells were added, and on Jan. 19, 1724, the first peal ever completed in England on twelve bells was rung; while two years later, the first peal of Bob Maximum was given.

It is said that people were wont to flock to St. Bride's from far and near to hear these bells when they were first placed here. A modern writer in *Fraser's Magazine* once put his affection for the bells of St. Bride's into a quatrain; here it is:[1]—

"Bells of St. Bride's, wheresoever I be,
My heart in the night-time must travel to thee;
They may say it is Cockney, and what not besides,
But I ne'er shall forget thee, Sweet Bells of St. Bride's."

St. Bride's Churchyard, where Milton once lived for a short time at the house of one Russel, a tailor, is now entered by way of St. Bride's Avenue (a name hardly appropriate to such a relatively small passage). This opening, an enlargement of a former narrow way, was made owing to a fire which destroyed some of the houses between the church and the street on Nov. 14, 1824. When the parishioners saw, for the first time, Wren's noble spire and tower from Fleet Street, they wisely took steps to keep the view open. Subscriptions were raised, meetings held, and finally, J. B. Papworth, the architect, was commissioned to design the improvement, which was estimated to cost some £7000, although it seems to have amounted, in the end, to considerably more.[1]

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[1] Quoted by Noble, from whose pages I gather these details. The psalm tune 'St. Bride's' was composed by Dr. Samuel Howard, who was organist here in 1780.

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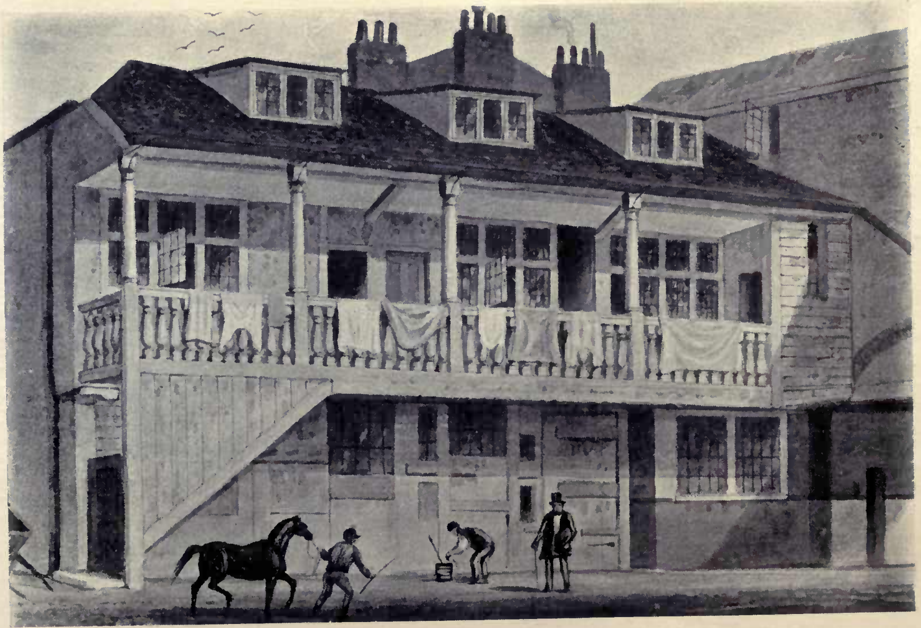
[1] I have reserved what there is to say about St. Bride's Avenue to the chapter dealing with the streets south of Fleet Street.



THE BLACK LION INN, WHITEFRIARS.

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CHAPTER VII

THE TAVERNS AND COFFEE-HOUSES OF FLEET STREET

INTERESTING and, in many cases, dating from early days as are the Strand taverns, those in Fleet Street are more interesting and of greater antiquity still. When they first came into existence in this part of London it is difficult to say, nor can we tell whether the edict of the Corporation against any sign over seven feet square hanging above the roadway, which was issued in 1388, refers to one or more in Fleet Street; we do know, however, that early in the following century Sir William Sevenoaks (so named because he was a foundling of that village), Lord Mayor of London, owned a brew-house here which was called the 'Cowpe on the Hoope,'[1] and which may conceivably have carried on the recognised business of a tavern, selling retail, as well as making, beer.

What is better established is that the vintners and their taverns, which were of mushroom-like growth in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries in this quarter, referred to by the writer of *Hudibras Redivivus* as

> ". . . that tippling street,
> Distinguished by the name of Fleet,"

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[1] The hostel called 'Le Walssheman sur le Hoope, in Fletstrete,' mentioned by Riley (*Memorials*), was probably identical.

were for long a source of trouble and inconvenience to their more sober neighbours, and were, as Noble terms them, "a disorderly race."

Thus he tells us that in 1558, in which year there were no fewer than twenty-six taverns in St. Dunstan's parish,[1] one was 'presented' "for mayntayning of a fforeigner to sell beer w^th^ in his hous"; another "for keepinge his tapstore vehementlie suspected of evill"; that in 1562 no fewer than sixteen tavern-keepers were indicted for "holdying house and typlers withn. the parishe for that they sell and utter their drinke by stone crewetts and potts nott seiled and wantnge measure"; that in 1576 one William Powell was presented "for keepinge victuallinge without a licence in a sellar at Temple Barre, under the house of Symon Cannon, and for receivinge of idle persons into the same sellar to eate and drinke," a crime of which the Widow Paneley, who kept a tavern in Whitefriars, was also found guilty in 1581; and that in 1644 one John Beardwell, of Crown Court, Chancery Lane, was prosecuted under the following circumstances:—

"For his house standinge in the same court within ye Freedom of ye Citty, hath a backe dore out into Middlesex whereby to free himself from the charge of the Citty and yt he doth drawe drinke without lycense, and that he useth to travell to Oxforde and other of the kinge's quarters."

Such attempts to cheat the Excise were not, by a long way, the worst crimes of which the Fleet Street tavern-holders were guilty in these days. Many of their premises were disorderly houses of the worst description, and we come across many being prosecuted on this score. Others were nuisances in various ways; and not a few, the Jerusalem Ordinary being the most notorious, were hotbeds of Jesuitism.[1]

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[1] Of these, two were brewers; eight, 'tipplers'; three, innkeepers; and thirteen, 'petty ostries.'

There is no doubt, too, that many of them were the constant scenes of those disturbances to which fermented liquor so frequently gives occasion. Indeed, one such broil is specifically mentioned in 1629, when the Lords of the Council wrote to the Lord Mayor requesting him "to shut up the taverns in Fleet Street from which the persons who caused the tumults there came; and to commit the masters of such taverns to the houses of such citizens as he should think fit."[2] Three of the taverns concerned in this broil, are known to us by the following entries in the *State Papers* where a second letter, dated July 21, from the Lords of the Council contains this passage: "As there did not appear any crime against widow Sutton, keeper of the Mitre Tavern, and John Marshall, keeper of the King's Head Tavern, they might be let out on bail"; while a third entry is in the form of an Order in Council, authorising the release of John Clopton, vintner, at the Globe Tavern, on bail.[3]

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[1] In the Harleian MSS. (6850, fol. 3) is a document giving a view of all the taverns between St. James's and the City in the reign of James I.

The following details gathered by Noble from the St. Dunstan's Registers, concerning the increase of Fleet Street taverns from 1558, when there were only twenty-six, are interesting. In 1600, there were twenty-nine; in 1625, thirty-seven; in 1631, fifty-eight; in 1636, fifty-two, with seventeen victuallers in Whitefriars; in 1650, seventy-four. A decrease then takes place, as in 1671 there are only sixty, and in 1700 thirty-seven. The coffee-houses were then springing into existence.

[2] *Domestic State Papers*, July 15, 1629, and *Remembrancia*.

[3] See also *Remembrancia*.

Such affairs as these seem to have drawn attention to the Fleet Street hostelries, and some years later—to be precise, in 1633—we find the Lord Mayor receiving an order from the Council to find out the number of such places of entertainment, with the result that eight are given as being in St. Bride's, Fleet Street; one in St. Martin's Without, Ludgate; and "Thomas Gilbert keepeth a tavern at the Bell Savage in Fleet Street," we are told, although this tavern was where Ludgate Hill (then called Fleet Street) now runs.

Of the eight hostelries mentioned, the DEVIL TAVERN, No. 1 Fleet Street, was one of the most famous and one of the oldest, its site being now occupied by the bank of Messrs. Child & Co.[1] The 'Devil,' or 'St. Dunstan's,' as it was at first styled, which had, appropriately, for its sign a representation of St. Dunstan pulling the Devil by the nose, is mentioned as even then being an old and well-known tavern, in the interlude called *Jacke Jugeler*, dated 1563. In this old play, Jack, in reply to Jenkin's inquiry as to where he and his master were to dwell, replies:—

"At the Devyll yf you lust, I can not tell!"

The house was kept, in the time of James I., by one Simon Wadlow or Wadloe, whose name is mentioned in a line in the *Staple of News*,[2] by Ben Jonson one of the most frequent visitors here and the most famous, the presiding deity of the Apollo Club which held its meetings at the 'Devil.' Says Pennyboy Canter, in that play:—

". . . Dine in Apollo, with Pecunia,
At brave Duke Wadloe's."

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[1] It is mentioned in the earliest *Directory*, dated 1677.

[2] Act III. Scene I, is laid at the Devil Tavern, the 'Apollo,' in this play. Rowley, in his *Match by Midnight*, 1633, also mentions the 'Devil.'

Wadlow died in 1627, in which year an entry among the records of St. Dunstan's reads: "March 30, 1627. Symon Wadlowe, vintner, was buried out of Fleet Street." His widow appears to have carried on the business for nearly another three years, her name as a licensed victualler appearing, for the last time in the Wardmote Returns, on Dec. 21, 1629. John Wadlow's name is given in 1646, he being apparently the son of Simon, and it is last found in December 1660, he having moved eastwards and being known to have rebuilt the Sun Tavern, behind the Royal Exchange, after the Great Fire. He it was who issued a token showing St. Dunstan holding the Devil, on one side; and thus following the example of his father, Simon, of whom a very rare token is recorded, having on the obverse "at the D and Dunstan's," with a representation of St. Dunstan standing by his anvil and pulling the Devil's nose with his pincers, and on the reverse the words "within Temple barre" and the initials "I.S.W." [1]

The history of the 'Devil' has become merged in the almost greater fame of the Club whose apartment,[2] which seems to have been built away from the tavern, but formed an integral part of the property here, was termed the 'Oracle of Apollo.' Hardly is the 'Mermaid' better remembered than this celebrated gathering of the learned and witty of Elizabeth's and James's reigns. Timbs says that it is not known when Jonson first began to frequent the 'Devil,' but it was, at any rate, as early as 1616, for he himself tells us that he wrote *The Devil is an Asse*, first produced in that year, when he "drank bad wine at the Devil."

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[1] In "The Burning of the Rumps," by Hogarth, a rump is shown being hung against the signboard of the 'Devil'; and Killigrew laid one of the scenes in his *Parson's Wedding*, at this tavern.

[2] Erected about 1624. See letter from Chamberlain to Carleton dated 19th June of that year, in *Domestic State Papers*.

The room in which so many illustrious ones have from time to time assembled must have been on an upper floor, for, in some lines in Prior and Montague's *Hind and Panther Transvers'd*, we read :—

> "Hence to the Devil—
> Thus to the place where Jonson sat, *we climb*,
> Leaning on the same rail that guided him."

Over the entrance to this room was placed a bust of Apollo, cleverly modelled from that of the Apollo Belvedere, and a black board, on which, in letters of gold, were inscribed the following lines of 'Welcome,'[1] which Ben Jonson wrote, and which were subscribed with the words, "O Rare Ben Jonson." They were placed above the door inside the room :—

> "Welcome all, who lead or follow,
> To the Oracle of Apollo—
> Here he speaks out of his *pottle*,
> Or the *tripos*, his *Tower bottle* ;
> All his answers are divine,
> Truth itself doth flow in wine.
> Hang up all the poor hop-drinkers,
> Cries *old Sim*, the *king of skinkers*,
> He that half of life abuses,
> That sits watering with the Muses.
> Those dull girls no good can mean us ;
> Wine it is the milk of Venus,
> And the Poet's horse accounted
> Ply it, and you all are mounted.
> 'Tis the true Phœbeian liquor,
> Cheers the brain, makes wit the quicker,
> Pays all debts, cures all diseases,
> And at once three senses pleases.
> Welcome all, who lead or follow,
> To the Oracle of Apollo."

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[1] Child's Bank possesses these memorials.

Above the fireplace were exhibited the rules of the Club, said to have been cut in a marble slab, although more probably painted in gold on a black background similar to the 'Welcome.' These rules were written in Latin, "justly admired for its conciseness and elegance," says Burn. Indeed, Jonson's classic gifts seem to have been exhibited elsewhere in the tavern to which he so frequently resorted, for we are told that Latin inscriptions were to be found in other parts of the house, and so late as 1731 these words over the clock still remained *in situ*: "Si nocturnia tibi noceat potatio vini, hoc in mane bibes iterum, et fuerit medicina," a moral Jonson himself seems to have laid to heart, for it is known that, in order to be near his beloved Club, he lived "without Temple-barre, at a combemaker's shop, about the Elephant and Castle," and at the 'Devil' he seems to have held a kind of literary and sociable court, just as Dryden afterwards did at Button's, and, later still, Theodore Hook at the Athenæum.

The rules which Jonson wrote in Latin have disappeared, but we have Alexander Brome's English version, which shows that the earlier poet was well qualified to direct the modes and manners of "an assembly of good fellows." This is how they run:—

> "Let none but guests, or clubbers, hither come.
> Let dunces, fools, sad sordid men keep home.
> Let learned, civil, merry men b' invited,
> And modest too; nor be choice ladies slighted.
> Let nothing in the treat offend the guest;
> More for delight than cost prepare the feast.
> The cook and purvey'r must our palates know;
> And none contend who shall sit high or low.
> Our waiters must quick-sighted be, and dumb,
> And let the drawers quickly hear and come.

Let not our wine be mix'd, but brisk and neat,
Or else the drinkers may the vintners beat.
And let our only emulation be,
Not drinking much, but talking wittily.
Let it be voted lawful to stir up
Each other with a moderate *chirping* cup;
Let not our company be or talk too much;
On serious things, or sacred, let's not touch
With sated heads and bellies. Neither may
Fiddlers unask'd obtrude themselves to play,
With laughing, leaping, dancing, jests, and songs,
And whate'er else to grateful mirth belongs,
Let's celebrate our feasts; and let us see
That all our jests without reflection be.
Insipid poems let no man rehearse,
Nor any be compelled to write a verse.
All noise of vain disputes must be forborne,
And let no lover in a corner mourn.
To fight and brawl, like hectors, let none dare,
Glasses or windows break, or hangings tear.
Whoe'er shall publish what's here done or said
From our society must be banishèd;
Let none by drinking do or suffer harm,
And, while we stay, let us be always warm." [1]

Jonson seems to have ruled at his club with something of the dictatorial qualities of his great namesake (Johnson) at a later period. Here he held his court; hither came those who, as his equals, wished for the 'flow of soul,' or, as his inferiors, hoped to gain inspiration from the words of wit and wisdom which flowed from his lips. One of these, named Marmion, thus describes rare Ben holding his literary court:—

" . . . I come from Apollo
. . . From the heaven
Of my delight, where the boon Delphic god
Drinks sack, and keeps his bacchanalia,
And has his incense and his altars smoking,

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[1] *Poems and Songs*, by Alexander Brome, 1661.

And speaks in sparkling prophecies ; thence I come,
My brains perfumed with the rich Indian vapour,
And heightened with conceits. . . ."

Another of the *habitués* was Randolph, the dramatist, and an anecdote has survived connected with his first introduction to the Club ; although his name, at least, seems to have been previously known to Jonson.

Randolph was anxious to see the author of *The Alchemist* and his companions in full saturnalia, and with this object betook himself to the Devil Tavern, and having mounted the stairs, peeped through the half-opened door into the room where the Club was holding its *séance.* At the moment he did so, Jonson's quick eye detected him : " John Bo-peep," he cried, " come in." Upon Randolph's entry, four of the members began to make impromptu rhymes on the shabbiness of his clothes, and finally asked him if he could not cap their verses ; whereupon he thus did so :—

" I, John Bo-peep, to you four sheep—
With each one his good fleece ;
If you are willing to give me five shilling,
'Tis fifteen-pence a-piece."

" By Jesus," exclaimed Jonson, " I believe this must be my son Randolph " ; and ever after ' my son ' was Jonson's affectionate title for the author of *The Muses' Looking-Glass.*

Another anecdote shows that Jonson sometimes met his match even in his own territory. On one occasion, a countryman, having been introduced to the Club, was boasting about the extent of his landed possessions. Jonson listened for a time in patience, but at last could stand it no longer, and impatiently exclaimed, " What signifies to us your dirt and your clods ? Where you have an acre of land I have ten acres of wit." (Jonson never let his light shine under a bushel.) "Have you so," replied the countryman, "good Mr. Wise-acre?" "Why, how now, Ben? You seem to be quite stung," said one of his companions, seeing the great man obviously annoyed at the retort. "Why, yes," answered Jonson. "I was never so pricked by a hob-nail before."

How long the 'Apollo' existed at the 'Devil' is unknown; probably the death of Jonson put a stop to those jolly meetings *cœnaque Deorum*, which under his *ægis* had such a notable existence. The 'Apollo' room, however, was for long used for various purposes of a literary kind.

Although the Apollo Club forms the most notable association of the 'Devil,' the tavern had many other memories, and, at a later date, we know it to have been a favourite resort of Pepys, Steele, Addison, and Swift, the last of whom tells 'Stella,' on Oct. 12, 1710, "I dined to-day with Dr. Garth and Mr. Addison at the Devil Tavern, and Garth treated."

Goldsmith also frequented the place, not only as a tavern, but also as a spot where a card club to which he belonged was wont to meet; while Johnson was often here, and it was at the 'Devil' that, in 1751, he gave that famous supper in honour of Mrs. Charlotte Lenox and her first literary bantling, the *Life of Harriet Stuart*. Hawkins gives the following graphic and amusing account of the entertainment:—

"The place appointed was the Devil Tavern; and there, about the hour of eight, Mrs. Lenox and her husband, as also the Club[1] to the number of near twenty assembled. The supper was elegant, and

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[1] The Ivy Lane or King's Head Club, in Paternoster Row, one of Johnson's earlier clubs.

Johnson had directed that a magnificent hot apple-pie should make a part of it; and this he would have stuck with bay leaves, because, forsooth, Mrs. Lenox was an authoress. . . . About five (a.m.) Johnson's face shone with meridian splendour, though his drink had been only lemonade. The dawn of day began to put us in mind of our reckoning; but the waiters were all so overcome with sleep that it was two hours before a bill could be had, and it was not until near eight that the creaking of the street door gave the signal for our departure."[1]

The early reputation of the 'Devil' for good cheer is exemplified in a ballad describing the visit of James I. to St. Paul's in 1620,[2] one verse of which runs:—

"The Maior layd downe his mace, and cry'd,
'God save your Grace,
And keepe our King from all evill!'
With all my hart I then wist, the good mace
had been in my fist,
To ha' pawn'd it for supper at the Devill."

We come across another reference to the house in the following century, for in the *Tatler* for Oct. 11, 1709, is an account of a wedding entertainment given here, in which reference is made to "the rules of Ben's Club in gold letters over the chimney," in "a place sacred to mirth, tempered with discretion," supposed to be the last mention of Jonson's famous lines which were subsequently removed, although actually when or by whom has never been discovered.

It was in the Apollo Chamber, at the 'Devil,' that the Court-day Odes of the Poets Laureate were wont to be rehearsed to the accompaniment of music, a fact which inspired the line in the *Dunciad* :—

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[1] *Life of Johnson.*

[2] A well-known print of this is extant.

"Back to the Devil the loud echoes roll,"

and is also referred to in the following epigram :—

"When Laureates make Odes, do you ask of what sort ?
Do you ask if they're good, or are evil ?
You may judge—from the Devil they come to the Court,
And go from the Court to the Devil."

But others besides wits and poets were accustomed to congregate here ; for instance, the Royal Society is known to have held one of its annual dinners here in 1746, and six years later concerts were given in the great room which had echoed to the voice of Jonson. In 1775, Brush Collins gave his satirical lectures on Modern Oratory ; and in the following year, a fraternity, known as the Pandemonium Club, held its first meeting here, on November 4. The members apparently lived up to the title of their club, for we are told that "these devils were lawyers, who were about commencing term, to the annoyance of many a hitherto happy *bon-vivant.*" The place became, indeed, a great haunt of the students from the Temple, and they must have blessed the memory of the man who in the reign of Charles II. left "ten pounds to be drunk by lawyers and physicians at the Devil Tavern, by Temple Bar." [1]

In spite of the numbers of those who studied and administered the law here, one of the notable men who lived by breaking it was a constant *habitué.* This was no less a person than that John Cottington, *alias*

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[1] These facts, to which Timbs was greatly indebted, are taken from Mr. Burn's valuable article on the 'Devil Tavern,' incorporated in his account of the *Beaufoy Catalogue of Tokens.*

'Mull Sack,' who is stated to have indifferently subjected Oliver Cromwell and Charles II. to his depredations. It seems more than likely that many of those who unwittingly found themselves in the company of this well-mannered, fashionably dressed stranger, left the 'Devil' lighter in pocket than they entered it!

There is a good representation of the exterior of the Devil Tavern, exhibiting its picturesque gabled front, drawn by Wale. It showed a half-length figure of the saint with the Devil looking over his shoulder. When, in 1764, projecting signs were ordered to be removed, this interesting relic was placed flat against the front of the house, and there remained, says Timbs, till the demolition of the building. This occurrence took place in 1787, when the tavern, having fallen on bad days, was purchased by Messrs. Child, for £2800, and Child's Place and the bank premises erected on its site soon after.

In connection with the 'Devil' should be mentioned a tavern set up in rivalry with it, a few doors farther east in Fleet Street (at No. 8), and called the 'YOUNG DEVIL,' the entrance to which "was from a flight of steps leading down below ground from the adjoining narrow passage of entrance to Dick's Coffee-House."[1] It does not appear to have been a successful venture, for it lasted little over a year, 1708 to 1709, during which time, however, the Society of Antiquaries shifted their meeting-place hither from the Bear Tavern, in the Strand.

Many years later another attempt was made to resuscitate the place, under the style of WILL'S COFFEE-HOUSE, on the opposite side of the street. Here an 'Apollo' music-room was instituted, in imitation of the Apollo room at the 'Devil'; and an advertisement of a concert here, on Dec. 19, 1737, mentions that "tickets are to be had at Will's Coffee-House, formerly the Apollo, in Bell Yard, near Temple Bar." Probably the 'Apollo Court' shown in Horwood's "Plan" of 1799 approximately marks the site of, and no doubt takes its name from, this coffee-house.

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[1] *City Press*, June 23, 1860, quoted by T. C. Noble.

Not far from the 'Devil' was a once famous place of entertainment—namely, DICK'S COFFEE-HOUSE, earlier known as 'RICHARD'S,' which occupied the site of No. 8 Fleet Street. It took its name from Richard Turner or Torner, who obtained a lease of the house in 1680. When Timbs was writing his book on *Clubs*, about 1870, Dick's was still in existence, and the writer tells us that it then retained its old panelling and original staircase. To-day, an optician's shop stands on its site. In 1737, the Rev. James Miller wrote and produced a play called *The Coffee-House*, and as a frontispiece to the published edition, was shown the interior of 'Dick's' then kept by a Mrs. Yarrow and her daughter. Now it so happened that certain characters in this play were supposed, rightly or wrongly, to have been taken from these two ladies who were reigning 'toasts' among the younger members of the Temple; and so infuriated were the latter at the liberty taken with the hostess and her daughter, that they succeeded not only in damning the play on the first night, but in like manner dealing with anything suspected to emanate from Miller's pen for many years after.

Steele and Addison were both frequenters of 'Dick's,' and so was Cowper, and here it was that the latter one day read something in the newspaper, which his excitable brain construed into a libel on himself, with the result that he rushed out, determined on committing suicide—a project luckily not persisted in.

In 1885, 'Dick's' had become a French restaurant, and the back windows still looked out into Hare Court, Temple, as they had looked when the Spectator and Sir Roger de Coverley gazed through them. Together with No. 7, next door, the old house was demolished in 1899; and with it went not only the memory of this interesting coffee-house, but also a link with a still earlier day, for here, in the sixteenth century, Richard Tottill, law-printer to Edward VI., Mary, and Elizabeth, had his press, and No. 7 Fleet Street was in those days known by the sign of the 'Hand and Starre,' and formed Tottill's private residence attached to his printing establishment. Later, No. 7 was occupied by Jaggard and Joel Stephens, also law-printers in the days of the Georges; while in our own day, Messrs. Butterworth, the law-printers, occupied it till 1899, as they had done for many years previously. The original lease of the premises dates from the time of Henry VIII., so that for nearly four hundred years one set of premises had been uninterruptedly in the hands of those carrying on a similar business.

Another well-remembered hostelry was the 'RAINBOW,' which stood on the site of No. 15 Fleet Street. It was the second coffee-house opened in London, the first having been in St. Michael's Alley, Cornhill, which only preceded the 'Rainbow' by four years. We find a reference to the Fleet Street house among Aubrey's MSS.[1] dated 1680, where we learn that "when coffee first came in, Sir Henry Blount was a great upholder of it, and hath ever since been a great frequenter of coffee-houses, especially

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[1] In the Bodleian. It is quoted by Timbs.

Mr. Farre's, at the Rainbowe, by Inner Temple Gate."

Farr, or Farre, was a man of some importance and energy, and he seems to have combined the business of a barber with that of a coffee-house keeper, for in the inquest held at St. Dunstan's on Dec. 21, 1657, we find the following entry regarding him, and his coffee-house which appears to have been a nuisance to the neighbourhood when the fragrant berry was being distilled :—

"We present James Farr, barber, for making and selling of a drink called coffee, whereby in making the same he annoyeth his neighbours by evil smells ; and for keeping of fire for the most part night and day, whereby his chimney and chamber hath been set on fire, to the great danger and affrightment of his neighbours."[1] Whatever was the result of this complaint, it was not successful in getting rid of Farr or his coffee-house, both of which flourished exceedingly ; although there seems to have been great and widespread opposition to the introduction of coffee, ranging from royal proclamations (one in 1660 orders a duty of fourpence on every gallon of coffee made and sold ; another, in 1675, ordered coffee-houses to be shut up, but this was because they were supposed to be hotbeds of sedition, and the law was abrogated almost immediately afterwards) to such complaints as the one I have quoted. Even in 1708, Hatton, in his *New View of London*, is found remarking : "Who would have thought London would ever have had three thousand such nuisances, and that coffee would have been (as now) so much drunk by the best of quality, and physicians ?"

Addison and Steele were both accustomed to drink coffee at the ‘Rainbow’; and, indeed, at this period the place was a fashionable resort, where the latest scandal was talked and the latest fashions exhibited. A reference to the latter is made in No. 16 of the *Spectator*, where we read: “I have received a letter desiring me to be very satirical upon the little muff that is now in fashion; another informs me of a pair of silver garters buckled below the knee, that have lately been seen at the Rainbow Coffee-house in Fleet Street.” How long Farr’s tenancy of the house existed I am unable to say; as we have seen, he was there in 1657, and he issued a token with a rainbow depicted on it in 1666. In 1780 the house was kept by Alexander Moncrieff, and preserved its old name.

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[1] See Hatton's *New View of London*.

Timbs was informed by Moncrieff, the dramatic writer, a grandson of Alexander, of this fact, and we are also told that the coffee-room had a lofty bay-window at the south end, looking over the Temple precincts, in which bay was a table reserved for the elder and more important patrons of the house. Only a glass partition separated this room from the kitchen, so that visitors were able to see the preparation of the drink they came to enjoy. Apparently the entrance was in Rainbow Court (called by Horwood, Rain Court, and by Strype, Rain Alley) and the front in Fleet Street, occupied by shops or offices; for we know that Samuel Speed the bookseller had his premises ‘at the sign of the Rainbow,’ as had Daniell Pakeman, a law bookseller, in 1656; that at an earlier date (1636) Trussell’s *History of England* was “printed by M. D. for Ephraim Dawson and are to bee sold in Fleet Street, at the signe of the Rainbowe, neere the Inner Temple Gate”; and that, in 1682, the Phœnix Fire Office was first established here, by Dr. Barebone. The house itself was continued as a tavern down to our own days,[1] and, not inappropriately, the 'Bodega' now occupies the site of its former activity.

According to some authorities, it was two doors east from the 'Rainbow' that another coffee-house,[2] called 'NANDO'S,' existed. Later investigation, however, seems to prove that 'Nando's' (a contraction for Ferdinando's) was really a successor to the 'Rainbow,' and occupied the same premises. The fact that a will of one John Jones of London and Hampton exists, bequeathing a fourth part of this property, in 1692,[3] to the Trustees of the Free School at Hampton, and specifically stating its whereabouts, leaves us in little doubt as to its identity with the 'Rainbow.'[4] Another reason for questioning its ever having been at No. 17 Fleet Street is the fact that that historic site was the one occupied by the office of the Duchy of Cornwall, and such a fact would hardly have been overlooked by topographers when mentioning the coffee-house, considering the beauty of the interior carving and plaster-work in this house.

'Nando's' was certainly in existence in 1707, for an advertisement of Bernard Lintot the bookseller for that year gives his address "at the Cross Keys and Cushion next Nando's Coffee-House, Temple Bar." In the days of its prime, the house was kept by a Mrs. Humphries and her beautiful daughter, whose charms, says Cradock, in his *Memoirs*, were always admired "At the Bar and By the bar"; although, this being so, it seems strange that Anstey, in his *Pleader's Guide*, should speak of one who

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[1] It was rebuilt in 1860, and reopened by Mr. John Argent.

[2] It will be remembered that Burke once lived at the 'Pope's Head,' the bookselling shop of Jacob Robinson at No. 16, the house next to the 'Rainbow' and 'Nando's.'

[3] It was conveyed in 1696.

[4] See Mr. Philip Norman's *London Vanished and Vanishing*.

> " . . . as many a greater man does,
> Eats, drinks, and *falls asleep* at Nando's."

One of the 'greater men' attracted hither by female charms and the potency of punch was Thurlow, then a briefless barrister, and it is said that his rise at the Bar dated from a certain occasion, when the historic cause of Douglas *v.* the Duke of Hamilton was being discussed, and it was suggested by some one who knew his man that Thurlow should be briefed as junior counsel; which was accordingly done, with the result that the Duchess of Queensberry recommended the young man to Lord Bute, as an appropriate recipient of a silk gown.

Another *habitué* was Shenstone, who lodged close by, between this house and 'George's' in the Strand, and thus was able, as he writes in one of his letters, "to partake of the expensiveness of both."

The next tavern I have to speak of has become notable because Tennyson has enshrined its name in his "Will Waterproof's Monologue":—

> "Oh, Plump Head-waiter at the Cock,
> To which I most resort,"

he sings; and in consequence the 'Cock' is known to many to whom the names of other Fleet Street taverns are a dead letter.

The 'Cock'[1] is to-day situated at No. 22 Fleet Street, and a replica of its original carved sign, supposed to have been the work of Grinling Gibbon, and still preserved inside the house, as is one of the original

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[1] The cock was really an old English word for a spigot or tap in a barrel, although usually indicated by the bird of that name.

Jacobean mantels, indicates to all and sundry the successor to the tavern where Pepys enjoyed himself 'mightily,' and Tennyson sedately consumed 'his pint of port.' But the original 'Cock' was situated on the other side of the street, and was taken down in 1887, when a branch of the Bank of England was erected on its site. The earlier tavern, or 'ale-house,' as it was termed, correctly known as the 'Cock and Bottle,' was thus one door eastward (No. 201 Fleet Street) of that Apollo Court at the corner of which Will's Coffee-House once stood, as we have seen.

Timbs, writing of it about 1870, says: "It is, perhaps, the most primitive place of its kind in the metropolis: it still possesses a fragment of decoration of the time of James I., and the writer remembers the tavern half a century ago, with considerably more of its original panelling."

When the Plague was raging, in 1665, the landlord, in common with most of those who could afford to do so, left London, on which occasion he caused the following notice to be issued:—

"This is to certify that the master of the Cock and Bottle, commonly called the Cock ale-house, at Temple Bar, hath dismissed his servants, and shut up his house, for this long vacation, intending (God willing) to return at Michaelmas next; so that all persons whatsoever who may have any accounts with the said master, or farthings belonging to the said house, are desired to repair thither before the 8th of this instant, and they shall receive satisfaction."

One of these farthings—or tokens—is still in existence, and is dated 1655.

After the Plague [1] and the Great Fire, the 'Cock' again opened its doors, and we find Pepys resorting hither on various occasions, one of which he thus records, on April 22, 1668: "Thence by water to the Temple, and then to the Cocke Alehouse, and drank, and eat a lobster, and sang and were mighty merry."

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[1] In the *Meeting of Gallants at an Ordinarie*, 1604, is an allusion to the 'Cock.'

Johnson was, of course, known at the 'Cock,' and in later days Thackeray was one of the many illustrious ones who have visited the place.

Before returning to the south side of Fleet Street, there are several taverns which it will be convenient to notice. Two of these were situated in Chancery Lane: the 'KING'S HEAD'[1] and the 'POPE'S HEAD.'

The former was a place of great antiquity, standing at the south-west corner of Chancery Lane, and described as "an elegant mansion," in the reign of Edward VI. Its sign represented the head of Henry VIII. The tavern is supposed to have occupied the residence, or to have stood on its site, of that Sir John Oldcastle whom Shakespeare has perpetuated as Sir John Falstaff, and who was executed in St. Giles' Fields, in 1417, for conspiracy against the person of Henry V.

Some early references to the 'King's Head' and its proprietors are to be found in the St. Dunstan's Registers. Thus in 1585 John Kent was 'presented' for pouring forth, from an upper window here, bad wine upon the people's heads below; and three years later a like fate befell one Henry Marshe, who lived next door, for an "oven in his house very dangerous, joynge to the Kinges Heade wch. hath heretofore dangered his neighbours by fyre and doth yet remayne dangerous." In 1619, we read of one Sepcoate Mullingnay who, on April 12, had been "hanged ovr against the Kinge's Heade Taverne in Fleet Street," being buried.

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[1] Tokens of this house are known.

The tavern seems to have been rather a favourite resort of malcontents, and in 1629, the then proprietor, John Marshall, was indicted, and his house closed by order, as being a suspected hotbed of treason.[1] Again, in 1678, here met the Popish Plot conspirators, under the presidency of the notorious Lord Howard of Escrick; and a few years later the Green Ribbon Club, largely responsible for the ceremony of 'Burning the Pope,' which obtained from 1680 to 1682, held their consultations here. North, referring to this tavern and the doings of the Green Ribbon Club, remarks: "The house was double-balconied in front, as may yet be seen, for the clubsters issue forth, in fresco, with hats and no perruques, pipes in their mouths, merry faces, and diluted throats for vocal encouragement of the *canaglia* below, at bonfires, on unusual or usual occasions."

The following reference to the place in Luttrell's *Diary* helps to sustain its reputation for unruliness:—

"1682, Jan. 13. At night some young gentlemen of the Temple went to the King's Head tavern in Chancery Lane, committing strange outrages there, breaking of windowes, etc., which the watch hearing of, came to disperse them; but they sending for severall of the watermen with halberts that attend their comptroller at the revells, were engaged in a desperate riott, in which one of the watchmen was run into the body with an halbert, and lies very ill; but the watchmen secured one or two of the watermen."

A rather earlier reference to the place is contained in a letter from George Robinson to Williamson, in which the former states that he is dining with Sir Martin Noel at the 'King's Head' on Jan. 9, 1667.

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[1] See *Remembrancia*, where there are several letters from the Lords of the Council to the Lord Mayor concerning certain tumults which had occurred at the 'King's Head,' the 'Mitre,' and the 'Globe' taverns in 1629.

The tavern itself, at least at one period, must have been, as so many were in the seventeenth century, upstairs, for Richard Marriot, the publisher of Izaak Walton's *Works*, kept shop in 1665 "under the King's Head."

The 'POPE'S HEAD'[1] is known to have been one of Pepys's many tavern resorts, but little else is, I believe, recorded of it. Better remembered is PEELE'S COFFEE-HOUSE, which stood on the site of Nos. 177–78 Fleet Street, at the east corner of Fetter Lane. The days of Peele's glory were those of the later eighteenth century, and Dr. Johnson was one of its frequenters; indeed, Timbs affirms that a portrait of the great 'Cham of Literature,' said to have been painted by Reynolds, once occupied a conspicuous place in the coffee-room. After having had a prosperous career as a coffee-house, the place became a tavern; but all traces of its existence, in either character, have long since disappeared. During its palmy days, the house was notable for the number of daily papers it took in, which caused it to be much patronised by those anxious to learn the latest news. It is said that files of the *Gazette* (1759), the *Times* (1780), the *Morning Chronicle* (1773), the *Morning Post* (1773), the *Morning Herald* (1784), and the *Morning Advertiser* were kept here, all dating from the years (given here) when their publication began.[2]

Shire Lane, running slightly west of Chancery Lane, from the main thoroughfare to Carey Street, and later known as Serle's Place, also had several taverns within its precincts. The 'TRUMPET' was one of these, and was one of the more interesting of the taverns in the district here dealt with. The premises were situated on the left hand of the street, about midway up it, going from Fleet Street, and there was also an approach to it from the Strand, at the back of Ship Yard. The house was distinguished by a column on each side of the doorway, and under one of the first-floor windows hung a small sign of a trumpet. It is supposed by Diprose to have been one of the oldest licensed houses in London; which would date it from about the end of James I.'s reign. It is referred to by Andrew Marvell, who speaks of one sounding "another trumpet than that in Sheer Lane."

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[1] There was a more famous Pope's Head Tavern in the alley of that name off Cornhill.

[2] Later, it was appropriately here that the chief committee room of the Society for Repealing the Paper Duty was situated, in 1861.

Diprose gives the following interesting description of it as it was about the year 1868, at which time it was demolished in connection with the building of the New Law Courts:—

"In appearance, the 'Trumpet' was unpretentious, substantially built of red brick. In front, the first and second floors had each a row of four equal and well-sized windows, with thick, heavy oak sashes, and the third or attic floor was lighted by two dormer windows within and rising above the parapet. With the exception of the ground floor, or shop front, but little alteration had ever evidently been made. There is a curious old woodcut of the house extant . . . which shows the sign of the trumpet above the facia line and below and between the window-sills of the first floor; higher up in the centre of the pier between the windows is the figure of Bacchus astride a barrel, and to the next pier between the windows southward is fixed the lamp-iron and inverted bell-shaped lamp of the fashion anterior to the discovery of gas. The ground floor shows the door to have been at the end adjoining the south party-wall, and three windows in unison with those above, but supplied outside with flap shutters with pierced holes. The cellar flap is shown, but is in a different place to the one now existing: the truth of the print is borne out, however, by very patent evidence, which shows it to have been bricked up and a wider and larger one made in another place; the arches of the three windows are covered by the modern facia board."

The appearance of the house was rather that of a private residence than a tavern, and it seems probable that it was such before being converted to its later uses.

It is proved to have formed the line of demarcation between Serle's Place and Lower Serle's Place, a boundary which had been lost sight of, for we are told that the last proprietor of the tavern, who took great interest in its features, not only restored the signboard, a modelled trumpet which had been removed, but also had the various coats of paint which covered the front removed in 1845, when the name of Serle's Place, and not, as had hitherto been supposed, Lower Serle's Place, was found upon it.

An advertisement in the *Daily Advertiser* for July 2, 1742, draws attention to the fact that a Mr. Jones, a musician of the period enjoying some repute, had removed hither from ' Widow Evans's,' and was ready to give entertainments on the harp or violin, at five o'clock every evening, as it appears he was accustomed to do at the ' Hercules' Pillars ' in Fleet Street.

The chief fame of the ' Trumpet,' which had once been known as the ' Cat and Fiddle,' and still later as the ' Duke of York's,' lies, however, in the fact that two famous clubs, one largely imaginary, the other very real, held their meetings here. The former of these was the Tatler's Club, of which Isaac Bickerstaff was the chief protagonist, and of whose *symposia* Steele has told us in No. 132 of his immortal paper. Here it was that the deputation of 'Twaddlers' assembled preparatory to setting out for Dick's Coffee-House in the Strand; and after much trouble over the debatable question of precedence—a question quickly put an end to by an alarm of fire—they "marched down Sheer Lane." Says Steele: "When we came to Temple Bar, Sir Harry and Sir Giles got over, but a run of coaches kept the rest of us on this side of the street; however, we all at last landed, and drew up in very good order before Ben Tooke's shop, who favoured our rallying with great humanity; from whence we proceeded again until we came to Dick's Coffee-house, where I designed to carry them," etc.

The other club which has conferred fame on the 'Trumpet,' or the 'Cat and Fiddle,' was the noted 'Kit-Kat.'

The 'Trumpet' was the scene of the Club's meetings, and here forgathered some of the greatest men and many of the finest intellects of the time. When Shire Lane was still in existence, a writer (in the *National Review*) well expressed the antithesis between this mean street and the noble and splendid figures which once haunted its precincts: "It is hard to believe," he says, "as we pick our way along the narrow and filthy pathway of Shire Lane, that in this blind alley, some hundred and fifty years ago, used to meet many of the finest gentlemen and choicest wits of the days of Queen Anne and the First George. Inside one of those frowsy and low-ceiled rooms . . . Halifax has conversed and Somers unbent, Addison mellowed over a bottle, Congreve flashed his wit, Vanbrugh let loose his easy humour, Garth talked and rhymed."

In addition to such notable men all the great Whigs of the period seem to have been members of the 'Kit-Kat,' and there such men as the Dukes of Somerset, Grafton, Devonshire, Kingston, Marlborough, Richmond, and Newcastle, Lords Dorset, Sunderland, Manchester, and Wharton, and Sir Robert Walpole *inter multis aliis*, might have been met with conversing on matters of state, or questions of literature and the fine arts, or drinking to those 'toasts' one of which was Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, hastily sent for by her father, the Duke of Kingston, from her nursery, and hailed with acclaim by the brilliant throng that surrounded her, as the most beautiful girl of her day.

During the eighteenth century literature and politics went hand in hand to a greater extent than they have ever done before or since. The statesman hardly considered that he had fulfilled his destiny unless he could entwine some bay leaves among his laurels; the writer knew that his easiest and surest road to success was gained by hacking for one or the other party that wished to direct the destinies of the nation. The result was often an amorphous body of men whom to call merely political would have been to rob of their literary merit, and to designate solely as writers would have been to do too little honour to their political status. When those having such a twofold claim to notice became identified with a club, a difficulty at once arose as to whether that club should be regarded as a literary or political one. Such a difficulty might seem to face us with regard to the Kit-Kat Club: that it was political, its well-known Whig sentiments, and the names of the majority of its members, would be alone sufficient to prove; but, on the other hand, so many men, who, if politicians—and we know they were this, for did not Horace Walpole once state that "The Kit-Kat Club, generally mentioned as a set of wits, were, in reality, the Patriots that saved Britain"?—were still more great writers and wits, belonged to it; many of its customs, particularly that of writing verses and epigrams for its toasting glasses, were so closely identified with literature rather than with politics, that, on the whole, I think it should take its place among literary clubs—especially, too, as it has some claims to be considered artistic (each member was supposed to have his portrait painted and presented to the Club); and while we can easily associate art with literature, neither gods nor men have ever attempted to assert that it has any conjunction with politics.

The title, if not the origin, of the Kit-Kat Club is somewhat obscure. The generally accepted version is that it originally forgathered in a small house in Shire Lane, close to Temple Bar, then occupied by one Christopher Katt, who made and sold there mutton-pies (the conjunction of such a name with such comestibles is significant), and thus Kit (Christopher) Katt became, by an easy transition, the name of the Club itself. On the other hand, the fact that the pie itself was known as a 'Kit-Kat' (after the name of its maker) is sometimes regarded (it was so by Addison in the *Spectator*[1]) as the origin of the name of the Club.

It would seem that the last years of the seventeenth century saw the founding of the Kit-Kat Club, and if, as has been assumed,[2] the so-called 'Order of the Toast' is identical with it, then we can date its formation anterior to 1699, in which year Elkanah Settle wrote a poem "To the most renowned the President and the rest of the Knights of the most Noble Order of the Toast."

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[1] No. 9, for March 10, 1711. See, too, the line: "A Kit-Kat is a supper for a lord."

[2] By Malone.

There seems every reason to regard the 'Order of the Toast' as identical with the Kit-Kat Club, for one of the famous characteristics of the latter was its toasting-glasses, used for drinking the healths of the reigning beauties of the day, on which were engraved verses in encomium of the charms of the fair ones.

It was this habit of 'toasting' that led Dr. Arbuthnot to produce the following epigram, which is also interesting as indicating another suggested origin of the Club:—

> "Whence deathless Kit-Kat took his name,
>   Few critics can unriddle:
> Some say from pastrycook it came,
>   And some from Cat and Fiddle.
>
> From no trim beaus its name it boasts,
>   Grey statesmen or green wits,
> But from the pell-mell pack of toasts
>   Of old Cats and young Kits."

The reference, in the first verse, to the 'Cat and Fiddle' is in allusion to Ned Ward's contention that the maker of the pies ('Kit-Kats') was named Christopher and lived at the sign of the 'Cat and Fiddle' in Gray's Inn Lane, afterwards setting up as a pieman near the Fountain Tavern, in the Strand: whence the name of Kit (a fiddle) and Kat. Ward further affirms that the man Christopher was in the habit of inviting budding authors to feed, gratis, at his establishment, through the instrumentality of his friend, Jacob Tonson, the well-known bookseller, from which meetings the Kit-Kat Club had its origin. But Ward often wrote 'sarcastic,' and I think the earlier origin the more likely one, especially as it is more or less confirmed by Spence, who adds, however, that Tonson was secretary of the Club. Indeed, Tonson's later close connection with it is well known, when, as owner of the house at Barn Elms, he built a room expressly to receive the famous portraits painted of its members, which, from their size (36 in. by 28 in.), have given a specific name to a certain class of pictures.

The Club seems from the first to have been patronised by the wits and fine gentlemen of the day, and besides such notable men as I have already mentioned, its list comprised such famous names as those of Addison, Congreve, Garth, Steele, and Vanbrugh; while Sir Godfrey Kneller was its 'painter,' and produced that remarkable series of portraits whose fame has outlived that of the Club itself. Two other members, of notoriety rather than note, were the redoubtable Lord Mohun and the Earl of Berkeley; and Spence records that "the day they were entered of it, Jacob [Tonson] said he saw they were just going to be ruined. When Lord Mohun broke down the gilded emblem on the top of his chair, Jacob complained to his friends, and said a man who would do that would cut a man's throat"—a remark which must have been called to mind by many when Mohun and the Duke of Hamilton fought their sanguinary duel in Hyde Park.

The Club was one of those which met for social converse, in which curriculum literature and politics, the last bit of scandal or the reigning beauty, were indifferently canvassed and discussed. Nor did it confine itself to spoken words, as its engraved toasts testify; while its practical encouragement of literature found expression in a subscription, which was opened in 1709, of four hundred guineas for the best comedies, the list of names and subscriptions being drawn up by Lord Halifax in his own hand.

From among the many *symposia* held at the Kit-Kat Club, in which the eloquence of Addison, the wit of Steele and Garth, the conversational powers of Maynwaring (whose name is now wholly forgotten), the wisdom of Walpole and Pulteney, the humour of Congreve and Vanbrugh, and the less amiable qualities of Lord Mohun and Lord Berkeley, must have often played their part, two scenes at least have been recorded: the one when Garth, having repeatedly declared that he must be leaving, in order to attend his patients, was seduced into staying late by the excellence of some old wine, and when Steele reminded him of those awaiting his ministrations, pulled out his list of fifteen invalids and exclaimed, " 'Tis no great matter whether I see them to-night or not, for nine of them have such bad constitutions that all the physicians in the world can't save them; and the other six have such good ones that all the physicians in the world can't kill them"; and the other, when, after an evening spent in great hilarity, the occasion being a Whig celebration of the anniversary of King William's accession, Steele, who had drunk not wisely but too well, insisted on his chairmen carrying him to Bishop Hoadley's lodgings and knocking up the right reverend prelate who, as a member of the Club, had been present earlier in the evening at its meeting. Having done this, they got safely home with Sir Richard who, the next morning, remembering what had happened, sent the Bishop the graceful lines, which might have surely atoned for a far worse delinquency:—

> "Virtue with so much ease on Bangor sits,
> All faults he pardons, though he none commits."

It was on the same occasion that John Sly, the hatter, insisted on drinking the *immortal memory* of King William on his knees, entering the club-room in this uneasy posture; when Steele, turning to Hoadley, remarked *sotto voce,* "Do laugh; 'tis but humanity to laugh."

The 'toasts' of the Kit-Kat Club have become famous. They were drunk to the honour of some reigning beauty, or some lady to whom the Club wished to do particular honour, and we can imagine with what satisfaction the latest belle learnt that she had been the subject of such a compliment. We know by name some of those who were toasted: Lady Godolphin, Lady Sunderland, Lady Bridgewater, and Lady Monthermer—all daughters, and beautiful ones, of the Duke of Marlborough; the Duchess of Bolton, the Duchess of Beaufort, the Duchess of St. Albans; Mrs. Long and Mrs. Barton, friends of Dean Swift; Mrs. Brudenell and Lady Wharton, Lady Carlisle and Mrs. Kirk and Mademoiselle Spanheim, among them.

Some of the inscriptions engraved on the glasses were composed by Garth, others by Lord Halifax, of whose contributions the following, written in honour of the Duchess of Beaufort in 1703 is one of the most successful:—

"Offspring of a tuneful sire,
Blest with more than mortal fire;
Likeness of a mother's face,
Blest with more than mortal grace:
You with double charms surprise,
With his wit and with her eyes."

The series of pictures with which the fame of the Club is coupled were painted by Sir Godfrey Kneller, at the instance of Jacob Tonson, the secretary, who, as

I have said, caused a room to be built for their reception at Barn Elms. At first they were half-lengths, but the apartment in which they were destined to hang being found too small for so many of such large dimensions, the smaller size was substituted, and the expression a 'Kit-Kat,' as applied to pictures, thus came into being. In 1821, a volume was published entitled *Memoirs of the Celebrated Persons comprising the Kit-Cat* (sic) *Club*; it was illustrated by forty-eight portraits engraved by Cooper, in stipple, after the original pictures. The actual works, after the death of Jacob Tonson, descended to Richard Tonson, who, at his residence at Water-Oakley, on the Thames, added a room for their reception. He bequeathed them to Mr. Baker of Bayfordbury, a kinsman of the Tonson family, and Timbs mentions their being exhibited in the Art Treasures Exhibition at Manchester in 1862.

Several other Fleet Street hostelries were situated in Shire Lane, and among them was the 'GRIFFIN,' which is notable as having been the tavern whence Sir John Denham, then a student in Lincoln's Inn, and some boon companions set out in a drunken frolic one night in the year 1635, and having obtained pots of ink and brushes, solemnly proceeded to blot out all the signs between Temple Bar and Charing Cross—an escapade for which they were duly mulcted by the law which was apparently casual enough to allow of their carrying into effect their practical joke.

Another tavern in the same thoroughfare was the 'BIBLE,' situated at what was later No. 13 in this street. It was a house of call for printers, and Diprose thinks that it was probably so called " in consideration of the typographic art, without reference to the sanctity of the holy volume." As it is known to have also been one of the notorious Jack Sheppard's haunts, one hopes his surmise was correct. There was a trap door in one of the rooms, and this was traditionally associated with the thief, he being said to have used it for purposes of escape from his pursuers, and to have gained Bell Yard by a subterranean passage connected with it.

During the eighteenth century Shire Lane was, as we know, a haunt of the worst characters, and at a tavern here, known as the 'ANGEL AND CROWN,' a Mr. Quarrington was robbed and murdered by Thomas Carr and Elizabeth Adams, who were duly apprehended, and hanged at Tyburn on Jan. 18, 1738.

Another inn in the same thoroughfare was the 'SUN,' subsequently used as the premises for the 'Temple Bar Stores'; while the name of yet another, the 'ANTIGALLICAN,' sufficiently indicates the period of its establishment. This house was a favourite resort of the notorious Lord Barrymore, whose *sobriquet* was 'Hell gate,' and who was wont to come here to 'assist,' in both the English and French acceptations of that term, in prize-fights and other amusements of a more brutal nature.

Close by, in Old Boswell Court, was the 'BLACK HORSE,' where entertainments, such as had a vogue before the advent of music-halls, were given. In the thirties of the nineteenth century it had a great reputation for such things, and is said to have been the best-frequented and most jovial of its kind in London, being the concert room, *par excellence*, of the period.

Those days are as much forgotten as is Nineveh, they are as dead as Pharaoh, so that such names as Dowson, Harry Perry, Bruton, Toplis, Mrs. Paul and Miss James, all of whom used to add to the gaiety of our forefathers in this haunt, mean nothing to us who with difficulty now associate any significance with that of Paul Bedford, or even with that of Toole as a comic entertainer other than an actor.

There was a room in the basement of the 'Black Horse' called the 'Patter-fee Lumber' in flash slang, and here were wont to consort many of the worst characters of this disreputable neighbourhood. They held a sort of club here, membership of which enabled a thief or pickpocket to obtain means of feeing counsel in his defence when, as was frequently the case, necessary.

Returning to the south side of Fleet Street, we come to a once notable tavern, 'The Mitre,' which occupied the site of Messrs. Hoare's Bank, No. 39. There was another 'Mitre' farther east, in Mitre Court, about which I shall have something to say later on. The latter tavern has generally been regarded as the scene of so many of Johnson's oracular utterances, but the later investigations of Mr. Hutton seem to point to the fact that it was at the house at No. 39 Fleet Street that Johnson and his circle met. This tavern was one of great antiquity—dating, indeed, from the days of Shakespeare; and the poet is even said to have frequented it and to have written here "From the rich Lavinian Shore," which is asserted to be "Shakespeare's Rime made by him at the Mytre in Fleete Street."[1] Ben Jonson refers to the house, in his *Every Man out of his Humour*,[2] where Puntarvolo says, "Carlo shall bespeak supper at the Mitre against we come back; where we will meet, and dimple our cheeks with laughter."

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[1] *London Past and Present.* From a volume by Richard Jackson, once belonging to Thorpe, the bookseller.

[2] Act vi. scene 6. Scenes 4 and 6 in Act v. of this play are laid at "a Room at the Mitre."

Another reference to the place occurs in a comedy published in 1611 and entitled *Ram Alley, or Merrie Tricks*:—

> "Meet me straight
> At the Mitre door in Fleet Street."

Ram Alley,[1] which gives its name to this play, was close by, and we have a mention of it, as well as of the 'Mitre,' in the *Autobiography* of Lilly the astrologer, who says: "In the year 1640, I met Dr. Percivall Willoughby of Derby; we were of old acquaintance, and he but by great chance lately come to town; we went to the Mitre Tavern in Fleet Street, where I sent for old Will Poole the astrologer, living then in Ram Alley." One Matthew Alsop is mentioned, in the *Domestic State Papers*, as being the keeper of the 'Mitre' in 1639,[2] and another seventeenth-century reference to the place is found in the pages of Pepys's *Diary*, where, under date of Jan. 20, 1660, we read: "At the Mitre in Fleet Street, in our way calling on Mr. Fage, who told me how the City have some hopes of Monk."

Although during the Great Fire the 'Mitre' was not actually destroyed, yet it suffered to some extent; and we are told that it was "very much demolished and decaied in severall parts, and the Balcony was on fire, and was pulled downe," during the conflagration.

Notwithstanding the 'Mitre's' antiquity, and even the not improbable presence of Shakespeare and Ben Jonson here, it is, as is the case with all the taverns and coffee-houses frequented by him, the memory of Dr.

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[1] It is called Ram Court by Horwood in 1799, but was known previously as Ram Alley. See Strype.

[2] There is extant a token of this house when it was kept by William Paget. An earlier mention of the place is to be found in the St. Dunstan's Register for 1613: "William Hewitt from the 'Miter,' was buryed," and in 1614 John Hewitt and another were prosecuted for using false measure.

Johnson that first springs to the mind when we name it. It was the place he chiefly liked to sup in, surrounded by that wonderful society whose figures live again in Macaulay's famous description. The pages of Boswell contain many allusions to the 'Mitre': here the tour to the Hebrides was decided upon; here Goldsmith was brought by Johnson; here the Doctor told Ogilvie that "the noblest prospect a Scotchman ever sees is the high road that leads to England"; here Johnson entertained the two young ladies from Staffordshire who had come to London to consult him on the subject of Methodism; and it was of this house that Boswell once remarked: "We had a good supper, and port wine, of which he [Johnson] sometimes drank a bottle. The orthodox high-church sound of the Mitre—the figure and manner of the celebrated Samuel Johnson—the extraordinary power and precision of his conversation, and the pride arising from finding myself admitted as his companion, produced a variety of sensations, and a pleasing elevation of mind, beyond what I had ever experienced."

One of the latest of those who frequented the house in Johnson's train—Goldsmith, Percy, Burke, Hawkesworth, Langton, Beauclerk, and the rest—linked their memory with a later age, for Chamberlain Clarke, who made one of them on many a notable occasion, died at a great age so comparatively late as 1831. Another notable *habitué* was Lord Stowell; and it was at the 'Mitre' that the Society of Antiquaries sometimes held their meetings. Referring to another *symposium* here, Dr. Macmichael makes Dr. Radcliffe remark, in *The Gold-Headed Cane*, "I never recollect to have spent a more delightful evening than that at the Mitre Tavern in Fleet Street, where my good friend Billy Nutly . . . had been prevailed upon to accept of a small temporary assistance, and joined our party, the Earl of Denbigh, Lords Colepeper and Stowell, and Mr. Blackmore."[1] The Royal Society, at least on one occasion, in 1772, held their annual dinner here, before deserting the place for the 'Crown and Anchor.'

The house seems to have been given up as a tavern about 1788, for in that year we know that Macklin opened it as the 'Poets' Gallery.' Later it became Saunders's Auction Rooms, and last of all it was purchased by Messrs. Hoare, who demolished the old building and erected their well-known bank on its site in 1829.

It was, I imagine, not here, but at the 'MITRE' IN MITRE COURT, that Hogarth gave a dinner to his friend King, whom he desired to come and *Ετα Βετα Πιε*; for Hogarth is connected with this house in another way. He painted, as we have seen, a portrait of the notorious Sarah Malcolm; and when that formidable lady was condemned to death for murder, her execution took place opposite Mitre Court, on March 7, 1733. We are told in Nichols' *Anecdotes of Hogarth* that on this occasion the crowd was so dense that "a Mrs. Strangways, who lived in Fleet Street, near Serjeants' Inn, crossed the street from her own house to Mrs. Colthurst's . . . over the heads and shoulders of the mob."[2]

The 'Mitre' in Mitre Court had been earlier known as JOE'S COFFEE-HOUSE,[3] and the later title was taken on the old house in Fleet Street being given up as a tavern. It existed till 1865, in which year it was altered and added to. So determined were its proprietors to connect Dr. Johnson with it, that his 'corner' was preserved with due reverence, and a copy of Nollekens' well-known bust of the Doctor given an honoured place. It is, of course, quite possible that he did frequent JOE'S COFFEE-HOUSE, and therefore these relics deserved to be duly honoured here; but it seems fairly well established that, when we read of him visiting the 'Mitre,' the 'Mitre' at 39 Fleet Street, and not the 'Mitre' farther east, is indicated.

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[1] Note in Akerman's *Tokens*.

[2] 1783 edition, p. 172, note.

[3] There was also a Harry's Coffee-House, in Fleet Street, kept by a Mr. Davies who is recorded, in 1740, as dying at the age of 110; as well as a Jerusalem Coffee-House.

One of the numerous 'HERCULES' PILLARS' which were to be found in London in the eighteenth century, was situated close by the Fleet Street 'Mitre.' It stood on the same side of the thoroughfare, on the site of No. 27 Fleet Street, nearly opposite St. Dunstan's Church, and was situated in Hercules' Pillars Alley, between Mitre Court and Falcon Court, which alley is described by Strype as "altogether inhabited by such as keep Publick Houses for entertainment, for which it is of note." It was a house of some pretensions, dating from the time of James I., and, like many others, issued its token (a halfpenny) at a time when one Edward Oldham kept it. The coin bears his name upon it, and a crowned standing figure grasping a pillar in each hand illustrates the sign of the tavern.[1]

The place was a favourite resort of Pepys, who has several references to it in his *Diary*, as thus: On Oct. 11, 1660: "With Mr. Creed to Hercules' Pillars, where we drank." Again: "In Fleet-street I met with Mr. Salisbury, who is now grown in less than two years' time so great a limner that he has become excellent and gets a great deal of money at it. I took him to Hercules' Pillars to drink."

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[1] It is given by both Burn and Akerman.

Then, on Feb. 6, 1668, he carried his wife, Betty Turner, Mercer, and Deb "to Hercules' Pillars, and there did give them a kind of a supper of about 7s. and very merry."

On Feb. 22, 1669: "After the play was done we met with Mr. Bateller and W. Hewer, and Talbot Pepys, and they followed us in a hackney-coach; and we all supped at Hercules' Pillars; and there I did give the best supper I could, and pretty merry; and so home between eleven and twelve at night;" and again, on April 30, 1669, the Diarist tells us that "at noon my wife came to me at my tailor's and I sent her home, and myself and Tom dined at Hercules' Pillars;" while later in the same year (Aug. 30), we find him dining here alone, "while he sent his shoe to have the heel fastened at Wotton's."

A more solemn personage than Pepys was also not unmindful of certain satisfying beverages to be had at this tavern, for Locke, according to Lord King's *Life* [1] of the philosopher, in advising a foreigner when the latter was about to visit this country, writes, in 1679, that "there are several sorts of compounded ales, as cock-ale, wormwood ale, lemon-ale, scurvy-grass-ale, college ale . . . to be had at Hercules' Pillars, near the Temple." [2]

Hercules' Pillars Alley took its name from this tavern, which was the chief of several situated in this spot. Another of them was the 'CROWNE,' but it could not have been of much account, and the only contemporary reference to it (Pepys's) calls it "a little ordinary in Hercules' Pillars Alley . . . a poor scurvy place," although the Diarist dined there on Jan. 30, 1667, and "had a good dinner." [1]

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[1] Page 35.

[2] Wroth tells us that Evans, once proprietor of the Hercules' Pillars, in 1738 reopened Cuper's Gardens, Lambeth, a rival to the better-remembered Vauxhall (*London Pleasure Gardens*).

Another tavern close by which existed in Pepys's day, and much earlier, was the 'DOLPHIN,' situated opposite Fetter Lane. It is interesting as being one of the first houses where tobacco was sold, and we find its proprietor, Timothy Howe, and a neighbour in Ram Alley, indicted in 1618 "for keepinge their tobacco shops open all nighte and fyers in the same without any chimney, and *uttering* hott water and selling ale without licence, to the great disquietude, terror, and annoyance of that neighbourhood," and again, in 1630, they were 'presented' "for annoyinge the judges at Serjeants' inne with the stench and smell of their tobacco." [2] We do not, however, know how they emerged from this truly Jacobean counterblast.

Again crossing Fleet Street, we find the site of another once well-known inn at No. 164. This was the 'HORN TAVERN, which is now appropriately revivified in Anderton's Hotel. This hostelry is recorded as having been bequeathed, under the title of the 'Horn in the Hoop,' to the Goldsmiths' Company by one Thomas Atte Hay, himself a goldsmith and member of this guild, so early as 1405, and it is still the property of the company.

There is a reference to the tavern in Machyn's *Diary* under date of 1557, and just forty years later we learn from the Register of St. Dunstan's that "Raphe was slained at the Horne, buryed."

An early seventeenth-century reference to the Horn Tavern is found in *Father Hubbard's Tales*, printed in quarto in 1604,[1] where the following passage occurs :—

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[1] Another small tavern known to Pepys was the 'GOLDEN EAGLE,' in New Street, between Fetter Lane and Shoe Lane.

[2] Register of St. Dunstan's, quoted by Noble, and Burn's *Tokens*.

"And when they pleased to think upon us, told us they were to dine together at the Horn in Fleet Street, being a house where their lawyer resorted. . . . He embraced one young gentleman, and gave him many riotous instructions how to carry himself . . . his eating must be in some famous tavern as the Horn,[2] the Mitre, or the Mermaid, etc."

The grouping together of the tavern I am here dealing with, with such notable hostelries as the 'Mitre' and the 'Mermaid,' seems to indicate that its fame and reputation were far greater than would be imagined from the lack of information we have about it; for, beyond the fact that Sir John Baker is recorded as living there [3] in 1640, and that a token of this house is in the Beaufoy Collection, we know practically nothing more about the place.

It was not far from the 'Horn' that Mrs. Salmon's Waxworks were first exhibited at 189 Fleet Street, which was rebuilt for Praed's Bank, in 1802; and Snelling, the well-known numismatist, lived next door to the tavern, one of his books bearing the imprint: "printed for T. Snelling next the Horn Tavern in Fleet Street, 1766, who buys and sells all sorts of coins and medals." [4]

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[1] It is quoted in *London Past and Present*.

[2] At this time the 'Horn' is described as being between the 'Red Lion,' over against Serjeants' Inn, and Three-Legged Alley, over against Whitefriars.

[3] See *Domestic State Papers*.

[4] Anderton's Coffee-House preceded Anderton's Hotel, which was rebuilt in 1879–80, and now occupies the sites of Nos. 162 to 165 Fleet Street. It was at Anderton's Coffee-House that the St. Dunstan's Club was first started, in 1770, by the Rev. J. Williamson, Vicar of St. Dunstan's.

Notwithstanding the fame of the 'Devil,' the 'Mitre,' and the 'Cock,' it is probable that the renown of the Cheshire Cheese Tavern, to which we now come, surpasses that of all Fleet Street hostelries. The combination of three reasons is sufficient to account for this: its antiquity; its association with Dr. Johnson and innumerable other celebrities before and after his day; and above all, I think, the fact that the place still remains (almost, if not quite, the only survival) as it existed in earlier times. When you enter its precincts through the exiguous Wine Office Court, on which it abuts, you seem to be stepping back into those past times when, as Johnson once phrased it, "a tavern chair was the throne of human felicity." The ghosts of earlier days (and what ghosts!) appear about you, and in the incorporeal presence of Ben Jonson and Herrick, Pope and Congreve, Steele and Addison, Johnson and Burke and Boswell, or the later shades of Douglas Jerrold, Mark Lemon, Dickens, Thackeray, Tom Hood, Tom Taylor, and Tennyson, you forget the rush of the twentieth century and the noise of motors and taxi-cabs, and almost feel as if you could say with the poet:—

> ". . . Et Ego in arcadia vixi."

There is little to be gleaned about the history and associations of the 'Cheshire Cheese' beyond what is incorporated in the little *Book of the Cheese*, which was compiled by T. W. Reid, and of which a fourth edition was edited by Mr. R. R. D. Adams in 1901. In this compilation, notwithstanding certain redundancies and almost inevitable repetitions, you will find not only what historical facts are known of the place, but also much of interest concerning its past patrons; its waiters (among them old 'William,' who would ask, "Any gentleman say *pudden*?" and was not at all disturbed when a crusty old guest replied, "No *gentleman* says pudden"); its wonderfully and fearfully made Lark Pudding, concocted in mystery and eaten in true *gourmet* silence; the clubs that have met here: the 'Johnson,' the '49,' the 'Rhymers,' the 'Soakers,' the 'St. Dunstan's,' and the rest. Another thing that helps to differentiate the 'Cheshire Cheese' from other Fleet Street taverns, is the fact that it has not only been much written about (American vying with British journalists in doing it honour), but has been much painted and sketched: Mr. Seymour Lucas and Mr. Dendy Sadler having reproduced its earlier social life, and Herbert Railton and others the picturesque outlines of the old place. Indeed, it stands to-day as practically the last of those centres in Fleet Street (or Brain Street, as Sala happily termed it) in which we can, with little trouble to the imagination, rehabilitate the life of the past.

When the 'Cheshire Cheese' was actually first started is unknown, but we can at least date it back to Elizabethan days, for it was here, it is said, that Ben Jonson and Sylvester had their famous couplet-making bout, when the latter produced the lines:—

"I, Sylvester,
Kiss'd your sister."

To which Ben replied with:—

"I, Ben Jonson,
Kiss'd your wife."

"That's not a rhyme," said Sylvester. "No," replied Jonson, "but it's true." There is said, too, to be extant a manuscript play,[1] dating from the same period, which contains these lines :—

> "Heaven bless the 'Cheese' and all its goodly fare—
> I wish to Jove I could go daily there.
> Then fill a bumper up, my good friend, please—
> May fortune ever bless the 'Cheshire Cheese'";

while Herrick's apostrophe to Ben Jonson :—

> "Ah, Ben!
> Say how or when
> Shall we, thy guests,
> Meet at those lyric feasts
> Made at the Sun,
> The Cheese, the Triple Tun,"

is supposed to contain an allusion to Jonson's visits here; and although the 'Dog' is sometimes printed instead of the 'Cheese,' Mr. Reid says he feels convinced that the 'Cheese,' being opposite the 'Triple Tun' or 'Three Tuns,' is the house Herrick meant. Charles II. is recorded as having once partaken of refreshment here, with Nell Gwynn; and, to come to later days, a small book called *Round London*, printed in 1725, describes the place as "Ye Olde Cheshire Cheese Tavern, near ye Flete Prison, an eating-house for goodly fare."

Wine Office Court, in which the 'Cheese' stands, is notable for having once been the residence of Goldsmith (a frequent visitor to the tavern), and here he wrote, or partly wrote, the *Vicar of Wakefield*. The court takes its name from the fact that the house where wine licences were granted, stood close by. At one time a fig tree grew here, it having been planted over a century ago, by the then Vicar of St. Bride's, who lived at No. 12 Fleet Street.[1]

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[1] The *Philadelphia Times* for October 1884, quoted in the *Book of the Cheese*.

Among the many references to the 'Cheshire Cheese,' two dating from the eighteenth century deserve mention: the first, taken from a paper called *Common Sense, or the Englishman's Journal* (printed and sold by J. Purser in White Fryars, and G. Hawkins at 'Milton's Head,' between the Two Temple Gates, Fleet Street) for April 23, 1737, runs thus:—

"On Sunday, April 17, one Harper, who formerly lived with Mr. Holyoake at the sign of the 'Old Cheshire Cheese,' in Wine Office Court, Fleet Street, for eight years, found Means to conceal himself in the House . . . and took away a small Box containing £200 and Notes to the value of £600 more." The account goes on to say that Harper, being disturbed, was obliged to hide in a chimney, where he was discovered with his booty, and was afterwards carried before the Lord Mayor, who committed him to Newgate.

The other reference is from the *Morning Herald and Daily Advertiser* for Monday, Aug. 9, 1784, by which we learn that a porter in the Temple named John Gromont induced a woman with whom he lived, but who had left him, to take a drink at a public-house in Wine Office Court, "where, starting up in a fit of frenzy, he cut the woman's throat"; and we are further told that "before the transaction he had made several attempts to destroy himself at Mr. Bosher's, the Rainbow, opposite the end of Chancery Lane, in Fleet Street, and other public-houses in the neighbourhood."

Cyrus Jay, in 1868, and Cyrus Redding, ten years earlier, have both left word-pictures of the past life of the 'Cheshire Cheese'; and there is extant a story of Sala, who, having been sent to Paris by the *Daily Telegraph,* to write on French cookery and restaurant-life, praised both unreservedly, and greatly to the detriment of English fare and tavern-management; but, on his return to London, rushed off immediately to the 'Cheshire Cheese,' and exclaimed to the head-waiter, "William, bring me a beefsteak, some potatoes in their jackets, and a pint of ale. I've had nothing to eat for six weeks."

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[1] There was once another fig tree growing near by, at the sign of the 'Fig-Tree,' Fleet Street.

Poets have sung the place, John Davidson and Mr. Rhys among them, and at least once it has entered into fiction, when, in the *Tale of Two Cities,* Sidney Carton takes Charles Darnay to "the nearest tavern to dine well at," after the trial at the Old Bailey.

The 'TRIPLE TUN,' or the 'THREE TUNS,' opposite the 'Cheshire Cheese,' on the south side of Fleet Street, is known to us only by Herrick's reference to it, quoted above. There was another tavern of the same name, frequented by Pepys, near the corner of Chandos Street and standing on the site of 66 Bedford Street, Strand.

Another interesting old tavern on the north side of Fleet Street was the 'GLOBE,' which stood where No. 134 is now, close to Shoe Lane. It was existing in 1636, and thirteen years later one Henry Hothersall obtained a forty-one years' lease of it "at the yearly rent of £75 and ten gallons of Canary sack" and £400 fine. He expended a large sum in rebuilding the premises, and after the Great Fire obtained a fresh lease for sixty-one years at £40 per annum, together with a piece of ground in the rear "for the more commodious landing of his wines from Shoee Lane into his backyard." [1] A tragic occurrence here is thus recorded by Luttrell in his *Diary* under date of Nov. 14, 1684: " Sir William Estcourt, foreman of Mr. Noseworthy's jury, was with some of his fellow-jurymen and gentlemen of the country at the Globe tavern in Fleetstreet, where arose a quarrell between Sir William, Mr. St. Johns, and Col. Webb; but after some words they fell on Sir William, and most barbarously killed him, notwithstanding several persons were in the company: he had five wounds about him; and the next day the coroner's inquest found it murther in St. Johns and accessary in Webb; on which they were both committed to Newgate." Both St. Johns and Webb were condemned to death; but subsequently, pleading the King's pardon, they were discharged.

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[1] Noble's *Memorials of Temple Bar.*

This house existed down to comparatively recent times, and Timbs tells us that he remembers it as a handsomely appointed tavern. It is, however, many a year since it was one of the features of Fleet Street. In the eighteenth century it was well known for its card-parties, and the clubs which had their headquarters here. Among the latter were the Robin Hood and the Wednesday Clubs. The latter was a favourite one of Goldsmith's. Says Washington Irving in his *Life* of the poet: " Another of these free-and-easy clubs met on Wednesday evenings at the Globe. It was somewhat in the style of the Three Jolly Pigeons; songs, jokes, dramatic imitations, burlesque parodies, and broad sallies of humour formed a contrast to the sententious morality, pedantic casuistry, and polished sarcasm of the learned critic. . . . Johnson used to be severe upon Goldsmith for mingling in these motley circles, observing that, having been originally poor, he had contracted a love for low company. Goldsmith, however, was guided not by a taste for what was low, but what was comic and characteristic."

Goldsmith and his friends often finished their 'Shoemaker's Holiday' by supping at the 'Globe,' says Timbs who gives a list of some of the curious characters who were wont to forgather on these occasions, but whose names are now, for the most part, among forgotten things, although they included such once well-known ones as those of Macklin and Dunstall the actors, Woodfall the printer, and Lord Mayor Smith.

One of Goldsmith's delights was listening to a man of immense size, named Gordon, singing 'Nottingham Ale,' or hearing the surgeon *manqué*, Glover, give his clever imitations of well-known histrions of the day.

It was at the 'Globe,' or rather on his way to it from the Temple, that Goldsmith made his well-known epigram on Edward Purdon, a constant frequenter of the tavern :—

"Here lies poor Ned Purdon, from misery freed,
Who long was a bookseller's hack ;
He had led such a damnable life in this world
I don't think that he'll wish to come back."

Once more crossing to the south side of Fleet Street, we find two taverns close by Water Lane : the 'OLD SHIP' and the 'BOAR'S HEAD.' Beyond the fact of adding to the not inconsiderable list of Fleet Street hostelries, the former has no history. The latter, however, which stood on the site of No. 66 Fleet Street, was said to date from the year 1646, although Boar's Head Alley, to which it presumably gave its name, is known to have been in existence in the early years of Elizabeth's reign. In 1775, Sarah Fortescue, who is described as a widow and victualler at the Boar's Head Ale-House, was charged with keeping a disorderly place.

Little is recorded of the 'BLACK LION,' in Whitefriars, of which Shepherd has left us a spirited water-colour drawing[1] dated 1859; or of the ROSE TAVERN, at Fleet Bridge, of which a token, dated 1649, exists; and the names of the 'GOLDEN LION,' the 'SEVEN STARS,' the 'ST. DUNSTAN'S,' the 'GREYHOUND,' mentioned by Machyn in 1557, and the 'CROSS KEYS,'[2] have come down to us in such an obscure way, that it is difficult to localise exactly their respective sites.

The 'GREEN DRAGON,' however, which stood on the site of 56 Fleet Street, is recorded so early as 1636. It was burnt in the Great Fire, but rebuilt in the following year, being then set back about six feet.[3] It was noted for the clubs held here connected with the Popish Plot, and it was from its windows that Roger North witnessed one of the annual burnings of the Pope, which were once a feature of Fleet Street.

The 'RED LION, "over against Serjeants' Inn," was another hostelry which was burnt in the Great Fire, but not rebuilt. It dated from the later sixteenth century (a mention occurs of it in 1592), and was situated in Red Lion Court, No. 169 Fleet Street. In 1602, Ambrose Lupton, the vintner, described as "inn-holder at the 'Red Lyon' in Fleete Streete," who "by his freedome keepeth a cellar at the Red Lyon Gate," had a number of cans and pots seized for false measure.

A still earlier tavern was the 'CASTLE,' which stood

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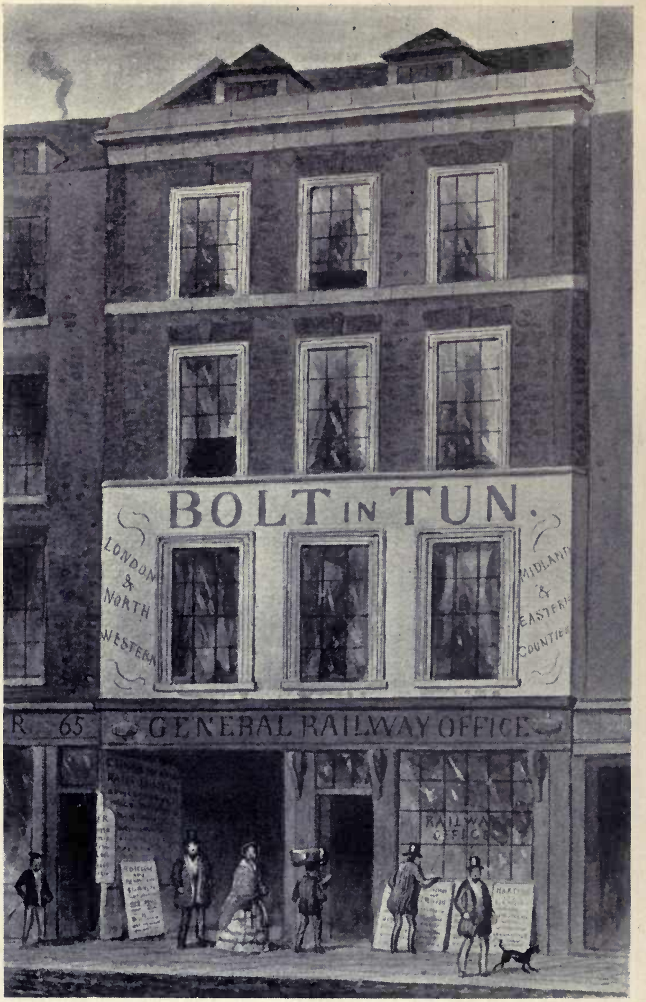
[1] In the Crace Collection.

[2] The 'Cross Keys' was at the Chancery Lane end of Fleet Street, and was kept by one William Colborn; this was stated by a follower of Titus Oates "to have been one of the first houses marked for destruction by the Jesuits."

[3] Noble's *Memorials of Temple Bar.*


BOLT IN TUN.
LONDON & NORTH WESTERN
MIDLAND & EASTERN COUNTIES
R 65
GENERAL RAILWAY OFFICE
RAILWAY OFFICE

THE BOLT IN TUN INN.

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at the west corner of Shoe Lane, abutting on Fleet Street, and is recorded as being in existence so far back as 1432. It was, during the earlier half of the seventeenth century, the rendezvous of the members of the Clockmakers' Company, who held their meetings here till 1666. At a later date, when rebuilt after the Great Fire, it is said to have been decorated by the largest sign in London,[1] and about this time its proprietor was Alderman Sir John Tash who died in 1735, having made a fortune as a wine merchant and innkeeper.

Another tavern, only less ancient than the 'Castle,' was the 'BOLT-IN-TUN,' a record of which occurs in the Patent Rolls for 1443.[2] It took its title from the well-known rebus on the name of Prior Bolton of St. Bartholomew's, Smithfield. References to this house, which was once a great coaching rendezvous, are found in the Parish Registers under date 1629, and again in 1660, and five years later, during the Plague, we read that "a boy found dead in the hay-loft, in Boult-in-Tun Stables, was buried." An eighteenth-century record tells us that, in 1759, the keeper of it, one Thomas Walker, was charged with carrying it on as a disorderly house.

One other place which should properly be mentioned in this chapter is Lamb's 'only SALOPIAN SHOP,'[3] on the south side of the thoroughfare, near Bridge Street. Saloop-houses were to be met with in some numbers in Georgian London. In them was sold a decoction of sassafras, which was originally made from Salep—the roots of the *Orchis mascula*. In the eighteenth century, Dr. Percival was a great believer in this form of the herb, and he affirmed that "it had the property of concealing the taste of salt water, which property, it was thought, might be turned to account in long sea voyages."[1] The last place in which the decoction was sold appears to have been Read's Coffee-House, at 102 Fleet Street, the original of Lamb's 'Salopian Shop,' which existed till 1833, having been first opened in 1719, by one Lockyer,[2] who, according to Hotten, took 'Mount Pleasant' for his sign. The name of Read reminds me that before taking leave of the Fleet Street taverns I ought to say a word about the 'Mug House,' in Salisbury Court, Fleet Street, which was kept by a man of this name.

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[1] Hatton's *New View of London*, 1708.

[2] Larwood and Hotten, in their *History of Signboards*, state that in a licence of alienation to the Friars Carmelites of London, of certain premises in the parish of St. Dunstan, Fleet Street, 'Hospitium vocatum la Boltenton' is mentioned as a boundary.

See Lamb's *Praise of Chimney-Sweeps.*

Mug-house clubs were very numerous in the earlier part of the eighteenth century. They took their title from the fact that each member drank his ale out of his own particular mug. The history of these mug-house clubs enters largely into the political annals of the day. Their members were of the Whig persuasion, and were ever ready to go forth and do battle against the adherents of the Pretender, when the latter were bent on mischief. The mug-house in Salisbury Court was one of the first started, and its frequenters were among the noisiest of the day. Indeed, on one occasion—July 20, 1716—they created such a disturbance, by drinking party-toasts in the parlour, with the windows wide open, that the mob (which must have contained a large leaven of Jacobites) became so enraged that it threatened to pull down the place and make a bonfire in Fleet Street of its contents. The Club immediately closed the windows and barricaded the premises, and having sent a messenger, by a back door, for help to another mug-house in Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, awaited events. Soon a noisy body of rescuers was seen proceeding down the Strand and Fleet Street, armed with all sorts of implements. On their arrival, the Salisbury Court ‘ Mugs ’ sallied out, and the mob, caught between two fires, beat a hasty retreat. But it was only for a time ; the mob boiling with rage at this reverse, and merely being kept within bounds by the knowledge that a regiment of horse at Whitehall had received orders to ride into Fleet Street on the first provocation. Three days after the first attack, therefore, one Vaughan urged the people to take revenge for their defeat, regardless of consequences. Led by him, and shouting, “ High Church and Ormond ! down with the Mug-House,” they renewed their attack. Read, fearing that his premises would be demolished and their contents destroyed, thereupon threw open a window, and pointing a gun at the mob, swore he would kill the first who tried to effect an entrance. Vaughan and his band, enraged at this threat, thereupon made a determined rush at the house. Read took aim, and firing, shot Vaughan who fell dead on the spot. His followers, driven to still greater fury at this untoward event, swore they would hang Read from his own sign, and succeeded in forcing their way into the house. Luckily for him, he had been able to escape by a back entrance ; but everything was torn from the building and burnt, and the infuriated people were only prevented from setting fire to the mug-house by the arrival of the Sheriffs with a number of constables. The Riot Act, although read, was helpless in restraining the violence of the crowd, and it was only on the military being sent for that it was possible to disperse it.

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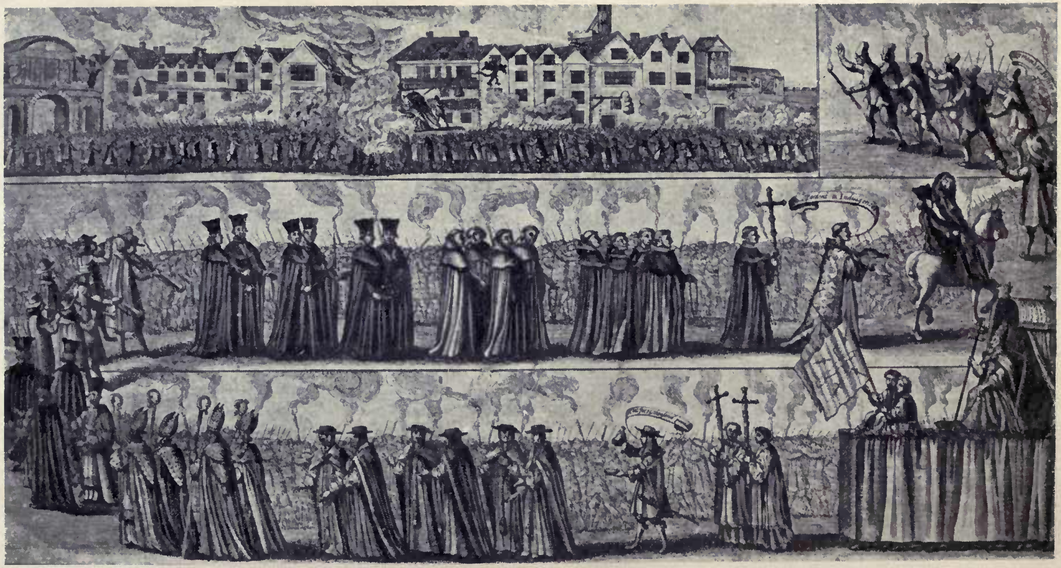
[1] Timbs.

[2] Lockyer died in 1739.

Read was afterwards apprehended and tried for the murder of Vaughan, but was subsequently found guilty of manslaughter only ; while some of the rioters were hanged "at the end of Salisbury Court, in Fleet Street," on Sept. 21, 1716. Some years later, the Salisbury Court mug-house was demolished, and gradually this by-product of political enmity died a natural death.

I may make an end of this chapter by reminding the reader that Cogers' Hall, the headquarters of the Society of Cogers, was situated at 15 Bride Lane, and that the Discussion Hall, where the society founded by Daniel Mason in 1755, and including in its number such famous men as Curran and O'Connell, held their revels, was at 10 Shoe Lane.



THE MOCK PROCESSION OF THE POPE IN FLEET STREET.

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CHAPTER VIII

FAMOUS MEN AND WOMEN OF FLEET STREET

As we have seen in the preceding chapters, a vast number of notable people have been connected with Fleet Street from very early times—some as residents, others in a more fortuitous way. Forming an important portion of the principal highway connecting the City and the West End, Fleet Street has witnessed probably, a greater number of splendid pageants than any street in London, with the exception of the Strand. The long roll of British monarchs has passed along it in gorgeous procession; civic glory has been witnessed in it, on the innumerable occasions when its apotheosis in the Lord Mayor's Show has caused the thoroughfare to become gay with decorations; and all sorts of pageants—of which those in which Queen Victoria passed to St. Paul's on the occasions of her Jubilees were the crowning glory—have enshrined this old, time-worn street in the history of the country.

It has, too, been the scene, often enough, of darker doings. Wat Tyler's insurrection did not leave it untouched, for we are expressly told that the rioters destroyed two forges here, and, doubtless, did much unspecified damage. A few years later, what is euphemistically termed "a great debate" —otherwise, one of those domestic battles in which the period was rife—took place here between the servants of Waltham, Bishop of Salisbury, then Lord Treasurer, and the citizens, in 1392, on which the King "sesed the franchise and the libertie of London into hys hand, and the Kyng hadd of London xm. l. lib' or he wolde be plesyd."[1]

Again, in 1441, we read of "a great affray in Flete Strete atweene ye getters of the Innys of Court and the inhabytauntesof the same strete," in which the ringleader appears to have been one Herbottell, "a man of Clyfford's Inne." Seventeen years later, another riot of a similar character took place in Fleet Street, when, according to Holingshead, "the students were driven with archers from the Conduit back to their Inns, and some slain, including the Quene's Attornie."

On this occasion, the King was so wroth with the students that he "committed the principall governors of Furnivall's, Clifford's, and Barnard's Inn to prison in the Castle of Hertford, and William Tailor, Alderman of that ward, with mani other, were sent to Wyndesore Castell the 7th of Maie."

But perhaps no scene in the fifteenth century so disgraced Fleet Street as that in which Eleanor Cobham, Duchess of Gloucester, who had been accused of witchcraft, figured. The Duchess, luckier than some of her supposed confederates, who suffered death, was obliged to do public penance, and, on Nov. 13, 1441, having been brought from Westminster to the Temple Stairs, she, holding a heavy wax taper in her hand, "went so thoro the Fflet Strete on her feete and hoodeless" to St. Paul's where she offered her taper at the high altar.[2]

In the following century (1522), another noble, but still unluckier victim, came to the Temple Stairs, and was led through Fleet Street to the Tower—notably Edward, Duke of Buckingham, into whose mouth Shakespeare has put one of his finest speeches.

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[1] *Chronicle of the Grey Friars.*

[2] Stow's *Annals.*

Coronation processions have been too numerous to be specified, but I may remind the reader that at that of Anne Bullen (May 31, 1533) the Fleet Street Conduit "was newlie paynted, and all the arms and angels refreshed,"[1] that upon it "was made a tower with foure turretts, and in every turrett stood one of the Cardinall vertues with their tokens and properties;" and that, on this occasion, Temple Bar, also newly painted and repaired, bore its burden of "divers singing children."

Another unfortunate queen was proclaimed in Fleet Street, Lady Jane Grey, and a few days later passed in state to the Tower, which was so soon to be her last resting-place. No doubt, on this occasion as on others—the entry of Philip and Mary, that of Queen Elizabeth, the Proclamation of James I., the reception of the King of Denmark, the return of Charles II., and so many more—the Conduit bulked largely in the scheme of decoration, and was bedizened with paint and flags, and became, for the nonce, a nest of singing-birds.

Notable funerals have also been witnessed by Fleet Street: that of the Earl of Oxford in 1562; that of Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey, viewed by vast crowds, from Bridewell to Charing Cross, in 1678; that of Lord Nelson in 1805; and that of the Duke of Wellington in 1852—to mention but these.

Then there were such processions as those of the Scald Miserable Masons, in 1742; and the annual "Burning of the Pope," which obtained during the latter years of Charles II.'s reign. This ceremony took place at the King's Head Tavern, near Chancery Lane, and is graphically described by Roger North, who tells how, on one occasion, the Archbishop of York asked Lord Justice North what was to be done to quell the riot with which the proceedings were always accompanied; and received the laconic reply, "Fear God, and don't fear the people."[1]

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[1] Stow.

Fleet Street figures largely, too, in such matters of history as the "Wilkes and Liberty" riots, in 1763, and again in 1769, when the famous "Battle of Temple Bar" took place; the Gordon Riots, when the Fleet Prison was destroyed and such havoc played with London generally; the Hardy "Treason Trials" of 1794, when Hardy, who lived at No. 161 Fleet Street (next door to the place where Carlile had his "Free-Thought" headquarters), was brought to trial, and Lord Eldon got mobbed, and, had it not been for his presence of mind, might have been severely maltreated by the crowd.[2]

A list of such matters might be carried on interminably. Enough has, I think, been set down to confirm what I began by saying as to the important part this historic thoroughfare has borne in the larger annals of the country.

To turn to its more domestic side, we shall find that a number of interesting people have been connected, more directly, with the street.

The names of some very early inhabitants are preserved in the "Grant to erect a Penthouse for the Aqueduct in Fleetstrete," to which I have before referred. As it is interesting to know the appellations of some of those who lived in Fleet Street in 1388, I give them here: John Rote, John Walworth, Robert Bryan, Thomas Dukes, George Cressy, Remund Standulf, John Chamberlyn, Robert Ikford, Richard Middletone, Roger Rabat, Robert Mauncel, John Emmede, Nicholas Simond, Adam Jurdan, Robert Walter, John Attebille, Walter Hoggeslade, Walter Dunmowe, William Balle, Roger Kempstone, Alan Ulryk, and John Derneford.

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[1] Hogarth has left us a well-known picture of the "Burning of the Rumps" at Temple Bar, another political manifestation of the period.

[2] There is an interesting autobiographical account of the incident in Twiss's *Life of Eldon*.

Among more notable residents in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries were the Pastons, whose letters form such valuable documents on the rather vague and shadowy Middle Ages. They had their town house in Fleet Street, as we have seen in the first chapter, a house mentioned occasionally in their correspondence.

But it is in the days of the Tudors that we find Fleet Street becoming the centre, not only of literary activity, but also of fashion. Sir Amias Paulet, whose name is familiar to students of this period, is found writing to the still more famous Walsingham, "from my poor lodging in Fleet Street," in the year 1588; and only a few years earlier, the 'thorough' Earl of Strafford was born in Chancery Lane. Bradford, one of the martyrs under the Marian persecution, was, in 1553, "taken at Mr. Elsing's house in Fleet Street," as recorded by Foxe.

The names of many of the great Elizabethan dramatists enter into the annals of the thoroughfare from the fact of their bearers having been connected with the Temple: such as, for instance, Francis Beaumont, Ford, and Marston, who was once a lecturer at the Middle Temple to which Chaucer had belonged in earlier days.

Of Michael Drayton, the connection is even closer, for, with the help of Aubrey, we are able to locate him as an actual resident in Fleet Street, "at ye large-windowe house next the east end of St. Dunstan's church." This house was numbered 186, and existed so late as 1885; although it had naturally been altered and restored. Mr. Hutton, referring to it, adds: "but its next-door neighbour city-wards still showed what was its appearance when Drayton occupied it, and published in 1608 an edition of his *Poems* 'at the Shop of John Smithwick, St. Dunstan's Church Yard under the Diall.'" As the author of *Literary Landmarks of London* properly states, St. Dunstan's Churchyard [1] was the Paternoster Row of those days, and was as much frequented by booksellers.

Shakespeare's connection with Fleet Street cannot, by the widest stretch of the imagination, be considered a very close one, but various references in his plays form a link between him and Clement's Inn, York House, the Temple Gardens, and other landmarks; and when *Twelfth Night* was produced in Middle Temple Hall in 1601, the dramatist is thought to have probably directed the performance, or at least to have been present during its progress.

His great contemporary, Ben Jonson, on the other hand, was closely associated with Fleet Street and its purlieus. He is said to have passed some years of his childhood in Hartshorne Lane, later known as Northumberland Street, Strand; he is credibly believed to have "wrought on the garden wall of Lincoln's Inne" as a bricklayer, as recorded by Aubrey; and he was certainly intimate with the neighbourhood and "the walks of Lincoln's Inn under the Elms," as he calls them in one of his plays; while he must have superintended numbers of those masques for which he was famous, when they were performed in the Old Hall there.

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[1] The poet Campion was buried here in 1620.

But his closest connection with Fleet Street was as a resident, for, according to Aubrey, he lived " without Temple Barre at a combe-maker's shop about the Elephant and Castle," which stood on the south side of the street between Temple Bar and Essex Street, and as the presiding deity at the symposia held at the Devil Tavern next to Temple Bar. Here, he tells us himself, he " drank bad wine " ; here, in the Apollo Room, he was Sir Oracle ; and he it was who wrote the rules of the Club in pure and elegant Latin. We can, in imagination, see him leaving his favourite resort on that famous occasion when, having " drunk well and had brave notions," his eyes flashing in a fine frenzy, and his sublime head striking the stars, he went home and penned the great speech addressed to Scylla's ghost in *Cataline*.

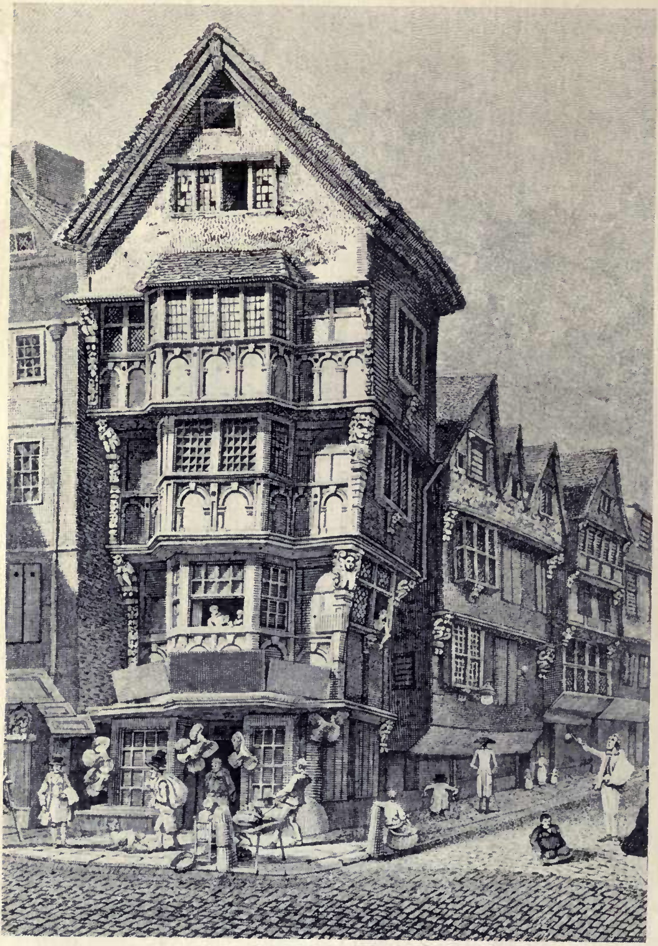
John Taylor, the 'Water Poet,' can claim a connection rather with the river side of Fleet Street than with that portion of the thoroughfare which chiefly concerns us, but two of his contemporaries, George Wither and James Shirley, are more nearly associated with the neighbourhood : for the former is said to have died in the Savoy, and, according to Anthony à Wood, was buried in the chapel there, " between the east door and the south end " ; while the latter was, at one period of his life, a schoolmaster in Whitefriars, and was living in Fleet Street, near the Inner Temple Gate. The Great Fire not only caused the destruction of his residence, but was also, it seems, responsible for his death ; for he was obliged to hurriedly leave his threatened house, and seek shelter in St. Giles in the Fields, where—owing, probably, to exposure combined with shock—he died only a few hours after the conflagration.

Edmund Spenser's gentle presence must have often been seen in Fleet Street when the poet was on one of his not infrequent visits to Essex House; but the connection of Milton with this part of London is a closer one, for we know that after his return from the Continent, in 1639, he lodged with a tailor—Russell by name—in St. Bride's Churchyard. The actual position of the house is now rather difficult to trace, but Howitt, who refers to it in his *Homes and Haunts of the British Poets*, helps us to locate it. Here is what he says about the place and its situation:—

"The house, as I learned from an old and most respectable inhabitant of St. Bride's Parish, was on the left hand as you proceed towards Fleet Street through the avenue. It was a very small tenement, very old, and was burned down on the 24th of November, 1824, at which time it was occupied by a hairdresser. It was—in proof of its age—without party walls, and much decayed. The back part of the *Punch* office now occupies its site."

The sad domestic episode of Milton's life dates from the period of his residence here, according to Aubrey, who states that when his first wife, Mary Powell, "came to live with her husband at Mr. Russell's in St. Bride's Churchyard, she found it very solitary; no company came to her, oftentimes heard his nephews beaten and cry; this life was irksome to her, and so she went to her parents."

Not far from St. Bride's Churchyard is Chancery Lane, and close to the south-west corner of that thoroughfare lived Izaak Walton. Sir John Hawkins, when engaged on his *Life* of Walton, took some pains to identify the residence of the Gentle Angler, and he sums up his investigations in the following words: "Izaak Walton dwelt on the north side of Fleet Street, in a house two doors west of the end of Chancery Lane, and abutting on a messuage known by the sign of



ANCIENT HOUSE AT THE CORNER OF CHANCERY LANE.

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the Harrow . . . now the old timber house at the south-west corner of Chancery Lane, till within these few years (1760), was known by that sign; it is therefore beyond doubt that Walton lived at the very next door, and in this house he is, in the deed above referred to, which bears date 1624, said to have followed the trade of a Linen-Draper. It further appears by that deed, that the house was in the joint occupation of Izaak Walton and John Mason, hosier, from whence we may conclude that half a shop was sufficient for the business of Walton."

At a later date Walton removed to a house at the Holborn end of Chancery Lane, supposed to have been next to Crown Court and to have stood on the site of No. 120.[1] In either house he was close to Shoe Lane, and in the Harp Alley leading from this street he used to buy his fishing-tackle: "If you will buy choice hooks," says he, in his *Angler*, "I will one day walk with you to Charles Kerbye's, in Harp Alley, Shoe Lane, who is the most exact hook-maker that the nation affords."

When the *Compleat Angler* was issued, it was but appropriate that Walton should, although then living in Clerkenwell, select a publisher in Fleet Street, close to his old home; and accordingly, in 1653, appeared his famous work: "sold by Richard Marriot in St. Dunstan's Church Yard, Fleet Street." One shilling and sixpence could then have bought a book that has now become worth far more than its weight in gold.

While yet Walton was a young man selling cloth in Fleet Street, and occasionally slipping away to ply his rod in the Lea, there was born, close by his shop, a poet whose love for the country was no less marked than his own. This was Cowley, whose father, a grocer, resided in Fleet Street, not far from Chancery Lane, in a house which is known to have "abutted on Serjeants' Inn." Here his famous son, Abraham, was born in the year 1618. But Cowley, though a Cockney, was never a Londoner, and this accident of his birthplace is the only really important connection he had with the City.

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[1] Hutton.

But other poets and dramatists of the period are more closely associated with this part of the town. For instance, Richard Lovelace, whose immortal "To Althea from Prison" was written in the Gate-house at Westminster in 1648, is said to have died, ten years later, in a miserable lodging in Gunpowder Alley, off Shoe Lane, his body being laid to rest in old St. Bride's Church.

Shadwell, too, an almost forgotten Laureate, was a member of the Middle Temple, and resided for a time in Salisbury Court, now Salisbury Square, before he flitted to Chelsea where he lies buried in an unknown grave.

Death, as in the case of Lovelace, connects Nat Lee, the clever playwright but indifferent actor, with the neighbourhood of Fleet Street, for, according to Oldys the antiquary, it was when "returning one night from the Bear and Harrow in Butcher Row, through Clare Market, to his lodgings in Duke Street, that, overladen with wine, Lee fell down on the ground as some say—according to others on a bulk, and was killed or stifled in the snow. He was buried in the parish church of St. Clement's Danes."

But a greater than Lovelace, or Shadwell, or Lee lived in this neighbourhood of many memories, for during the years 1673 to 1682 John Dryden is recorded by Peter Cunningham as residing in, or close by, Salisbury Court, probably about the same time as his friend Shadwell had a house in the court. No trace of his actual residence remains, nor is it probable that we shall ever know exactly where 'Glorious John' had his Fleet Street *habitat.* Neither is it very satisfactorily proved that the house in Fetter Lane (No. 16), traditionally assigned to him, was ever, in reality, occupied by the poet.

This house, adjoining Fleur-de-Lys Court, was demolished in 1887, but a print is given of it in Wilkinson's *Londina Illustrata,* and it bore on its front an old tablet on which appeared this inscription :—

HERE LIV'D
JOHN DRYDEN
YE POET
Born 1631—Died 1700.
Glorious John !

It is not known by whom this was set up. Its presence would seem to suggest that Dryden may perhaps have lodged temporarily here, for there is no record, either in the pages of his biography or in the Rate Books, of his ever having owned the house.

A contemporary writer, Thomas Otway, who made a solitary appearance as an actor at the Dorset Garden Theatre in Salisbury Court in 1672, is said—though I cannot vouch for the fact—to have passed some years of his not very reputable life in a house facing that assigned to Dryden in Fetter Lane; and this fact, together with a story connected with it, has been regarded as some proof of Dryden's residence here.

A story is a story, so I will give the one referred to. One day Otway called, about breakfast-time, on Dryden, in Fetter Lane, but was told he was breakfasting with Lord Pembroke. The next morning he called again, and this time was informed that his brother-poet was taking his matutinal meal with the Duke of Buckingham. "The Devil he is," exclaimed Otway, and taking up a piece of chalk, he wrote over his rival's door:—

"Here lives Dryden, a poet and a wit."

Dryden, on his return, saw theline, and under it wrote:—

"This was written by Otway, opposit."

He then told his servant to desire Otway's company at breakfast for the following morning. When the latter arrived, he immediately saw the additional line added to his, and, full of envy at his friend's better fortune and noble friends, took it in high dudgeon, and turning on his heel, told Dryden he could keep his wit and his breakfast to himself. This is so pointless a story that, had it not been handed down and repeated, one would hesitate to give it credence. Why Otway, smarting under envy and disappointment, should have written the original line, or why Dryden, who with a little thought might have made a good rhyme, should have perpetrated such an astonishingly bad one, are among the mysteries

Before leaving the seventeenth century and its poets (Rowe, by the bye, was a student at the Middle Temple in 1689),[1] we must not forget that Richard Baxter was a frequent preacher and lecturer in the old church of St. Dunstan's, and also in Fetter Lane, at a meeting-house near Neville's Court.

In the *Domestic State Papers*, and other early records, there are notices of various people living in Fleet Street and its neighbourhood who cannot be termed illustrious in any way, but who should be noted here. For instance, in 1549, we find a confirmation, by the King, of a lease of certain lands and tenements in Chancery Lane abutting on the Rolls Estate, from Richard Sampson, Bishop of Chichester, to the Guild and Fraternity of St. Mary, and St. Dunstan's, Fleet Street. In 1580, one Thomas Crofte is found writing to George Mydelmore, his brother-in-law, "at the signe of the Bishope in Fleete Streete," and ten years earlier one Francis Alford is mentioned as residing in Salisbury Court.

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[1] So were Selden and Clarendon and Wycherley. Selden died in Whitefriars.

About this period Fleet Street seems to have been much affected by papists, one of whom was a certain Dr. Johnson, for in 1587 we read of information being given of priests and recusants residing in Vaudrey's lodging at the 'Mermaid'; while a letter from the celebrated Robert Parsons to Father Swinborn was directed to be left at the house of James Taylor, a Roman Catholic, "against the Conduit in Fleet Street," in 1592. Many papists resided, too, at this period in Chancery Lane, and among other residents there are mentioned, in 1592–94, Sir Dennis Rowghane and Dr. Good.

It was in Fleet Street, "over a haberdasher's," that the mother of Felton, the murderer of the Duke of Buckingham, was living in 1628. It would appear that Felton had been seen at the Windmill Tavern in Shoe Lane a few weeks before he called on his parent and asked for money; not obtaining any, however, he intimated his determination to go to Portsmouth to get his arrears of pay. That his real object had then been decided upon is, to some extent, proved by the fact that before departing "he went to the church which stood at that time by the Conduit in Fleet Street, and left his name to be prayed for at next Sunday's service as a man disordered and discontented in mind." [1]

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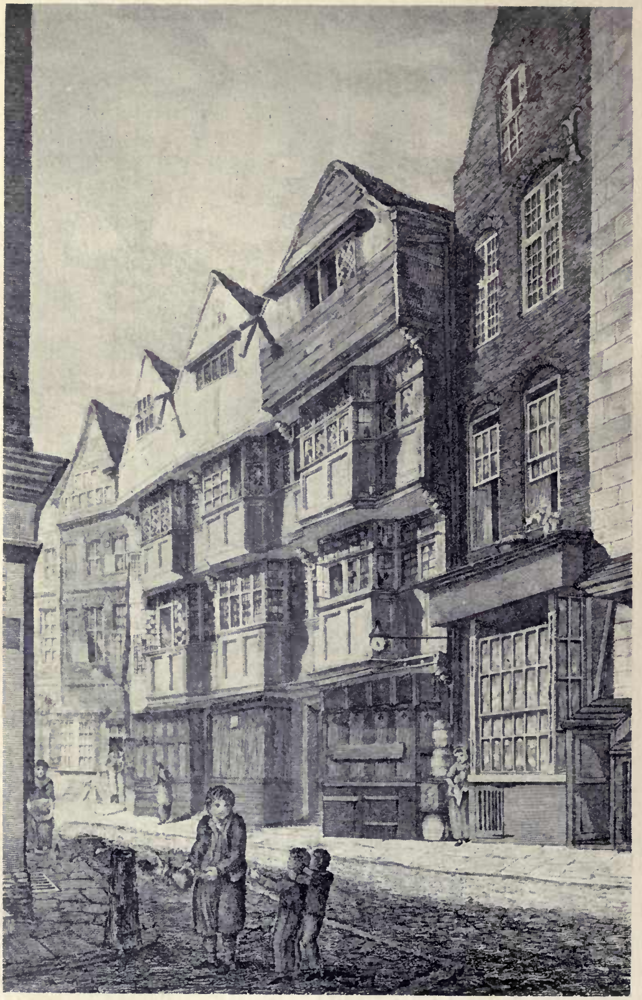
[1] Forster's *Life of Eliot*, vol. ii. p. 165.

At a rather later date (1637), we find Thomas Peirce, a tailor, living in White Hart Court, Fleet Street, and John Power residing in White Lion Court in the same thoroughfare. Coming to the times of Charles II., there is an entry in the *Domestic State Papers* relative to a "Warrant to Francis Rogers, to search the house of —— Carey, goldsmith 'at the Cock, Fleet Street,' for certain tapestry, etc., belonging to persons attainted for the murder of the late king, and to make an inventory of same."

Other entries have a different interest. Thus, the following gives us an insight into the relative rents of premises during Cromwell's day: Thos. Dunn, registrar for receiving appearances in the City of London, writes to the Lord Protector and Council, in 1656, and states that he "cannot find a suitable house for the purpose, in Fleet Street, under £60; another in the same thoroughfare with but two or three rooms is let, he says, at £52, and one in Dorset Court is offered at £70, which he thinks too high a rent.

Yet another entry tells us that the murderers of Sir Richard Sandford are, in 1675, ordered to be executed on two gibbets in Fleet Street "over against Whitefrairs, where they committed the crime."

At about this period we find another notable person, whose name has survived the furious envy of his foes, 'Praise-God' Barebone, carrying on business as a leather-seller in Fleet Street. In the *Domestic State Papers* he is called 'Prayse Barbon,' but there is no mistaking his identity, and we know, from other sources, that he was the owner of a house having for sign the 'Lock and Key,' in the parish of St. Dunstan's, which was let to a family named Speight. It was burned in the Great Fire, and was rebuilt by 'Barbon' whose son, by the bye, was that 'Barbon the great builder' who was



OLD HOUSES IN SHIP YARD, SHIRE LANE.

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responsible for so many new erections here and in other parts of London.[1]

A still more notable name is that of General Monk,[2] who, in 1659, is recorded, in a letter addressed to Lady Rachel Vaughan (afterwards Russell), as having "sent directions for his old lodging to be taken up for him in Fleet Street, near the Conduit"; while Sir Symonds D'Ewes, who wrote that valuable parliamentary diary, also had lodgings near Inner Temple Gate, as recorded in his journals.

Then there was Bulstrode Whitelocke, known for his annals of the reigns in which he lived and his services as an Ambassador to Sweden and elsewhere, who was born in the house of his great-uncle Sir George Croke, in Fleet Street, and baptized at St. Dunstan's on Aug. 19, 1605; Lady Theodosia Tresham, the wife of Sir William Tresham, who is recorded as living in Fleet Street in 1639; and Sir John Baker, Bart.,[3] who was residing next the Horn Tavern, in the same thoroughfare, in the following year; while Catherine Philips, 'the matchless Orinda,' to whom Jeremy Taylor addressed his *Discourse on Friendship*, died in Fleet Street on June 22, 1664. Nor must I forget to mention that Thomas Benière, a sculptor of much industry if not of a marked amount of genius, lived in a house near Fleet Ditch, and died there in 1693.

The references to Fleet Street during the seventeenth century which are to be found in the pages of Pepys and Evelyn need not be set down here, as they are chiefly connected (especially in the case of the former) with the various taverns in the thoroughfare, which are dealt with in another chapter; although when, under date of July 7, 1668, Pepys remarks that "we are fain to go round by Newgate, because of Fleet Bridge being under building," he indirectly informs us of one of the many changes then taking place in this part of London.

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[1] This house was in Fetter Lane, and Barebone paid £40 a year for it.

[2] The eighteenth Earl of Oxford, who was living in Fleet Street about the year 1624, was committed to the Tower for conniving at the escape of the Earl of Berkshire's daughter from an attempted forced marriage with 'Kit Villiers,' Buckingham's brother.

[3] He was buried in St. Bride's.

In Luttrell's *Diary*, however, such entries as appertain to Fleet Street are often of particular interest. Several have already been given, in other chapters, but here are a few more, short and succinct, as becomes the legal hand that penned them:—

1682, March. "The 2nd, in the morning early, a fire broke out in the back part of the Queen's Head Tavern, by Templebar, but was mastered in a little time, so that it consumed only the back part."

1684, Dec. 3, "was a waterman killed in Fleet-street, near Serjeants' Inn."

„ "Mr. Bramston hath lately killed one Piercy Wiseman esq. in Fetter Lane; and the next two or three nights was one or two killed each night."

„ Dec. 17, "one John Hutchins, who killed the waterman in Fleetstreet, was hang'd on a gibbet erected near the place."

Coming to the eighteenth century, we are overwhelmed almost by the numbers of illustrious men whose presence once graced Fleet Street. The proximity in Shire Lane, close by, of the Trumpet Tavern, where the Kit-Kat Club once held its meetings, would be alone sufficient to account for such names as those of Swift and Steele, and Garth and Addison, among so many others. Addison, to begin with him, was also intimately associated with the Devil Tavern and the Temple, where his gentle, dignified presence was so often to be seen; and what name can be more closely connected with his than that of his immortal creation, Sir Roger de Coverley? Sir Roger knew all these haunts well enough—which reminds me of a passage in *Pendennis* (Thackeray, too, you remember, once had chambers in 10 Crown Office Row), coming in here not inaptly:—

"Sir Roger de Coverley walking in the Temple Gardens and discussing with Mr. Spectator about the beauties in hoops and patches who are sauntering over the grass, is just as lively a figure to me as old Samuel Johnson rolling through the fog with the Scotch gentleman at his heels, on their way to Dr. Goldsmith's in Brick Court, or Harry Fielding, with inked ruffles and a wet towel round his head, dashing off articles for the *Covent Garden Journal*, while the printer's boy is asleep in the passage." [1]

Where was Fielding doing this, you ask? In the chambers he had, close by, in Pump Court, what time he was a student at the Middle Temple,[2] and before *Tom Jones* had created a new form in fiction, or *Amelia* had kept even unsympathetic old Johnson out of his bed, with fascination, in his own despite. And Fielding's great rival, Richardson, who was thought to be a finer writer; to be one of the immortals—and who reads *Clarissa* or *Grandison* to-day?—Richardson is another of those great figures with which Fleet Street is associated. For Richardson lived, and had his printing-house, and wrote his epistolary novels, in

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[1] Vol. ii. chap. viii.

[2] There is a tradition that Fielding once lived in Beaufort Buildings, Strand, but I cannot substantiate the fact; although we know that Aaron Hill did.

Salisbury Court, now become Salisbury Square, and lying in the very heart of journalism and printing-presses, and where we have already met with him in another chapter, before he went to live his last years and to die at Parson's Green. We don't hear of *his* frequenting taverns or coffee-houses. His delight was to sit, surrounded by a fair auditory, reading those lachrymose passages that so delighted his sentimental worshippers. How he would have rejoiced in seeing Mrs. Barbauld kiss the inkhorn with the contents of which he had caused so many hearts to beat and so many tears to flow.

No one is so closely identified with that part of London with which we are here concerned as Dr. Johnson, and as such something must be said, at large, about his connection with it :—

In 1748, Johnson came to 17 Gough Square, more closely identified with his personality and writings than any of his homes. And here was, indeed, a veritable literary workshop. The garret where the inception of the *Rambler* took place, and whence, after years of painful toil and dogged persistence, the great *Dictionary* presently emerged triumphant, may still be seen. Boswell tells us that, on one occasion, Johnson proposed to Dr. Burney that he should go up with him to his attic. Arrived there, the historian of music found five or six Greek folios, a deal writing-desk, and a chair and a half. The guest being provided with the whole seat, the ponderous host balanced himself on the other, which had but three legs and one arm. At a later date Carlyle made an expedition to Gough Square, and "found with difficulty the house in which the *Dictionary* was composed," and where, by the bye, Mrs. Johnson had died in 1752, a circumstance glanced at in the famous letter to Lord Chesterfield, in which the writer says that the praise the Vainqueur du Monde had bestowed on the *Dictionary* was useless, for " he was alone, and could not impart it."

In March 1759 Johnson flitted again, this time to Staple Inn, as he writes to Miss Lucy Porter, adding : " I am going to publish a little story-book, which I will send you when it is out."

The " little story-book " was nothing less than *Rasselas*, which was written in the evenings of a fortnight, to pay the funeral expenses of Johnson's mother. The sojourn in Staple Inn was not a long one, and Gray's Inn and chambers in Inner Temple Lane were its immediate successors. The latter did not prove inspiring, however, and Murphy even speaks of Johnson living here in total idleness ; the point of which remark is accentuated by the fact that on one occasion, a friend having called to write a letter in Johnson's room, found him unprovided with pen, ink, or paper.

Actual want, however, soon caused Johnson to overcome his natural inclination to idleness, and in 1763 we find Boswell paying a visit to Inner Temple Lane (to-day superseded by Johnson's Buildings), and finding a number of good books, " but very dusty and in great confusion," and the floor " strewed with manuscript leaves in Johnson's own handwriting," which the worthy Boswell tells us he " beheld with a degree of veneration, supposing they might perhaps contain portions of the *Rambler* or of *Rasselas*."

It was here that Johnson was also visited by Mme de Boufflers in company with Beauclerk, and here occurred the incident at the close of the visit when Johnson, remembering that he had allowed his fair acquaintance to depart without escorting her to her carriage, rushed down the stairs. Overtaking her and Beauclerk before they had gained the Temple Gate, he brushed past the latter, and seizing the lady's hand, conducted her to her coach.

Johnson apparently lived for about two years in the Temple, and in 1765 he removed to 7 Johnson's Court, Fleet Street, where he remained for eleven years. Here he brought out a new edition of the *Dictionary*, and published his *Shakespeare* and his *Journey to the Hebrides*. One wonders whether the name of the court attracted him, for it was not, as is so frequently supposed, named after him, although, when in the North, he playfully described himself as "Johnson of that Ilk."

On leaving Johnson's Court, Johnson took up his residence at 8 Bolt Court, and here he remained during the rest of his life. On April 3, 1776, Boswell paid his first visit to the Doctor's new abode, and found him "very busy putting his books in order; and as they were generally very old ones, clouds of dust were flying around him. He had on a pair of large gloves such as hedgers use," and his appearance put his future biographer in mind of his uncle's description of him: "A robust genius, born to grapple with whole libraries."

Nor are Johnson's friends hardly less associated with Fleet Street than the great man around whom they clustered. Boswell went wherever his hero went, and he even removed from Downing Street to chambers in what are now Farrar's Buildings, Temple, to be near him, although his other London residences were in the west: in Half-Moon Street, in Old Bond Street, and lastly, in great Portland Street.

Burke, when a member of the Middle Temple, resided at the 'Pope's Head,' over the shop of Jacob Robinson, a bookseller and publisher just inside the Temple Gateway, and now known as 16 Fleet Street, next the famous 'Rainbow.'

Another great literary figure of the period—that of Goldsmith—is intimately associated with the Temple and with those haunts where Johnson and his circle forgathered. From the time when Goldsmith was proof-reader to Richardson, in Salisbury Square, to the day when he died in Brick Court (which remains substantially as it was in his day), his figure was a familiar one in Fleet Street; he might often have been met with in the 'Mitre' or the 'Cheshire Cheese,' or at the card club held at the Devil Tavern, and the debating club at the 'Robin Hood.' In 1757, letters addressed to him were to be left at the Temple Exchange Coffee-House, near Temple Bar; and three years later he took up his residence at 6 Wine Office Court, a place for ever memorable as having seen the inception and completion of the *Vicar of Wakefield*. Here Johnson first visited him, and here he himself glanced through the MS of the famous book, and, as he himself told Boswell, "saw its merit," and, having gone to a bookseller, sold it for sixty pounds. Goldsmith — happy-go-lucky, improvident Goldsmith—had then spent his last guinea, and was being dunned for his rent. Four years later the poet had removed to 2 Garden Court, and later went to Gray's Inn; but when he received the £500 for his *Good-Natured Man*, he returned to the Temple, and Brick Court was his last earthly abode.

Near the Temple Church is the plain stone on which is inscribed, "Here lies Oliver Goldsmith," and which is known to most of us; but it is a question whether it marks the actual spot where his remains were laid. It is, however, in any case, approximately near the place.

While Johnson was living in Johnson's Court, and Goldsmith was in Brick Court, there arrived in London a youth with genius written on his unhappy brow, but whom Fate had reserved for a tragic end

—Thomas Chatterton. A garret in Shoreditch was his first lodging in London; a hardly better room in Brooke Street, Holborn, was his second and last; and he enters into these pages in virtue of the fact that his body was cast into an unknown pauper's grave in the workhouse burial-ground in Shoe Lane. This cemetery was eventually done away with when Farringdon Market was formed, and, as Howitt phrases it, "the tombs and memorials of the deceased disappeared to make way for the shambles and cabbage-stalks of the living."

The gentle figure of Cowper must often have been seen in Fleet Street, what time the poet had lodgings in the Middle Temple, and, later, chambers in the Inner Temple, where he attempted to commit suicide on being forbidden by his family to marry his cousin. Like Addison before him, he was used, in these days, to frequent Dick's (then called 'Richard's') Coffee-House.

Coming to a later day, we meet with Lamb and his circle in these hallowed haunts. Elia himself is almost as closely identified with this part of London as Johnson was: he was born in the Temple (Crown Office Row) in 1775; from 1800 to 1809 he lived at 16 Mitre Court Buildings; and, with a slight break, when he went to Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, he was back in the Temple, at 4 Inner Temple Lane, where he meant, he said, to "live and die." Fate, however, ordained otherwise, and in 1817 he left his beloved purlieus, never to return as a resident. He has told us so much of himself during these days in his essay on the "Old Benchers of the Temple," and elsewhere in his works, and we know, besides, so much from his letters, that there is no necessity to recapitulate here his love for Fleet Street and its neighbourhood.

But I cannot resist giving two extracts from his *Essays*, not only because they are bits of Lamb, but also because they afford us glimpses of two other interesting personalities—the fine actor, Elliston; and the little-remembered one, Dodd. The first is from "Ellistoniana"; the second from "On Some of the Old Actors"—

"It was my fortune to encounter him [Elliston] near St. Dunstan's Church (which, with its punctual giants, is now no more than dust and a shadow), on the morning of his election to that high office. Grasping my hand with a look of significance, he only uttered, 'Have you heard the news?'—then, with another look following up the blow, he subjoined, 'I am the future Manager of Drury Lane Theatre.' Breathless as he saw me, he stayed not for congratulation or reply, but mutely stalked away, leaving me to chew upon his new-blown dignities at leisure. In fact, nothing could be said to it. Expressive silence alone could muse his praise.

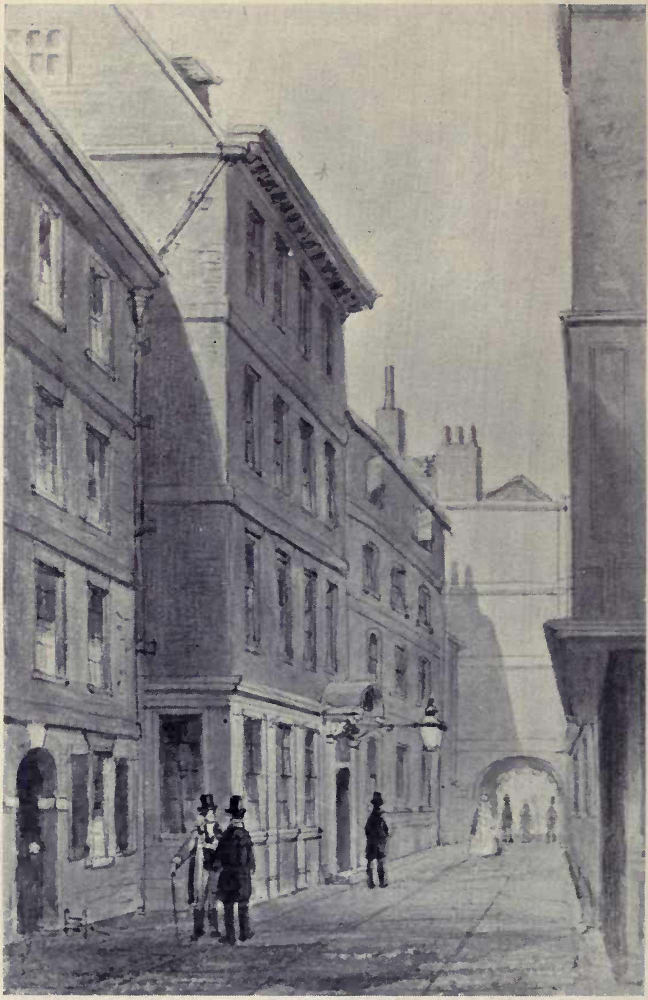
"This was in his *great* style."

"Dodd was a man of reading, and left at his death a choice collection of old English literature. I should judge him to have been a man of wit. I know one instance of an impromptu which no length of study could have bettered. My merry friend, Jem White, had seen him one evening in Aguecheek, and, recognising Dodd the next day in Fleet Street, was irresistibly impelled to take off his hat and salute him as the identical knight of the preceding evening with a 'Save you, *Sir Andrew.*' Dodd, not at all disconcerted at this unusual address from a stranger, with a courteous, half-rebuking wave of the hand, put him off with an Away, *fool.*'"

Crowded as Fleet Street is in memory—as crowded, indeed, as it has always been in fact—one great figure towers above the heterogeneous throng; one personality is, as I have before said, more closely connected with it than any other—that of Dr. Johnson. And as this is the case, I will close this chapter in his company and that of his faithful henchman :—

"It was a delightful day: as we walked to St. Clement's Church, I again remarked that Fleet Street was the most cheerful scene in the world. 'Fleet Street,' said I, 'is in my mind more delightful than Temple.'

"*Johnson.* 'Aye, Sir . . . '"



DR. JOHNSON'S HOUSE, INNER TEMPLE LANE.

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CHAPTER IX

FLEET STREET AND THE PRESS

To-day, publishers have sought different haunts, and booksellers are not so greatly represented in Fleet Street as in other thoroughfares; but printers—chiefly those concerned in the production of the great newspapers whose offices may be said to be as the sands of the shore in Fleet Street and its neighbourhood—still carry on a tradition which has now been connected with the locality for many a year. In the past, indeed, Fleet Street was the accepted home of those who gained a living by the production of books; just as it was, to a certain extent, the domicile of those engaged in their making. The place had a literary flavour. Its taverns and coffee-houses had a literary flavour. Its most enduring memories are those connected with men of letters; and if it has one tutelary deity, it is surely the great and good man who represented the familiar and traditional type of the literary character. But people who write books, although in the main a harmless race and all very well in their way, can hardly be considered to attain to the importance—they certainly have seldom, if ever, attained to the wealth—of those who print and publish; and this chapter must be devoted to the latter. Columbus discovered America; but what could he have done had no shipbuilder been at hand to enable him to cross the Atlantic!

The various stationers' shops which are to be found in Fleet Street are properly the descendants of the early booksellers, as we now understand the term; and for this reason. In former days, booksellers were such as hawked about the literary wares they had for sale—they were merely itinerant vendors, like pedlars; whereas the stationer was a man who kept a shop or stall, in a stationary place; and as the latter frequently sold the materials which went to the making of books, as well as the completed article, the word stationery came to have its present meaning.

Formerly, too, book selling and publishing were carried on together far more than is the case to-day, when, although we have plenty of instances where a bookseller publishes works, the rule is for the two industries to be separate. Printing, obviously, preceded both; and in early times the printer published and sold books, as did Caxton at Westminster and as did Wynkyn de Worde, who set up his press in Fleet Street, "in parochia Sancte Brigide," and is the father of printing in this locality. He came hither about the year 1500, for two years later his *Ordynarye of Crysten Men* was issued at "the sygne of the sonne in the flete strete." Whereabouts his premises actually were is not known, although, as *The Assemble of Foules* was printed and published by him "at the sygne of the sonne, agaynste the Condyte," it seems clear that his press must have been near Shoe Lane, as we know the Conduit stood in the centre of Fleet Street, practically opposite the lane. He apparently had his private house at the sign of the 'Falcon,' perpetuated by Falcon Court; and it is interesting to remember that *Gorboduc*, the earliest English tragedy, was "imprynted in Flete strete, at the sign of the Faucon," by William Griffith, in 1565, and was sold at his shop in St. Dunstan's Churchyard.

A contemporary of de Worde's, and, like him, a pupil of Caxton, Richard Pynson was another early Fleet Street printer, and a very prolific one, for he is said to have produced no fewer than two hundred and fifteen books in this thoroughfare alone. The first issued by him here was printed, in 1493, "by me Richarde Pynson at the Temple-barre of London," and this, Noble tells us, was the first book printed in Fleet Street. Pynson seems to have occupied various places in the thoroughfare. In 1494, his imprint bears the words: "withoute the Temple Barre"; in 1503, he prints *The Imytacion of Criste*, in Fleet Street "at the sygne of the George," and in 1526 *The Pylgrimage of Perfection* was issued "in Flete Strete besyde Saynt Dunstan's Churche."

At this time Robert Redman had set up as a printer, and incidentally annexed Pynson's trade-mark, issuing books both from the George without Temple Bar, which had been Pynson's house, and later at the George by St. Dunstan's Church. It is probable that an agreement had been come to between the rivals, as otherwise Redman's imprint is mysterious.

Robert Coplande, an assistant at one time of de Worde's, printed books at the sign of the 'Rose Garlande in Flete Strete,' where he was succeeded by William Coplande, who, besides being a noted typographer, was a benefactor to Bridewell, and is supposed to have died in 1569. J. Hugh Jackson is found printing George Wapul's very rare comedy, *The Tyde taryeth no Man*, in 1576, "in Fleete Streete beneath the Conduite, at the signe of 'Seynt John Evangelist;'"[1]

[1] There are copies of this rarity in the British Museum and the Duke of Devonshire's library.

and Richard Bancks had one of several printing-presses, at the sign of the 'Whyte Hart' notable as being the place where, in 1600, Thomas Fisher produced the first edition of Shakespeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream.* Laurence Andrewe reprinted Caxton's *Mirrour of the Worlde,* at "the Golden Crosse by Flete Bridge," and Thomas Berthelet, printer to the King, had his headquarters "neere to the Condite at ye signe of the Lucreece." Machyn thus records his burial in the autumn of 1555, although the place of his interment is not known :—

"The sam day at after-none was bered mister Berthelett sqwyre and prynter unto Kyng Henry ; and was bered with pennon and cote-armour, and iiij dosen of skochyons and ij whytt branchys and iiij gylt candyllstykes, and mony prestes and clarkes, and mony mornars, and all the craftes of prynters, boke-sellers, and all stassyoners."

Berthelet was evidently a man of importance in his day. Indeed, we find him employing, on occasion, other printers to produce the works he published—notably in the case of Tyndale's Bible, which was printed for him by Redman, in 1540, and Taverner's translation of the Bible, which was produced to his order by John Byddell in the previous year. This Byddell was sometimes called Bedell, and sometimes—though why I do not know—Salisbury.[1] He had his headquarters first at the sign of "Our Ladye of Pitye, near Flete Bridge," and later at the "Sun neere the Conduit," probably the house which de Worde had once occupied.

Other sixteenth-century printers include William Rastell, "at the signe of the Star in Sayncte Bridy's Churchyarde"; Richard Tottill or Tottel, at the 'Hand and Star,' now No. 7 Fleet Street ; Thomas Marsh, who printed Stow's *Summary of English Chronicles* at the 'Prince's Armes,' in Fleet Street, in 1567; Whitchurch, another tenant of the 'Sun'; Charles Yetsweirt, who is known to have had a press in the Middle Temple Gate in 1594; and Humphrey Hooper, who in 1597 sold the first edition of Bacon's *Essays* "at the black Besse in Chancery Lane." What would he have said had he known that in the year of grace 1911 a copy of this book would be bought for £1950, the sum Mr. Quaritch gave for it in the Huth Sale!

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[1] See Noble, *Memorials of Temple Bar.*

In the following century, the splendid lead thus given by earlier printers in Fleet Street, was well maintained. Thus we find John Jaggard, followed by a number of lesser-known printers and booksellers, occupying the 'Hand and Star,' once the press of Tottill; and John Smethwicke, described as a stationer "under the diall" of St. Dunstan's. Smethwicke and Jaggard are both notable for their connection with the early production of Shakespeare's plays. Another well-known publisher of this period was Richard Marriot, whose first premises were at the King's Head Tavern until he moved to St. Dunstan's Churchyard. He is chiefly remembered as the publisher of Walton's *Angler* and Butler's *Hudibras*, concerning which latter work Noble gives the following curious advertisement from the *Public Intelligence* for Dec. 23, 1662:—

"There is stolen abroad a most false, imperfect copy of a poem called *Hudibras*, without name either of printer or bookseller, as fit for so lame and spurious an impression. The true and perfect edition, printed by the author's original, is sold by Richard Marriot, under St. Dunstan's church, in Fleet Street; that other nameless impression is a cheat, and will but abuse the buyer as well as the author, whose poem deserves to have fallen into better hands."

We remember that Pynson's house was known as the 'George'; when, then, we find Thomas Dring, who was one of the publishers of Howell's *Londinopolis*, issuing books in 1655 from the 'George' near Clifford's Inn, I assume that the two places were identical; and if so, this is one out of several instances where a bookseller's or printer's premises have been kept in the same business for a lengthy period. A contemporary of Dring's was John Starkey, who brought out Shadwell's *Plays* at the 'Mitre' between the two Temple gateways, and who took much interest in parochial affairs, being on the Common Council of the Ward in 1681.

Other printers and publishers of this period were Matthias Walker, "under St. Dunstan's Church," who, together with others, published Milton's *Paradise Lost* in 1667; Abel Roper, "at the Black Boy" opposite the church, the printer of the *Postboy* news-sheet; and Dan Major who, with Samuel Lee, brought out the *Little London Directory* of 1677 at the 'Flying Horse' in Fleet Street; Henry Seile, the publisher of *Aulicus Coquinariæ*, in 1650, "over against St. Dunstan's Church"; and M. Wotton, who published Rushworth's *Collections*, and had his house at "the 'Three Pigeons' against the Inner Temple Gate."

The title pages of seventeenth-century books reveal the names of many other publishers and printers connected with Fleet Street—for instance, Cowley's *Works*, 1684, were "to be sold by Charles Harper, at the Flower de Luce, over against St. Dunstan's Church"; the *Cabala* was "printed by G. Bedell and T. Collins, and are to be sold at their shop at the Middle Temple Gate," in 1663; *The Death of Charles I. Lamented*, by W. Langley, was issued by Sym Gape, "next to Hercules' Pillars in Fleet Street," in 1660. The list might be extended, of course, but I think we can see, from the names given, that in the seventeenth century Fleet Street was fully as active in the matter of 'bookishness' as it was in earlier days.

But its great period in this respect was the eighteenth century. That wonderful time, when so much was written of permanent value, and also so much of merely ephemeral importance, gave plenty of work to printers and publishers. Authors began to be 'kept' by these 'middlemen' of literature; Grub Street came into being; patrons were sought for with avidity, and many a fulsome dedication has been paid for by a rich man's guineas. One remembers Johnson as he dismally tells how

> "Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the gaol"

assail the miserable scholar's sordid existence. Naturally, the result of such a blood-thirsty clinging to literature multiplied publishers and booksellers, and many of these found their natural headquarters in Fleet Street, and helped to carry on the now ancient literary traditions of that thoroughfare.

One or two of these stand out from the rest, because of their own eminence or because of their connection with some author who was lucky enough to catch the taste of the town. Of these was Jacob Tonson, who, in 1670, had been apprenticed to Thomas Basset, a then well-known bookseller of Fleet Street. Tonson set up for himself about ten years later, and from the 'Judge's Head,' at the Fleet Street end of Chancery Lane, he published many of Dryden's works from 1681 to 1693. A year later, he removed to near the gateway of the Inner Temple, carrying his sign of the 'Judge's Head' with him, and subsequently migrated to the Strand where Andrew Millar succeeded him, and elsewhere. The number of books bearing Tonson's imprint seems endless; indeed, although there were plenty of other well-known publishers at this period, he appears to have had the lion's share of the business—a success that no one will grudge the man who first made *Paradise Lost* popular, and helped to reveal the splendours of Shakespeare's genius.

A man with a very different reputation to that enjoyed by Tonson, was Edmund Curll, whose shop was known by the sign of the 'Dial and Bible,' close to St. Dunstan's Church, where he was fined for selling indecent literature, for which he was placed in the pillory at Charing Cross, besides undergoing the additional ignominy, for another lapse of taste, of being tossed in a blanket by the boys of Westminster School. Pope, who on other counts had no reason to love the publisher, speaks ironically of "Curll's chaste press." The quarrel between the two has no little element of mystery about it. It need not detain us except for the fact that a meeting between them, at which Curll said he had been half poisoned, took place, on a memorable occasion, at the Swan Tavern in Fleet Street.

Curll was a man who was continually getting into trouble, and the annals of contemporary bookselling are full of his misdemeanours: breaches of privileges, offences against taste, more serious offences against morals. Indeed, he was so unfavourably notorious in the last respect that the selling of offensive books was termed at the time the "Sin of Curllicism." Curwen [1] quotes a very strong article which appeared in *Mist's Weekly Journal* for April 5, 1718, in the course of which the writer terms Curll "a contemptible wretch a thousand ways; he is odious in his person, scandalous in his fame," and he adds: "more beastly, insufferable books have been published by this one offender than in thirty years before by all the nation." A man who has been thus spoken of, and who has, besides, been damned to everlasting fame in the *Dunciad*, may well claim a respite from further vituperation.

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[1] *History of Booksellers.*

The name of Pope brings us conveniently to his well-known publisher, Bernard Lintot, who occupied a shop known as the 'Cross Keys,' between the Temple gates, next door to Nando's Coffee-House, where he began business in the year 1700. From here Lintot issued, during the years 1715 to 1728, his splendid subscription edition of Pope's translation of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*. There was a building close by his premises, called the 'Post House,' in the Middle Temple Gate, and here Lintot was publishing in 1701, probably during alterations at the 'Cross Keys,' for later (in 1709) I find E. Sanger, in conjunction with Curll and J. Pemberton, at the 'Golden Buck,' near St. Dunstan's, issuing, from the 'Post House,' Whitelocke's *Memorials of State*.

Another well-remembered publisher of this period was Lawton Gilliver "at Homer's Head, against St. Dunstan's Church." He it was who brought out the first authentic edition of the *Dunciad*, in 1729, which contains a long letter addressed to the publisher, by William Cleland, dated Dec. 22, 1728.

Not so well known as those I have mentioned was Benjamin Tooke, whose premises were at the Middle Temple Gate, where he was succeeded by Benjamin Motte, famous as having had a hand in making *Gulliver's Travels* known to the world. Motte was in turn succeeded by Charles Bathurst in 1738. Motte and Bathurst were related, having each married a daughter of the Rev. Thomas Brian, once headmaster of Harrow.

Other lesser-known eighteenth-century publishers and booksellers were Thomas Wotton, who succeeded a certain Francis Tyton at the 'Three Daggers,' near the Inner Temple Gate, and who published a *Baronetage* from this house; George Hawkins, who occupied the 'Milton's Head,' between the Temple Gates, and was treasurer of the Stationers' Company in 1766; Charles Corbet, at 'Addison's Head,' who became a baronet on the death of his kinsman Sir Richard Corbet in 1744; and Benjamin White, to whom Payne, afterwards of Pall Mall, was once manager, of 'Horace's Head' in Fleet Street, whence he began publishing, *inter alia*, Malcolm's *Londinum Redivivum* in 1802.

The last named brings us to the nineteenth century; for it does not seem necessary to seek out the names of the many obscure members of the trade who once lived in Fleet Street during the days of the Georges. But the nineteenth century, although producing plenty of signs of activity in the production of books, and especially of newspapers, does not present us with such a large field for investigation with regard to publishers or booksellers. Certainly, William Woodfall, the brother of the better-known Henry Sampson Woodfall, whose name will endure as long as the *Letters of Junius* are remembered, had a printing-press at 82 Dorset Street, Salisbury Square, and other members of the family appear to have been connected with this locality; while Mr. Henry Butterworth, who died in 1860, and was then the oldest publisher in business, carried on the tradition associated with No. 7 Fleet Street, as a sort of lineal descendant of Richard Tottill, a tradition still, to some extent, enduring in the present proprietors of the business, Messrs. Shaw & Sons, whose chief premises are in Fetter Lane.

But if we are not able to produce a great number of nineteenth-century publishers as being connected with Fleet Street, that thoroughfare and that century can both boast of one whose name stands second to nobody's in this direction of human endeavour; for John Murray (or MacMurray, as the name was originally spelt), having bought the stock and goodwill of William Sandley, who had turned banker, began at the 'Falcon,' otherwise No. 32 Fleet Street, that remarkable and prosperous career which has culminated in the great publishing house of Murray. In Smiles' book on the Murrays will be found an exhaustive account of the inception, by Lieutenant MacMurray, of this great firm. What the Murrays (long since moved to Albemarle Street) have not published would, it almost seems, be easier set down than what they have; but their first three successes are said to have been Langhorne's *Plutarch*, Mitford's *Greece*, and D'Israeli's *Curiosities of Literature*, all of which were issued from 32 Fleet Street.

As was then the custom, No. 32 was also the private house of John Murray (he dropped the Mac on buying the business, as Scotchmen were not popular in the eighteenth century), and here, in 1778, was born the second John Murray. The elder died in 1793, and his son moved to the West End in 1812, when the Fleet Street business was purchased by Thomas and George Underwood. They, however, failed in 1831, and Mr. Samuel Higley (whose father had been Murray's manager) took the place, having been previously engaged as a medical bookseller at 174 Fleet Street. The continuity of the house was, later, kept alive by its being in the possession of Mr. George Philip, the bookseller.

Centuries before Murray came here, No. 32 had a bookselling and printing history of great antiquity, for it was here that William Griffith had his press, from 1561 to 1570; so that No. 32 Fleet Street, like No. 7, can boast of an ancestry equal to that of any business house in London.

If the nineteenth century cannot rival the preceding one in the number of its book publications emanating from Fleet Street, it, however, far outstrips it in its magazines and newspapers. Certainly it can be proved that the *Gentleman's Magazine* was, at least, partly printed in Red Lion Court (No. 169 Fleet Street) from 1779 to 1781, at the press of Nichols and his sons, but the vast majority of its numbers have been printed, in our own time, in Whitefriars; and Charles Knight's *Penny Magazine*, inaugurated in Fleet Street in 1832, must have had a sale far exceeding anything the *Gentleman's Magazine* ever dreamed of.

What comparison, too, can be instituted between the exiguous halfpenny news-sheets, which were issued three times a week by Parkins of Salisbury Square, Read of Whitefriars, and other enterprising eighteenth-century publications: the 'Daily Courants,' the 'Post-boys,' the official 'Gazettes,' small, badly printed, badly edited; and such journals as the *Daily Telegraph*, the *Daily News*, the *Standard*, the *Daily Chronicle* (the observant reader will note the strict impartiality of this artfully arranged list!), whose offices are small colonies, whose leaders make statesmen quail, whose advertisements give food for so much reflection to the loiterers outside the office windows or the more earnest students who flock the office reading-rooms.

And besides these leviathans, what an array of smaller craft float about this street around them: local papers, provincial journals; scientific, sporting, medical news-sheets. As you walk down Fleet Street, you may see many of them looking out at you from ground-floor windows; but the offices of more are above, and, glancing up, you will read their legends in white letters, or more dramatically advertised, on every side, until you will cease to think of the thoroughfare as one of ordinary commerce, but as some great monster who is bearing along on its back myriads of parasites, who, like the cuttle-fish, are continually making black the atmosphere by their inky emissions. At night you will feel this literary atmosphere best, perhaps; at night you will get into the skin of Fleet Street, as it were—the Fleet Street of George Gissing, the Fleet Street of George Augustus Sala,[1] the Fleet Street of Dickens, the Fleet Street of Johnson!

All these newspapers are in a way part and parcel of the thoroughfare, just as are all the great men and women of the past who have been connected with it. But as from among this motley throng one figure (as I have said before) emerges triumphant—that of Dr. Johnson—so from the rank and file of the journals, one always seems to slip to the front, and to stand out as pre-eminently *the* journal of Fleet Street: I mean *Punch*.

The history of *Punch* has been written by an able hand; *Punch* itself is known throughout all towns, all counties, all countries! Its birthplace was Fleet Street; and at No. 3 Crane Court, where 'Parr's Life Pills' also came into existence, "it first saw the light, and here the circumstances matured which led to its birth."[2] The double association of 3 Crane Court is significant: what Parr's Pills attempted to do for those whose bodily ailments needed such cures, so *Punch's* Pills to purge Melancholy did, and do, for the mind and the spirits. *Punch* has brightened life to such an extent, it has on so many occasions shown such a wise prevision and such a telling criticism on events of national importance, it has been so absolutely free from anything that could wound susceptibilities or shock the feelings, it has kept up for so many years such a high level of genuine wit and humour, that its presence in Fleet Street is like a ray of sunshine; and if in the old days, when its offices were at the corner of Bouverie Street (they are close by still), you met, on a murky November day, say, everybody with long faces and pursed-up lips, when you came by this window (exhibiting some of Mr. Punch's latest wares—or some of his oldest—it didn't matter) you were always sure of finding a group of delighted loiterers, who, in spite of cold, in spite of fog, —in spite of deadlier cares, perhaps,—were electrified, for the nonce, into a state of happy forgetfulness of everything except of one of Punch's 'latest' or of one of Punch's perennial 'good ones.'

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[1] By the bye, at 122 Fleet Street *Temple Bar* was first published on Dec. 1, 1860, with Sala as editor.

[2] *Mr. Punch: his Origin and Career.*

As we have to take our leave of Fleet Street somewhere, I think that we can do it no better than in the contemplation of such innocent happiness.

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